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JOEL BARLOW ESQ.r

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS;

A POEM IN NINE BOOKS.

BY JOEL BARLOW, ESQUIRE.

HARTFORD:

PRINTED BY HUDSON AND GOODWIN, FOR THE AUTHOR.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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TO

HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY,

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

SIRE,

IN recounting the numerous bleſſings which have ariſen to mankind from the diſcovery of America, the mind dwells with particular pleaſure and gratitude upon thoſe Characters, from whoſe hands theſe bleſſings have immediately flowed. That change in the political face of Europe, that liberality of ſentiment, that enlargement of commercial, military and philoſophical knowledge, which contraſt the preſent with the fifteenth century, are but ſo many conſequences of this great event; an event which laid open all parts of the earth to the range of the

liberal mind. The illuſtrious line of your royal Anceſtors have been conſpicuous in ſeizing thoſe advantages and diffuſing their happy effects. The great Father of the Houſe of Bourbon will be held in the higheſt veneration, till his favourite political ſyſtem ſhall be realized among the nations of Europe, and extended to all mankind. But it was left to his more glorious Deſcendant, to accelerate the progreſs of ſociety, by diſregarding the temporary intereſts and local policies of other Monarchs, reaching the hand of beneficence to another hemiſphere, and raiſing an infant empire, in a few years, to a degree of importance, which ſeveral ages were ſcarcely thought ſufficient to produce.

This is the ſublime of humanity, to feel for future ages and diſtant nations; to act thoſe things, as a Monarch, which another can only contemplate as a Philoſopher, or image in the flights of poetry. America acknowledges her obligations to the Guardian of her rights; mankind, who ſurvey your conduct, and poſterity, for whom you act, will ſee that the tribute of gratitude is paid.

If to patronize the Arts can add to the praiſe of theſe more glorious actions, your Majeſty's fame in this reſpect will be ever ſacred; as there are none, who can feel the ſubject ſo ſtrongly as thoſe who

are the particular objects of your royal condescension.

THE following work, which may be considered in part, as the offspring of those reflections which your Majesty's conduct has taught me to make, possesses one advantage scarcely to be expected in a Poem written in a foreign language. Your Majesty's permission, that the unfortunate Columbus may once more enjoy the protection of a royal benefactor, has added a new obligation to those I before felt—in common with a grateful country. It is the policy of wise Princes to encourage the liberal arts among their subjects; and, as the human race are the objects of your extended administration, they may all in some measure claim the privilege of subjects, in seeking your literary as well as political protection.

WITH the deepest sense of your Majesty's royal munificence to my country, and gracious condescension to myself, I have the honour to be,

SIRE,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Most humble and

Most devoted Servant,

JOEL BARLOW.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY circumſtance relating to the diſcovery and ſettlement of America, is an intereſting object of enquiry. Yet it is preſumed, from the preſent ſtate of literature in this country, that many perſons, who might be entertained with an American production of this kind, are but ſlightly acquainted with the life and character of that great man, whoſe extraordinary genius led him to the diſcovery of the continent, and whoſe ſingular ſufferings ought to excite the indignation of the world.

THE Spaniſh hiſtorians, who treat of the diſcovery and ſettlement of South-America, are very little known in the United States; and Doctor Robertſon's hiſtory of that country, which, as is uſual in the works of that judicious writer, contains all that is valuable on the ſubject, is not yet reprinted in America, and therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to be in the hands of American readers in general: and perhaps no other writer in the Engliſh language has given a ſufficient account of the life of Columbus to enable them to underſtand many of the neceſſary alluſions in the following Poem.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born in the republic of Genoa about the year 1447; at a time when the navigation of Europe was ſcarcely extended beyond the limits of the Mediterranean. The mariner's compaſs had been invented and in common uſe for more than a century; yet with the help of this

ſure guide, prompted by the moſt ardent ſpirit of diſcovery, and encouraged by the patronage of princes, the mariners of thoſe days rarely ventured from the ſight of land. They acquired great applauſe by ſailing along the coaſt of Africa and diſcovering ſome of the neighbouring iſlands; and after puſhing their reſearches with the greateſt induſtry and perſeverance for more than half a century, the Portugueſe, who were the moſt fortunate and enterpriſing, extended their diſcoveries ſouthward no farther than the equator.

THE rich commodities of the Eaſt had for ſeveral ages been brought into Europe by the way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; and it had now become the object of the Portugueſe to find a paſſage to India, by ſailing round the ſouthern extremity of Africa and then taking an eaſtern courſe. This great object engaged the general attention of mankind, and drew into the Portugueſe ſervice adventurers from every maritime nation in Europe. Every year added to their experience in navigation and ſeemed to promiſe a reward to their induſtry. The proſpect however of arriving at the Indies was extremely diſtant; fifty years perſeverance in the ſame track, had brought them only to the equator, and it was probable that as many more would elapſe before they could accompliſh their purpoſe. But Columbus, by an uncommon exertion of genius, formed a deſign no leſs aſtoniſhing to the age in which he lived, than beneficial to poſterity. This deſign was to ſail to India by taking a weſtern direction. By the accounts of travellers who had viſited India, that country ſeemed almoſt without limits on the eaſt; and by attending to the ſpherical figure of the earth, Columbus drew this concluſion, that the Atlantic ocean muſt be bounded on the weſt either by India itſelf, or by ſome great continent not far diſtant from it.

THIS extraordinary man, who was now about twenty-ſeven years of age, appears to have united in his character every trait, and to have poſſeſſed every tallant, requiſite to form and execute the greateſt enterprizes. He was early educated in all the uſeful ſciences that were taught in that day. He had made great proficiency in geography, aſtronomy and drawing, as they were neceſſary to his favourite purſuit of navigation. He had now been a number of years in the ſervice of the Portugueſe, and had acquired all the experience that their voyages and diſcoveries could afford. His courage and perſeverance had been put to the ſevereſt teſt, and the exerciſe of every amiable and heroic virtue rendered him univerſally known and reſpected. He had married a Portugueſe lady by whom he had two ſons, Diego and Fardinand; the younger of whom is the hiſtorian of his life.

SUCH was the ſituation of Columbus, when he formed and thoroughly digeſted a plan, which, in its operation and conſequences, unfolded to the view of mankind one half of the globe, diffuſed wealth and dignity over the other, and extended commerce and civilization through the whole. To corroborate the theory which he had formed of the exiſtence of a weſtern continent, his deſcerning mind, which always knew the application of every circumſtance that fell in his way, had obſerved ſeveral facts which by others would have paſſed unnoticed. In his voyages to the African iſlands he had found, floating aſhore after a long weſtern ſtorm, pieces of wood carved in a curious manner, canes of a ſize unknown in that quarter of the world, and human bodies with very ſingular features. Fully confirmed in the opinion that a conſiderable portion of the earth was ſtill undiſcovered, his genius was too vigorous and perſevering to ſuffer an idea of this importance to reſt merely in ſpecula-

tion, as it had done in the minds of Plato and Seneca, who appear to have had conjectures of a ſimilar nature. He determined therefore to bring his favourite theory to the teſt of actual experiment. But an object of that magnitude required the patronage of a Prince; and a deſign ſo extraordinary met with all the obſtructions, delays and diſappointments, which an age of ſuperſtition could invent, and which perſonal jealouſy and malice could magnify and encourage. Happily for mankind, in this inſtance, a genius, capable of deviſing the greateſt undertakings, aſſociated in itſelf a degree of patience and enterprize, modeſty and confidence, which rendered him ſuperior, not only to theſe misfortunes, but to all the future calamities of his life. Prompted by the moſt ardent enthuſiaſm to be the diſcoverer of new continents, and fully ſenſible of the advantages that would reſult to mankind from ſuch diſcoveries, he had the mortification to waſte away eighteen years of his life, after his ſyſtem was well eſtabliſhed in his own mind, before he could obtain the means of executing his deſigns. The greateſt part of this period was ſpent in ſucceſſive and fruitleſs ſolicitations, at Genoa, Portugal and Spain. As a duty to his native country, he made his firſt propoſal to the Senate of Genoa; where it was ſoon rejected. Conſcious of the truth of his theory, and of his own abilities to execute his deſign, he retired without dejection from a body of men who were incapable of forming any juſt ideas upon the ſubject; and applied with freſh confidence to John the ſecond, King of Portugal, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as the great patron of navigation, and in whoſe ſervice Columbus had acquired a reputation which entitled him and his project to general confidence and approbation. But here he ſuffered an inſult much greater than a direct refuſal. After referring the examination of his ſcheme to the council who had the direc-

tion of naval affairs, and drawing from him his general ideas of the length of the voyage and the courſe he meant to take, that great monarch had the meanneſs to conſpire with this council to rob Columbus of the glory and advantage he expected to derive from his undertaking. While Columbus was amuſed with this negotiation, in hopes of having his ſcheme adopted and patroniſed, a veſſel was ſecretly diſpatched, by order of the king, to make the intended diſcovery. Want of ſkill and perſeverance in the pilot rendered the plot unſucceſsful; and Columbus, on diſcovering the treachery, retired with an ingenuous indignation from a court capable of ſuch duplicity.

HAVING now performed what was due to the country that gave him birth and to the one that had adopted him as a ſubject, he was at liberty to court the patronage of any prince who ſhould have the wiſdom and juſtice to accept his propoſals. He had communicated his ideas to his brother Bartholomew, whom he ſent to England to negotiate with Henry ſeventh; at the ſame time that he went himſelf into Spain to apply in perſon to Fardinand and Iſabella, who governed the united kingdoms of Aragon and Caſtile. The circumſtances of his brother's application in England, which appears to have been unſucceſsful, is not to my purpoſe to relate; and the limits preſcribed to this introduction will prevent the detail of all the particulars relating to his own negociation in Spain. In this negociation Columbus ſpent eight years, in the various agitations of ſuſpence, expectation and diſappointment; till, at length his ſcheme was adopted by Iſabella, who undertook, as Queen of Caſtile, to deſtroy the expences of the expedition; and declared herſelf, ever after, the friend and patron of the hero who projected it.

Columbus, who, during all his ill ſucceſs in the negotiation, never abated any thing of the honours and emoluments which he expected to acquire in the expedition, obtained from Ferdinand and Iſabella a full ſtipulation of every article contained in his firſt propoſals. He was conſtituted high Admiral and Viceroy of all the Seas, Iſlands and Continents which he ſhould diſcover; with power to receive one tenth of the profits ariſing from their productions and commerce. Theſe offices and emoluments were to be hereditary in his family.

These articles being adjuſted, the preparations for the voyage were brought forward with rapidity; but they were by no means adequate to the importance of the expedition. Three ſmall veſſels, ſcarcely ſufficient in ſize to be employed in the coaſting buſineſs, were appointed to traverſe the vaſt Atlantic; and to encounter the ſtorms and currents that might be expected in ſo lengthy a voyage, through diſtant and unknown ſeas. Theſe veſſels, as might be expected in the infancy of navigation, were ill conſtructed, in a poor condition, and manned by ſeamen unaccuſtomed to diſtant voyages. But the tedious length of time which Columbus had ſpent in ſolicitation and ſuſpence, and the proſpect of being able ſoon, to obtain the object of his wiſhes, induced him to overlook what he could not eaſily remedy, and led him to diſregard thoſe circumſtances which would have intimidated any other mind. He accordingly equiped his ſmall ſquadron with as much expedition as poſſible, manned with ninety men and victualled for one year. With theſe, on the 3d of Auguſt 1492, amidſt a vaſt croud of anxious ſpectators, he ſet ſail on an enterprize, which, if we conſider the ill condition of his ſhips, the inexperience of his ſailors, the length and

uncertainty of his voyage, and the conſequences that flowed from it, was the moſt daring and important that ever was undertaken. He touched at ſome of the Portugueſe ſettlements in the Canary Iſles; where, although he had had but a few days run, he found his veſſels needed refitting. He ſoon made the neceſſary repairs, and took his departure from the weſtermoſt Iſlands that had hitherto been diſcovered. Here he left the former track of navigation and ſteered his courſe due weſt.

Not many days after he had been at ſea, he began to experience a new ſcene of difficulty. The ſailors now began to contemplate the dangers and uncertain iſſue of a voyage, the nature and length of which was left entirely open to conjecture. Beſides the ficklenes and timidity natural to men unaccuſtomed to the diſcipline of a ſeafaring life, ſeveral circumſtances contributed to inſpire an obſtinate and mutinous diſpoſition, which required the moſt conſummate art as well as fortitude in the admiral to controul. Having been three weeks at ſea, and experienced the uniform courſe of the trade winds, which always blow in a weſtern direction, they contended that, ſhould they continue the ſame courſe for a longer period, the ſame winds would never permit them to return to Spain. The magnetic needle began to vary its direction. This being the firſt time that phenomenon was ever diſcovered, it was viewed by the ſailors with aſtoniſhment, and conſidered as an indication that nature itſelf had changed her courſe, and that Providence was determined to puniſh their audacity, in venturing ſo far beyond the ordinary bounds of man. They declared that the commands of their ſovereign had been fully obeyed, in their proceeding ſo many days in the ſame direction, and ſo far ſurpaſſing the attempts of all for-

mer navigators, in queſt of new diſcoveries. Every talent, requiſite for governing, ſoothing and tempering the paſſions of men, is conſpicuous in the conduct of Columbus on this occaſion. The dignity and affability of his manners, his ſurpriſing knowledge and experience in naval affairs, his unwearied and minute attention to the duties of his command gave him a complete aſcendant over the minds of his men, and inſpired that degree of confidence which would have maintained his authority in almoſt any poſſible circumſtances. But here, from the nature of the undertaking, every man had leiſure to feed his imagination with all the gloomineſs and uncertainty of the proſpect. They found, every day, that the ſame ſteady gales carried them with great rapidity from their native country, and indeed from all countries of which they had any knowledge. Notwithſtanding all the variety of management with which Columbus addreſſed himſelf to their paſſions, ſometimes by ſoothing them with the prognoſtics of diſcovering land, ſometimes by flattering their ambition and feaſting their avarice with the glory and wealth they would acquire from diſcovering thoſe rich countries beyond the Atlantic, and ſometimes by threatening them with the diſpleaſure of their ſovereign, ſhould their timidity and diſobedience defeat ſo great an object, their uneaſineſs ſtill increaſed. From ſecret whiſperings, it aroſe to open mutiny and dangerous conſpiracy. At length they determined to rid themſelves of the remonſtrances of Columbus, by throwing him into the ſea. The infection ſpread from ſhip to ſhip, and involved Officers as well as common ſailors. They finally loſt all ſenſe of ſubordination, and addreſſed their commander in an inſolent manner, demanding to be conducted immediately back to Spain; or, they aſſured him, they would ſeek their own ſafety by taking away his life.

Columbus, whoſe ſagacity and penetration had diſcovered every ſymptom of the diſorder, was prepared for this laſt ſtage of it, and was ſufficiently apprized of the danger that awaited him. He found it vain to contend with paſſions he could no longer controul. He therefore propoſed that they ſhould obey his orders for three days longer; and, ſhould they not diſcover land in that time, he would then direct his courſe for Spain. They complied with his propoſal; and, happily for mankind, in three days they diſcovered Land. This was a ſmall Iſland, to which Columbus gave the name of San Salvador. Their firſt interview with the natives was a ſcene of amuſement and compaſſion on the one part, and of aſtoniſhment and adoration on the other. The natives were entirely naked, ſimple and timorous, and they viewed the Spaniards as a ſuperior order of beings, deſcended from the Sun, which, in that Iſland and in moſt parts of America, was worſhiped as a Deity. By this it was eaſy for Columbus to perceive the line of conduct proper to be obſerved toward that ſimple and inoffenſive people. Had his companions and ſucceſſors, of the Spaniſh nation poſſeſſed the wiſdom and humanity of that great diſcoverer, the benevolent mind would feel no ſenſations, of regret, in contemplating the extenſive advantages ariſing to mankind from the diſcovery of America.

In this voyage, Columbus diſcovered the Iſlands of Cuba and Hiſpaniola; on the latter of which, he erected a ſmall fort, and having left a garriſon of thirty-eight men, under the command of an Officer by the name of Arada, he ſet ſail for Spain. Returning acroſs the Atlantic, he was overtaken by a violent ſtorm, which laſted ſeveral days and increaſed to ſuch a degree, as baffled all his naval ſkill and threatened

immediate deſtruction. In this ſituation, when all were in a ſtate of deſpair, and it was expected that every ſea would ſwallow up the crazy veſſel, he manifeſted a ſerenity and preſence of mind, perhaps never equalled in caſes of like extremity. He wrote a ſhort account of his voyage and of the diſcoveries he had made, wrapped it in an oiled cloth, encloſed it in a cake of wax, put it into an empty caſk and threw it overboard; in hopes that ſome accident might preſerve a depoſit of ſo much importance to the world.

The ſtorm however abated, and he at length arrived in Spain; after having been driven by ſtreſs of weather into the Port of Liſbon, where he had opportunity in an interview with the King of Portugal, to prove the truth of his ſyſtem by arguments more convincing than thoſe he had before advanced, in the character of an humble and unſucceſsful ſuitor. He was received every where in Spain with Royal honours, his family was ennobled, and his former ſtipulation reſpecting his offices and emoluments was ratified in the moſt ſolemn manner, by Fardinand and Iſabella; while all Europe reſounded his praiſes and reciprocated their joy and congratulations on the diſcovery of a new world.

The immediate conſequence of this was a ſecond voyage; in which Columbus took charge of a ſquadron of ſeventeen Ships of conſiderable burthen. Volunteers of all ranks and conditions ſolicited to be employed in this expedition. He carried over fifteen hundred perſons, together with all the neceſſaries for eſtabliſhing a Colony and extending his diſcoveries. In this voyage he explored moſt of the Weſt-India Iſlands; but, on his arrival at Hiſpaniola, he found the garriſon he had left there had been total-

ly deſtroyed by the natives, and the fort demoliſhed. He however proceeded in the planting of his colony; and, by his prudent and humane conduct towards the natives, he effectually eſtabliſhed the Spaniſh authority in that Iſland. But while he was thus laying the foundation of their future grandeur in South America, ſome diſcontented perſons, who had returned from the colony to Spain, together with his former enemies in that Kingdom, conſpired to accompliſh his ruin.

They repreſented his conduct in ſuch a light at court, as to create uneaſineſs and diſtruſt in the jealous mind of Ferdinand, and made it neceſſary for Columbus again to return to Spain, in order to counteract their machinations, and to obtain ſuch farther ſupplies as were neceſſary to his great political and benevolent purpoſes. On his arriving at court, and ſtating with his uſual dignity and confidence the whole hiſtory of his tranſactions abroad, every thing wore a favourable appearance. He was received with uſual honours, and again ſolicited to take charge of another ſquadron, to carry out farther ſupplies, to purſue his diſcoveries, and in every reſpect to uſe his diſcretion in extending the Spaniſh Empire in the new World. In this third voyage he diſcovered the Continent of America at the mouth of the river Oronoque. He rectified many diſorders in his government of Hiſpaniola which had happened in his abſence; and every thing was going on in a proſperous train, when an event was announced to him, which completed his own ruin, and gave a fatal turn to the Spaniſh policy and conduct in America. This was the arrival of Francis de Bovadilla, with a commiſſion to ſupercede Columbus in his government; and with power to arraign him as a criminal, and to judge of his former adminiſtration.

It ſeems that by this time the enemies of Columbus, deſpairing to complete his overthrow by groundleſs inſinuations of mal-conduct, had taken the more effectual method of exciting the jealouſy of their Sovereigns. From the promiſing ſamples of Gold and other valuable commodities brought from America, they took occaſion to repreſent to the King and Queen, that the prodigious wealth and extent of the countries he had diſcovered would ſoon throw ſuch power into the hands of the Viceroy, that he would trample on the Royal Authority and bid defiance to the Spaniſh power. Theſe arguments were well calculated for the cold and ſuſpicious temper of Fardinand, and they muſt have had ſome effect upon the mind of Iſabella. The conſequence was the appointment of Bavadilla, who had been the inveterate enemy of Columbus, to take the government from his hands. This firſt tyrant of the Spaniſh nation in America began his adminiſtration by ordering Columbus to be put in chains on board a ſhip, and ſending him priſoner to Spain. By relaxing all diſcipline he introduced diſorder and licenciouſneſs throughout the colony. He ſubjected the unhappy natives to a moſt miſerable ſervitude, and apportioned them out in large numbers among his adherents. Under this ſevere treatment periſhed in a ſhort time many thouſands of thoſe innocent people.

Columbus was carried in his fetters to the Spaniſh court, where the King and Queen either feigned or felt a ſufficient regret at the conduct of Bovadilla towards this illuſtrious priſoner. He was not only releaſed from confinement, but treated with all imaginable reſpect. But, although the king endeavoured to expiate the offence by cenſuring and recalling Bovadilla, yet we may judge of his ſincerity from his appointing Nicholas de Ovando, another bitter enemy of Columbus, to ſucceed in the government, and from

his ever after refuſing to reinſtate Columbus, or to fulfil any of the conditions on which the diſcoveries were undertaken. After two years ſolicitation for this or ſome other employment, he at length obtained a ſquadron of four ſmall veſſels to attempt new diſcoveries. He now ſet out, with the ardour and enthuſiaſm of a young adventurer, in queſt of what was always his favourite object, a paſſage into the South Sea, by which he might ſail to India. He touched at Hiſpaniola, where Ovando, the governor, refuſed him admittance on ſhore even to take ſhelter during a hurricane, the prognoſtics of which his experience had taught him to diſcern. By putting into a ſmall creek, he rode out the ſtorm, and then bore away for the continent. Several months, in the moſt boiſterous ſeaſon of the year, he ſpent in exploring the coaſt round the gulph of Mexico, in hopes of finding the intended navigation to India. At length he was ſhipwrecked, and driven aſhore on the Iſland of Jamaica.

His cup of calamities ſeemed now completely full. He was caſt upon an iſland of ſavages, without proviſions, without any veſſel, and thirty leagues from any Spaniſh ſettlement. But the greateſt providential misfortunes are capable of being imbittered by the inſults of our fellow creatures. A few of his hardy companions generouſly offered, in two Indian canoes, to attempt a voyage to Hiſpaniola, in hopes of obtaining a veſſel for the relief of the unhappy crew. After ſuffering every extremity of danger and hardſhip, they arrived at the Spaniſh colony in ten days. Ovando, through perſonal malice and jealouſy of Columbus, after having detained theſe meſſengers eight months, diſpatched a veſſel to Jamaica, in order to ſpy out the condition of Columbus and his crew; with poſitive inſtructions to the Captain not to afford them any relief. This order was punctually executed. The Captain approached the

ſhore, delivered a letter of empty compliment from Ovando to the Admiral, received his anſwer and returned. About four months afterwards a veſſel came to their relief; and Columbus, worn out with fatigues and broken with misfortunes, returned for the laſt time to Spain. Here a new diſtreſs awaited him, which he conſidered as one of the greateſt he had ſuffered, in his whole life. This was the death of Queen Iſabella, his laſt and greateſt friend.

He did not ſuddenly abandon himſelf to deſpair. He called upon the gratitude and juſtice of the King; and, in terms of dignity, demanded the fulfilment of his former contract. Notwithſtanding his age and infirmities, he even ſolicited to be farther employed in extending the career of diſcovery, without a proſpect of any other reward but the conſciouſneſs of doing good to mankind. But Ferdinand, cold, ungrateful and timid, dared not to comply with a ſingle propoſal of this kind, leſt he ſhould encreaſe his own obligations to a man, whoſe ſervices he thought it dangerous to reward. He therefore delayed and avoided any deciſion on theſe ſubjects, in hopes that the declining health of Columbus would ſoon rid the court of the remonſtrances of a man, whoſe extraordinary merit was, in their opinion, a ſufficient occaſion of deſtroying him. In this they were not diſappointed. Columbus languiſhed a ſhort time, and gladly reſigned a life, which had been worn out in the moſt eſſential ſervices perhaps that were ever rendered, by any human character, to an ungrateful world.

Sometime in this gloomy interval, before his death, the Viſion is ſuppoſed to have been preſented to him; in order to ſatisfy his benevolent mind, by unfolding to him the importance of his diſcoveries, in their extenſive influence upon the intereſt and happineſs of mankind, in the progreſs of ſociety.

THE Author has indulged a ſmall anachroniſm in the opening of the Poem, for the ſake of grouping the misfortunes of the hero; as the time of his actual impriſonment was previous to his laſt voyage and to the death of Iſabella.

THE Author, at firſt, formed an idea of attempting a regular Epic Poem, on the diſcovery of America. But on examining the nature of that event, he found that the moſt brilliant ſubjects incident to ſuch a plan would ariſe from the conſequences of the diſcovery, and muſt be repreſented in viſion. Indeed to have made it a patriotic Poem, by extending the ſubject to the ſettlement and revolutions of North America and their probable effect upon the future progreſs of ſociety at large, would have protracted the viſion to ſuch a degree as to render it diſproportionate to the reſt of the work. To avoid an abſurdity of this kind, which he ſuppoſed the critics would not pardon, he rejected the idea of a regular Epic form, and has confined his plan to the train of events which might be repreſented to the hero in viſion. This form he conſiders as the beſt that the nature of the ſubject would admit; and the regularity of the parts will appear by obſerving, that there is a ſingle poetical deſign conſtantly kept in view, which is to gratify and ſooth the deſponding mind of the hero: It being the greateſt poſſible reward of his ſervices, and the only one that his ſituation would permit him to enjoy, to convince him that his labours had not been beſtowed in vain, and that he was the author of ſuch extenſive happineſs to the human race.

THE

VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Condition and ſoliloquy of Columbus. Appearance and ſpeech of the Angel. They aſcend the Mount of Viſion. Continent of America draws into view, and is deſcribed by the mountains, rivers, lakes, ſoil, temperature and ſome of the natural productions.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK I.

LONG had the Sage, the firſt who dared to brave
The unknown dangers of the weſtern wave,
Who taught mankind where future empires lay
In theſe fair confines of deſcending day,
With cares o'erwhelm'd, in life's diſtreſſing gloom,
Wiſh'd from a thankleſs world a peaceful tomb;
While kings and nations, envious of his name,
Enjoy'd his toils and triumph'd o'er his fame,
And gave the chief, from promiſed empire hurl'd,
Chains for a crown, a priſon for a world.
Now night and ſilence held their lonely reign,
The half-orb'd moon declining to the main;
Deſcending clouds, o'er varying ether driven,
Obſcured the ſtars and ſhut the eye from heaven;
Cold miſts through opening grates the cell invade,
And deathlike terrors haunt the midnight ſhade;
When from a viſionary, ſhort repoſe,
That raiſed new cares and temper'd keener woes,
Columbus woke, and to the walls addreſs'd
The deep-felt ſorrows of his manly breaſt.

Here lies the purchaſe, here the wretched ſpoil,
Of painful years and perſevering toil:
For theſe dread walks, this hideous haunt of pain,
I traced new regions o'er the pathleſs main,
Dared all the dangers of the dreary wave,
Hung o'er its clefts and topp'd the ſurging grave,
Saw billowy ſeas, in ſwelling mountains roll,
And burſting thunders rock the reddening pole,
Death rear his front in every dreadful form,
Gape from beneath and blacken in the ſtorm;
Till, toſt far onward to the ſkirts of day,
Where milder ſuns diſpens'd a ſmiling ray,
Through brighter ſkies my happier ſails deſcry'd
The golden banks that bound the weſtern tide,
And gave the admiring world that bounteous ſhore
Their wealth to nations and to kings their power.
Oh land of tranſport! dear, deluſive coaſt,
To theſe fond, aged eyes forever loſt!
No more thy gladdening vales I travel o'er,
For me thy mountains rear the head no more,
For me thy rocks no ſparkling gems unfold,
Or ſtreams luxuriant wear their paths in gold;
From realms of promiſed peace forever borne,
I hail dread anguiſh, and in ſecret mourn.
But dangers paſt, fair climes explored in vain,
And foes triumphant ſhew but half my pain.
Diſſembling friends, each earlier joy who gave,
And fired my youth the ſtorms of fate to brave,

Swarm'd in the ſunſhine of my happier days,
Purſued the fortune and partook the praiſe,
Bore in my doubtful cauſe a twofold part,
The garb of friendſhip and the viper's heart,
Paſs my loath'd cell with ſmiles of ſour diſdain,
Inſult my woes and triumph in my pain.
One gentle guardian Heaven indulgent gave,
And now that guardian ſlumbers in the grave.
Hear from above, thou dear departed ſhade,
As once my joys, my preſent ſorrows aid,
Burſt my full heart, afford that laſt relief,
Breathe back my ſighs and reinſpire my grief;
Still in my ſight thy royal form appears,
Reproves my ſilence and demands my tears.
On that bleſt hour my ſoul delights to dwell,
When thy protection bade the canvaſs ſwell,
When kings and courtiers found their factions vain,
Blind Superſtition ſhrunk beneath her chain,
The ſun's glad beam led on the circling way,
And iſles roſe beauteous in the weſtern day.
But o'er thoſe ſilvery ſhores, that fair domain,
What crouds of tyrants fix their horrid reign!
Again fair Freedom ſeeks her kindred ſkies,
Truth leaves the world, and Iſabella dies.
Oh, lend thy friendly ſhroud to veil my ſight,
That theſe pain'd eyes may dread no more the light,
Theſe welcome ſhades conclude my inſtant doom,
And this drear manſion moulder to a tomb.

Thus mourn'd the hapleſs chief; a thundering ſound
Roll'd round the ſhuddering walls and ſhook the ground;
O'er all the dome, where ſolemn arches bend,
The roofs unfold and ſtreams of light deſcend;
The growing ſplendor fill'd the aſtoniſh'd room,
And gales etherial breathed a glad perfume;
Mild in the midſt a radiant ſeraph ſhone,
Robed in the veſtments of the riſing ſun;
Tall roſe his ſtature, youth's primeval grace
Moved o'er his limbs and brighten'd in his face,
His cloſing wings, in golden plumage dreſt,
With gentle ſweep came folding o'er his breaſt,
His locks in rolling ringlets glittering hung,
And ſounds melodious moved his heavenly tongue.

Riſe, trembling Chief, to ſcenes of rapture, riſe,
This voice awaits thee from the approving ſkies;
Thy juſt complaints, in heavenly audience known,
Call mild compaſſion from the indulgent throne;
Let grief no more awake the piteous ſtrain,
Nor think thy piety or toils are vain.
Tho' faithleſs men thy injured worth deſpiſe,
Depreſs all virtue and inſult the ſkies,
Yet look thro' nature, Heaven's own conduct trace,
What power divine ſuſtains the unthankful race!
From that great Source, that life-inſpiring Soul,
Suns drew their light and ſyſtems learn'd to roll,
Time walk'd the ſilent round, and life began,
And God's fair image ſtamp'd the mind of man.

Down the long vale, where rolling years deſcend,
To thy own days, behold his care extend;
From one eternal Spring, what love proceeds!
Smiles in the ſeraph, in the Saviour bleeds,
Shines through all worlds, that fill the bounds of ſpace,
And lives immortal in thy favour'd race.
Yet no return the almighty Power can know,
From earth to heaven no juſt reward can flow,
Men ſpread their wants, the all-bounteous hand ſup-
And gives the joys that mortals dare deſpiſe. [plies,
In theſe dark vales where blinded faction ſways,
Wealth pride and conqueſt claim the palm of praiſe,
Aw'd into ſlaves, while groping millions groan,
And blood-ſtain'd ſteps lead upwards to a throne.

Far other wreaths thy virtuous temples claim,
Far nobler honours build thy ſacred name,
Thine be the joys the immortal mind that grace
Pleas'd with the toils, that bleſs thy kindred race,
Now raiſe thy raviſh'd ſoul to ſcenes more bright,
The glorious fruits aſcending on thy ſight;
For, wing'd with ſpeed, from brighter worlds I came,
To ſooth thy grief and ſhow thy diſtant fame.

As that great Seer, whoſe animating rod
Taught Iſrael's ſons the wonder-working God,
Who led, thro' dreary waſtes, the murmuring band
To the fair confines of the promiſed land,
Oppreſs'd with years, from Piſgah's beauteous height,
O'er boundleſs regions caſt the raptured ſight;

The joys of unborn nations warm'd his breaſt,
Repaid his toils and ſooth'd his ſoul to reſt;
Thus, o'er thy ſubject wave, ſhalt thou behold
Far happier realms their future charms unfold,
In nobler pomp another Piſgah riſe,
Beneath whoſe foot thine own Canäan lies;
There, rapt in viſion, hail the diſtant clime,
And taſte the bleſſings of remoteſt time.

The Seraph ſpoke; and now before them lay
(The doors unbarr'd) a ſteep aſcending way,
That, through diſparting ſhades, aroſe on high,
Reach'd o'er the hills and lengthen'd up the ſky,
Oped a fair ſummit, graced with riſing flowers,
Sweet odours breathing through celeſtial bowers,
O'er proud Hiſpanian ſpires, it looks ſublime,
Subjects the Alps and levels all the clime.
Led by the Power, the hero gain'd the height,
A touch from heaven ſublimed his mortal ſight,
And, calm beneath them, flow'd the weſtern main,
Far ſtretch'd, immenſe, a ſky-encircled plain;
No ſail, no iſle, no cloud inveſts the bound,
Nor billowy ſurge diſturbs the unvaried round;
Till, deep in diſtant heavens, the ſun's dim ray
Topp'd unknown cliffs and call'd them up to day;
Slow glimmering into ſight wide regions drew,
And roſe and brighten'd on the expanding view;
Fair ſweep the waves, the leſſening ocean ſmiles,
And breathes the fragrance of a thouſand iſles;

Near and more near the long-drawn coaſts ariſe,
Bays ſtretch their arms and mountains lift the ſkies,
The lakes, unfolding, point the ſtreams their way,
The plains the hills their lengthening ſkirts diſplay,
The vales draw forth, high walk the approaching groves,
And all the majeſty of nature moves.

O'er the wild climes his eyes delighted rove,
Where lands extend and glittering waters move;
He ſaw through central realms, the winding ſhore
Spread the deep gulph, his ſail had traced before,
The rocky iſthmus meet the raging tide,
Join diſtant lands and neighbouring ſeas divide,
On either ſide the ſhores unbounded bend,
Puſh wide their waves and to the poles aſcend;
While two fair continents united riſe,
Broad as the main and lengthen'd with the ſkies.
Such views around them ſpread, when thus the Guide,
Here bounteous earth diſplays her nobleſt pride,
Ages unborn ſhall bleſs the happy day,
When thy bold ſtreamers ſteer'd the trackleſs way,
O'er theſe delightful realms thy ſons ſhall tread,
And following millions trace the path you led.
Behold yon iſles, where firſt the flag, unfurl'd,
Waved peaceful triumph o'er the newfound world,
Where, aw'd to ſilence, ſavage bands gave place,
And hail'd with joy the ſun-deſcended race.

See there the banks that pureſt waters lave,
Swift Oronoque rolls back the ocean's wave,

The well known current cleaves the lofty coaſt;
Where Paria's walks thy former footſteps boaſt.
Theſe ſcanty ſhores no more thy joys ſhall bound;
See nobler proſpects lead their ſwelling round,
Nature's ſublimeſt ſcenes before thee roll,
And years and empires open on thy ſoul.
High to yon ſeats exalt thy roving view,
Where Quito's lofty plains o'erlook Peru,
On whoſe broad baſe, like clouds together driven,
A world exalted props the ſkirts of heaven.
From ſouth to north what long, blue fronts ariſe!
Ridge over ridge, and loſt in ambient ſkies!
Approaching near, they heave expanding bounds,
The yielding concave bends ſublimer rounds,
Earth's loftieſt towers there lift the daring height,
And all the Andes fill the bounded ſight.

Round the low baſe what ſloping breaches bend!
Hills form on hills and trees o'er trees extend,
Aſcending, whitening, how the craggs are loſt!
O'erwhelm'd with ſummits of eternal froſt;
Broad fields of ice give back the morning ray,
Like walls of ſuns or heaven's perennial day.

There folding ſtorms on eaſtern pinions ride,
Veil the black heavens and wrap the mountain's ſide,
The thunders rake the craggs, the rains deſcend,
And the long lightnings o'er the vallies bend,
While blaſts unburden'd ſweep the cliffs of ſnow,
The whirlwinds wheel above, the floods convolve below.

There molten rocks, exploſive rend their tomb,
And dread volcanoes ope the nations' doom,
Wild o'er the regions pour the floods of fire,
The ſhores heave backward and the ſeas retire.
There ſlumbering vengeance waits the Almighty call,
Long ages hence to ſhake ſome guilty wall;
Thy pride, O Lima, ſwells the ſulph'rous wave,
And fanes and prieſts and idols croud thy grave.
But ceaſe, my ſon, theſe dread events to trace,
Nor learn the woes that wait thy kindred race.
Beyond thoſe glimmering hills, in lands unknown,
O'er the wide gulph, beyond the flaming zone,
Thro' milder climes, ſee gentler mountains riſe,
Where yon dim regions bound the northern ſkies.
Back from the ſhore aſcending champaigns run,
And lift their heights to hail the eaſtern ſun,
Through all the midland realm, to yon blue pole,
The green hills lengthen and the rivers roll.
So ſpoke the bleſt Immortal; when, more near,
The northern climes in various pomp appear;
Lands yet unknown, and ſtreams without a name
Riſe into viſion and demand their fame.
As when ſome ſaint, in heaven's ſublime abode,
Extends his views o'er all the works of God;
While earth's fair circuit in his preſence rolls,
Here glows the centre and there point the poles;
O'er land and ſea his eyes ſublimely rove,
And joys of mortals kindle heaven with love;

With equal glance the great Obſerver's ſight
Ranged the low vale or climb'd the cloudly height,
As, led by heaven's own light, his raptured mind,
Explored the realms that here await mankind.
Now the ſtill morn had tinged the mountain's brow
And riſing radiance warm'd the plains below;
Stretch'd o'er Virginian hills, in long array,
The beauteous Alleganies met the day.
From ſultry Mobile's rich Floridian ſhore,
To where Ontario bids hoarſe Laurence roar,
O'er the clear mountain-tops and winding ſtreams,
Roſe a pure azure, ſtreak'd with orient beams;
Fair ſpread the ſcene, the hero gazed ſublime,
And thus in proſpect hail'd the happy clime.
Bleſt ſhores of fame, conceal'd in earlier days
To lure my ſteps to trace the untempted ſeas!
And bleſt the race my guardian Saint ſhall lead,
Where theſe tall foreſts wave the beckoning head.
Thro' each wide ridge what various treaſures ſhine!
Sleep there ye diamonds, and ye ores refine,
Exalt your heads ye oaks, ye pines aſcend,
Till future navies bid your branches bend,
Then ſpread the canvaſs o'er the ſubject ſea,
Explore new worlds and teach the old your ſway.
He ſaid, and northward caſt his wondering eyes,
Where other cliffs, in other climes, ariſe,
Where bleak Acadia ſpreads the dangerous coaſt,
And iſles and ſhoals their latent horrors boaſt,

High in the diſtant heaven, the hoary height
Heaves the glad ſailor an eternal light.
Nor could thoſe hills, unnoticed, raiſe their head,
That look ſublime o'er Hudſon's winding bed;
Tho' no bold fiction rear them to the ſkies,
And neighbouring ſummits far ſuperior riſe,
Yet the blue Kaatſkill, where the ſtorms divide,
Would lift the heavens from Atlas' labouring pride.
Awhile the ridgy heights his notice claim,
And hills unnumber'd roſe without a name,
Which placed, in pomp, on any eaſtern ſhore,
Taurus would ſhrink, the Alps be ſung no more;
For here great nature, more exalted ſhow'd
The laſt aſcending footſteps of her God.
He ſaw thoſe mountains ope their watery ſtore,
Floods leave their caves and ſeek the diſtant ſhore,
Down the long hills and through the ſubject plain,
Roll the delightful currents to the main; [ſtrand,
Whoſe numerous channels cleave the lengthening
And heave their banks where future towns muſt ſtand;
He ſtretch'd his eager glance from pole to pole,
Traced all their ſources and explored the whole.
Firſt, from the dreadful Andes' opening ſide,
He ſaw Maranon lead his ſovereign tide.
A thouſand hills for him diſſolve their ſnow,
A thouſand ſtreams obedient bend below,
From diſtant lands their devious courſes wind,
Sweep beds of ore and leave their gold behind,

In headlong cataracts indignant heave, [wave.
Ruſh to his opening banks and ſwell the ſweeping
Ucayla, chief of all his mighty ſons,
From Cuſco's bounds a lengthening circuit runs;
Yutay moves gently in a ſhorter courſe,
And rapid Yatva pours a gathering force;
Far in a wild, by nameleſs tributes fed,
The ſilent Chavar wears a lonely bed;
Aloft, where northern Quito ſits on high,
The roaring Napo quits his miſty ſky,
Down the long ſteeps, in whitening torrents driven,
Like Nile deſcending from his fabled heaven.
While other waves and lakes unknown to fame,
Diſcharge their urns and fill the ſwelling ſtream,
That, far, from clime to clime, majeſtic goes,
Enlarging widening deepening as it flows;
Approaching ocean hears the diſtant roar,
Moves up the bed, nor finds the expected ſhore;
His freſhening waves, with high and hoary tide,
Whelm back the flood, and iſles and champaigns hide,
Till mingling waters lead the downward ſweep,
And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the
Now, where the ſun in milder glory beams, [deep.
Brazilia's hills pour down their ſpreading ſtreams,
The ſmiling lakes their opening ſides diſplay,
And winding vales prolong the devious way;
He ſaw Xaraya's diamond banks unfold,
And Paraguay's deep channel paved with gold,

Saw proud Potoſi lift his glittering head,
Whence the clear Plata wears his tinctur'd bed;
Rich with the ſpoils of many a diſtant mine,
In one broad ſilver ſea their floods combine;
Wide o'er the realms its annual bounties ſpread,
By nameleſs ſtreams from various mountains fed;
The thirſty regions wait its glad return,
And drink their future harveſts from its urn.

Round the cold climes, beneath the ſouthern ſky,
Thy path, Magellan, caught the hero's eye;
The long cleft ridges oped the widening way,
Fair gleaming weſtward to the Placid Sea.
Soon as the diſtant wave was ſeen to roll,
His ancient wiſhes* fill'd his riſing ſoul,
Warm from his heaving heart an anxious ſigh
Breathed o'er his lips; he turn'd his moiſten'd eye,
And thus beſought the Angel. Speak, my guide,
Where leads the paſs? and whence yon purple tide?
Deep in the blue horizon, widely ſpread,
What liquid realms in blending ether fade!
How the dim waters ſkirt the bounds of day!
No lands behind them riſe, no ſtreamers in them play.
In thoſe low ſkies extends the boundleſs main,
I ſought ſo long, and ſought, alas, in vain.

* The great object of Columbus in moſt of his voyages was to diſcover a weſtern paſſage to India. For this purpoſe he navigated the gulph of Mexico, with great care, and was much diſappointed in not finding a paſs into the South Sea. The view he is here ſuppoſed to have of that ocean would therefore naturally recall his former deſire of ſailing round the world.

Reſtore, celeſtial Power, my youthful morn,
Call back my years and bid my fame return;
Grant me to trace, beyond that pathleſs ſea,
Some happier ſhore from luſt of empire free;
In that far world to fix a peaceful bower,
From envy ſafe, and curſt Qvando's power.
Since joys of mortals claim thy guardian care,
Oh bleſs the nations and regard my prayer:
There reſt forever kingdoms unexplored,
A God creating, and no God adored.
Earth's happieſt realms ſhall endleſs darkneſs hide?
And ſeas forever roll their uſeleſs tide?
Grant, heavenly guide, the welcome taſk to dare,
One venturous bark, and be my life thy care.
The hero ſpoke; the Seraph mild replies,
While warm compaſſion ſoften'd in his eyes;
Though ſtill to virtuous deeds thy mind aſpires,
And heavenly viſions kindle new deſires;
Yet hear with reverence what attends thy ſtate,
Nor paſs the confines of eternal fate.
Led by this ſacred light thy ſoul ſhall ſee,
That half mankind ſhall owe their bliſs to thee,
And joyous empires claim their future birth,
In theſe fair bounds of ſea-encircled earth;
While unborn times, by thine example preſt,
Shall call forth heroes to explore the reſt.
Beyond thoſe ſeas, the well-known climes ariſe,
Where morning ſplendors gild the eaſtern ſkies.

The circling courſe to India's happy ſhores,
Round Afric's coaſt, bold Gama now explores;
Another paſs theſe opening ſtraits provide,
Nor long ſhall reſt the daring ſearch untry'd;
This watery glade ſhall open ſoon to fame,
Here a loſt hero fix his laſting name,
From that new main in furious waves be toſt,
And fall neglected on the barbarous coaſt.

But ſee the chief from Albion's ſtrand ariſe,
Speed in his pinions, fame before his eyes;
Hither, O Drake, diſplay the haſtening ſails,
Widen ye paſſes, and awake ye gales,
Move thou before him, heaven-revolving ſun,
Wind his long courſe, and teach him where to run,
Earth's diſtant ſhores in circling bands unite,
Lands, learn your fame, and oceans, roll in light,
Round all the beauteous globe his flag be hurl'd,
A new Columbus to the aſtoniſh'd world.

He ſpoke; and ſilent tow'rd the northern ſky,
Wide o'er the realms the hero caſt his eye;
Saw the long floods pour forth their watery ſtores,
And wind their currents to the opening ſhores;
While midland ſeas and lonely lakes diſplay
Their glittering glories to the beams of day.
Thy capes, Virginia, towering from the tide,
Raiſed up their arms and branch'd their borders wide;
Whoſe broad embrace in circling extent lay,
Round the calm boſom of thy beauteous bay.

Where commerce ſince has wing'd her channel'd flight
Each ſpreading ſtream lay brightening to the light;
York led his wave, imbank'd in mazy pride,
And nobler James fell winding by his ſide;
Back tow'rd the diſtant hills, through many a vale,
Wild Rappahanock ſeem'd to lure the ſail,
While, far o'er all, in ſea-like azure ſpread,
The great Potowmac ſwept his lordly bed.

When thus he ſaw the mingling waters play,
And ſeas, in loſt diſorder, idly ſtray,
Where frowning foreſts ſtretch the duſky wing,
And deadly damps forbid the flowers to ſpring,
No ſeaſons clothe the field with beauteous grain,
No buoyant ſhip attempt the uſeleſs main,
With fond impatience, Heavenly Seer, he cry'd,
When ſhall my children croſs the lonely tide?
Here, here, my ſons, the hand of culture bring,
Here teach the lawns to ſmile, the groves to ſing;
Ye ſacred floods, no longer vainly glide,
Ye harveſts, load them, and ye foreſts, ride,
Bear the deep burden from the joyous ſwain,
And tell the world where peace and plenty reign.

Now round the coaſt, where other floods invite,
He fondly turn'd; they fill'd his eager ſight:
Here Del'ware's waves the yielding ſhores invade,
And here bold Hudſon oped a glaſſy glade;
Thy parent ſtream, fair Hartford, met his eye,
Far leſſening upward to the northern ſky;

No watery gleams thro' happier valleys ſhine,
Nor drinks the ſea a lovlier wave than thine.
Bright Charles and Myſtick laved their bloomy iſles,
And gay Piſcatuway caught his paſſing ſmiles;
Swift Kenebeck, deſcending from on high,
Swept the tall hills and lengthen'd down the ſky;
When hoarſe reſounding through the gaping ſhore,
He heard cold Laurence' dreadful ſurges roar.
Tho' ſoftening May had waked the vernal blade,
And happier climes her fragrant garb diſplay'd,
Yet howling winter, in this bleak domain,
Shook the wide waſte and held his gloomy reign;
Still groans the flood, in frozen fetters bound,
And iſles of ice his threatening front ſurround,
Clothed in white majeſty, the foaming main
Leads up the tide and tempts the wintery chain,
Billows on billows lift the maddening brine,
And ſeas and clouds in battling conflict join
The daſh'd wave ſtruggling heaves in ſwelling ſv
Wide craſh the portals of the frozen deep,
Till forced aloft, high-bounding in the air,
Moves the blear ice and ſheds a hideous glare,
The torn foundations on the ſurface ride,
And wrecks of winter load the downward tide.
When now the ſtream had oped its northern courſe,
He traced the current to its milder ſource;
There, far retired, the Angellic Power diſplays
Earth's ſweeteſt charms, her own imboſom'd ſeas.

Ontario's banks, fair opening on the north,
With ſweep majeſtic, pour'd his Laurence forth;
Above, bold Erie's wave ſublimely ſtood,
Look'd o'er the cliff and heaved the headlong flood,
Far circling in the north, great Huron ſpread,
And Michigan o'erwhelm'd a weſtern bed;
While, ſtretch'd in circling majeſty away,
The deep Superior cloſed the ſetting day.
Here all the midland ſeas their waves unite,
And gleam in grandeur to the hero's ſight;
Wide opening round them lands delightful ſpread,
Deep groves innumerous caſt a ſolemn ſhade;
Slow moved the ſettling miſt in lurid ſtreams,
And duſky radiance brown'd the glimmering beams;
O'er all the great Diſcoverer wondering ſtood,
And thus addreſs'd the meſſenger of good.
What lonely walks, what wonderous wilds are theſe?
What branching vales run ſmiling to their ſeas?
The peaceful ſeats, reſerved by Heaven to grace,
The virtuous toils of ſome illuſtrious race.
But why theſe regions form'd ſo fair in vain?
And why ſo diſtant rolls the unconſcious main?
Theſe deſert fountains muſt forever reſt,
Of man unſeen, by native beaſts poſſeſt;
For, ſee, no ſhip can point the ſtreamer here,
No opening paſs, no ſpreading ocean near;
Eternal winter clothes the ſhelvy ſhores,
Where yon far northern *ſon of ocean roars;

* St. Laurence.

Or ſhould ſome bark the daring entrance brave,
And climes by culture warm his leſſening wave,
Yon frightful cataract exalts the brow,
And frowns defiance to the world below.
To whom the Seraph. Here extended lies
The happieſt realm that feels the foſtering ſkies;
Led by this arm thy ſons ſhall hither come,
And ſtreams obedient yield the heroes room;
Nor think no paſs can find the diſtant main,
Or heaven's laſt poliſh touch'd theſe climes in vain.
Behold, from yon fair lake, the current led,
And ſilent waves adorn its infant head;
Far ſouth thro' happy regions ſee it wind,
By gathering floods and nobler fountains join'd,
Yon opening gulph receive the beauteous wave,
And thy known iſles its freſhening current lave;
There lies the path ſome future ſhip ſhall trace,
And waft to theſe wide vales thy kindred race.
The hero ſaw the blooming iſles aſcend
And round the gulph the circling ſhore extend;
He ſaw fair Miſſiſippi wind his way,
Through all the weſtern boundleſs tracts of day;
Where Alleganies ſtretch the morning ſhade,
From lone Oſwago to the gulphy glade,
Where abſent ſuns their midnight circles ride,
Pours the long current of his ruſhing tide.
Unnumber'd branches from the channel ſtray,
Akanſa here, and there Miſſouri lay,

Rouge roll'd his wave along the weſtern wild,
And broad Ohio's northern beauties ſmiled.
Retiring far round Hudſon's frozen bay,
Where leſſening circles ſhrink beyond the day,
The ſhivering ſhrubs ſcarce brave the diſmal clime,
Snows ever-riſing with the years of time;
The beaſts all whitening roam the lifeleſs plain,
And caves unfrequent ſcoop the couch for man.
Where Spring's coy ſteps, in cold Canadia, ſtray,
And joyleſs ſeaſons hold unequal ſway,
He ſaw the pine its daring mantle rear,
Break the rude blaſt and mock the inclement year,
Secure the limits of the angry ſkies,
And bid all ſouthern vegetation riſe.
Wild o'er the vaſt, impenetrable round,
The untrod bowers of ſhadowy nature frown'd;
The neighbouring cedar waved its honours wide,
The fir's tall boughs, the oak's reſiſtleſs pride,
The branching beach, the aſpin's trembling ſhade,
Veil'd the dim heavens and brown'd the duſky glade.
Here in huge crouds thoſe ſturdy ſons of earth,
In froſty regions, claim a nobler birth;
Where heavy trunks the ſheltering dome requires,
And copious fuel feeds the wintery fires.
While warmer ſuns, that ſouthern climes emblaze,
A cool deep umbrage o'er the woodland raiſe;
Floridia's blooming ſhores around him ſpread,
And Georgian hills erect their ſhady head;

Beneath tall trees, in livelier verdure gay,
Long level walks a humble garb diſplay;
The infant corn, unconſcious of its worth,
Points the green ſpire and binds the foliage forth;
Sweeten'd on flowery banks, the paſſing air
Breathes all the untaſted fragrance of the year;
Unbidden harveſts o'er the regions riſe,
And blooming life repays the genial ſkies.
Where circling ſhores around the gulph extend,
The bounteous groves with richer burdens bend;
Spontaneous fruits the uplifted palms unfold,
The beauteous orange waves a load of gold,
The untaught vine, the wildly-wanton cane
Bloom on the waſte, and clothe the enarbour'd plain,
The rich pimento ſcents the neighbouring ſkies,
And woolly cluſters o'er the cotton riſe.
Here, in one view, the ſame glad branches bring
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of ſpring;
No wintery blaſts the unchanging year deform,
Nor beaſts unſhelter'd fear the pinching ſtorm;
But vernal breezes o'er the bloſſoms rove,
And breathe the ripen'd juices thro' the grove.
Beneath the cryſtal wave's inconſtant light,
Pearls undiſtinguiſh'd ſparkle on the ſight;
From opening earth, in living luſtre, ſhine
The various treaſures of the blazing mine;
Hills, cleft before him, all their ſtores unfold,
The quick mercurius and the burning gold;

Gems of unnumber'd hues, in bright array,
Illume the changing rocks and ſhed the beams of day.
When now the Chief had travel'd with his eye,
O'er each fair clime that meets the incumbent ſky;
The ſtream, the mountain, foreſt, vale and plain,
And iſle and coaſt, and wide untravers'd main;
He caſt, o'er all, the immeaſurable glance,
And all paſt views in one broad viſion dance.
Skirting the weſtern heavens and each far pole,
With blending ſkies Pacific oceans roll,
Atlantic ſurges lead their ſwelling round,
And diſtant ſtraits the polar confines bound.
The weſtern coaſts their long, high ſummits heave,
And look majeſtic o'er the ſubject wave;
While, on the lowly eaſt, the winding ſtrand
Draws from the ſilent ſea and gently ſteals to land.

THE

VISION of COLUMBUS.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Natives of America appear in viſion. Their manners and characters. Columbus enquires the cauſe of the diſſimilarity of nations. The Angel replies—That the human body is compoſed of a due proportion of the elements ſuited to the place of its firſt creation—that theſe elements, differently proportioned, produce all the changes of health, ſickneſs, growth and decay; and will likewiſe produce any other changes which occaſion the diverſity of men—that theſe elemental proportions are varied, not more by climate, than temperature, and many other local accidents—that the mind is likewiſe in a ſtate of change, and will take its phyſical character from the body and from external objects: examples. Enquiry and anſwer concerning the firſt peopling of America. View of Mexico. Its deſtruction by Cortez. View of Cuſco and Quito, cities of Peru. Tradition of Capac and Oella, founders of the Peruvian empire. Columbus enquires their real hiſtory. The Angel gives an account of their origin, and relates the ſtratagems they uſed in eſtabliſhing that empire.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK II.

HIGH o'er the changing ſcene, as thus he gazed,
The indulgent Power his arm ſublimely raiſed;
When round the realms ſuperior luſtre flew,
And call'd new wonders to the hero's view.
He ſaw, at once, as far as eye could rove,
Like ſcattering herds, the ſwarthy people move,
In tribes innumerable; all the waſte,
Beneath their ſteps, a varying ſhadow caſt.
As airy ſhapes, beneath the moon's pale eye,
When broken clouds ſail o'er the curtain'd ſky,
Spread thro' the grove and flit along the glade,
And caſt their griſly phantoms thro' the ſhade;
So move the hordes, in thickets half conceal'd,
Or vagrant ſtalking o'er the open field.
Here ever-reſtleſs tribes, deſpiſing home,
O'er ſhadowy ſtreams and trackleſs deſerts roam;
While others there, thro' downs and hamlets ſtray,
And riſing domes a happier ſtate diſplay.
The painted chiefs, in death's grim terrors dreſt,
Riſe fierce to war, and beat the ſavage breaſt;

K.E.

Dark round their ſteps collecting warriors pour,
And dire revenge begins the hideous roar;
While to the realms around the ſignal flies,
And tribes on tribes, in dread diſorder, riſe,
Track the mute foe and ſcour the diſtant wood,
Wide as a ſtorm, and dreadful as a flood;
Now deep in groves the ſilent ambuſh lay,
Or wing the flight or ſweep the prize away,
Unconſcious babes and reverend ſires devour,
Drink the warm blood and paint their cheeks with gore.
While all their mazy movements fill the view,
Where'er they turn his eager eyes purſue;
He ſaw the ſame dire viſage thro' the whole,
And mark'd the ſame fierce ſavageneſs of ſoul:
In doubt he ſtood, with anxious thoughts oppreſs'd,
And thus his wavering mind the Power addreſs'd.
Say, from what ſource, O Voice of wiſdom, ſprung
The countleſs tribes of this amazing throng?
Where human frames and brutal ſouls combine,
No force can tame them and no arts refine.
Can theſe be faſhion'd on the ſocial plan?
Or boaſt a lineage with the race of man?
In yon fair iſle, when firſt my wandering view
Ranged the glad coaſt and met the ſavage crew;
A timorous herd, like harmleſs roes, they ran,
Hail'd us as Gods from whom their race began,
Supply'd our various wants, relieved our toil,
And oped the unbounded treaſures of their iſle.

But when, their fears allay'd, in us they trace
The well-known image of a mortal race;
When Spaniſh blood their wondering eyes beheld,
Returning rage their changing boſoms ſwell'd;
Their jaws the crimſon dainty long'd to taſte,
And ſpread, with foreign fleſh, the rich repaſt.
My homeward ſail, far diſtant on the main,
Incautious left a ſmall unguarded train,
When, in their horrid power, bereft of aid,
That train with thee, O loſt Arada, bled.
No faith no treaty calms their maddening flame,
Rage all their joy, and ſlaughter all their aim;
How the dread ſavage bands with fury burn'd,
When o'er the wave our growing hoſt return'd!
Now, mild with joy, a friendly ſmile they ſhow'd,
And now their dark-red viſage frown'd in blood;
Till, call'd afar, from all the circling ſhore,
Swift thro' the groves the yelling ſquadrons pour,
The wide wings ſtretching ſweep the unbounded plain,
That groans beneath the innumerable train.
Our ſcanty files, aſcending o'er the ſtrand,
Tread the bold champaign and the fight demand;
With ſteeds and hounds the dreadful onſet moves,
And thundering batteries rend the diſtant groves;
Swift fly the ſcattering foes, like ſhades of night,
When orient ſplendors urge their rapid flight.
Our proffer'd friendſhip bade the diſcord ceaſe,
Spared the grim hoſt and gave the terms of peace.

The arts of civil life we ſtrove to lend,
Their lands to culture and their joys extend,
Sublime their views, fair virtue's charms diſplay,
And point their paſſage to eternal day.
Still proud to rove, our offers they diſdain,
Inſult our friendſhip and our rites prophane.
In that bleſt iſland, ſtill the myriads reſt,
Baſk in the ſunſhine, wander with the beaſt,
Feed on the foe, or from the victor fly,
Riſe into life, exhauſt their rage, and die.
Tell then, my Seer, from what dire ſons of earth
The brutal people drew their ancient birth?
Whether in realms, the weſtern heavens that cloſe,
A tribe diſtinct from other nations roſe,
Born to ſubjection; when, in happier time,
A nobler race ſhould hail their fruitful clime.
Or, if a common ſource all nations claim,
Their lineage, form, and reaſoning powers the ſame,
What ſovereign cauſe, in ſecret wiſdom laid,
This wonderous change in God's own work has made?
Why various powers of ſoul and tints of face
In different climes diverſify the race?
To whom the Guide; Unnumber'd cauſes lie
In earth and ſea and round the varying ſky,
That fire the ſoul, or damp the genial flame,
And work their wonders on the human frame.
See beauty, form and colour change with place—
Here charms of health the blooming viſage grace;

There pale diſeaſes float in every wind,
Deform the figure, and degrade the mind.
From earth's own elements, thy race at firſt
Roſe into life, the children of the duſt;
Theſe kindred elements, by various uſe,
Nouriſh the growth and every change produce;
Pervade the pores, awake the infant bloom,
Lead life along, and ope the certain tomb;
In each aſcending ſtage the man ſuſtain,
His breath, his food, his phyſic and his bane.
In due proportions, where theſe virtues lie,
A perfect form their equal aids ſupply;
And, while unchanged the efficient cauſes reign,
Age following age the unvaried race maintain.
But where crude elements diſtemper'd riſe,
And caſt their ſickening vapours round the ſkies,
Unlike that harmony of human frame,
Where God's firſt works and nature's were the ſame,
The unconſcious tribes, attempering to the clime,
Still vary downward with the years of time;
Till fix'd, at laſt, their characters abide,
And local likeneſs feeds their local pride.
The ſoul too varying with the changing clime,
Feeble or fierce, or groveling or ſublime,
Forms with the body to a kindred plan,
And lives the ſame, a nation or a man.
Yet think not clime alone, or height of poles,
On every ſhore, the ſprings of life controuls;

A different caſt the glowing zone demands,
In Paria's blooms, from Tombut's burning ſands.
Internal cauſes, thro' the earth and ſkies,
Blow in the breeze or on the mountain riſe,
Thro' air and ocean, with their changes run,
Breathe from the ground or circle with the ſun.
Where theſe long ſhores their boundleſs regions ſpread
See the ſame form all different tribes pervade;
Thro' all, alike, the fertile foreſts bloom,
And all, uncultured, ſhed a ſolemn gloom;
Thro' all great nature's boldeſt features riſe,
Sink into vales and tower amid the ſkies;
Streams, darkly-winding, ſtretch a broader ſway,
The groves and mountains bolder walks diſplay;
A dread ſublimity informs the whole,
And wakes a dread ſublimity of ſoul.
Yet time and art ſhall other changes find,
And open ſtill and vary ſtill the mind;
The countleſs ſwarms that tread theſe dank abodes,
Who glean ſpontaneous fruits and range the woods,
Fix'd here for ages, in their ſwarthy face,
Diſplay the wild complexion of the place.
Yet when their tribes to happy nations riſe,
And earth by culture warms the genial ſkies,
A fairer tint and more majeſtic grace
Shall flaſh their features and exalt the race;
While milder arts, with ſocial joys refined,
Inſpire new beauties in the growing mind.

Thy followers too, fair Europe's nobleſt pride,
When future gales ſhall wing them o'er the tide,
A ruddier hue* and deeper ſhade ſhall gain,
And ſtalk, in ſtatelier figures, o'er the plain.
While nature's grandeur lifts the eye abroad
O'er theſe dread footſteps of the forming God;
Wing'd on a wider glance the venturous ſoul
Bids greater powers and bolder thoughts unroll;
The ſage, the chief, the patriot, unconfined,
Shield the weak world and counſel for mankind.

But think not thou, in all the race of man,
That different pairs, in different climes, began;
Or tribes diſtinct, by ſignal marks confeſt,
Were born to ſerve or ſubjugate the reſt.

The hero heard; But ſay, celeſtial Guide,
Who led the wanderers o'er the billowy tide?
Could theſe dark bands, unſkill'd the paths to gain,
To build the bark, or croſs the extended main,
Deſcry the coaſt, or tread the bleſt abode,
Unled, unguided by the hand of God?

When firſt thy roving race, the Power reply'd,
Learn'd by the ſtars the devious ſail to guide,
From ſtormy Helleſpont explored the way,
And ſought the bound'ries of the midland ſea;
Ere great Alcides form'd the impious plan,
To bound the ſail and fix the range of man,

* The complexion of the inhabitants of North America, who are deſcended from the Engliſh and Dutch, is evidently darker, and their ſtature taller, than thoſe of the Engliſh and Dutch in Europe.

Driven from thoſe rocky ſtraits, a hapleſs train
Roll'd on the waves that ſweep the weſtern main;
While eaſtern ſtorms the billowing ſkies o'erſhade,
Nor ſun nor ſtars afford their wonted aid.
For many a darkſome day, o'erwhelm'd and toſt,
Their ſails, their oars in ſwallowing ſurges loſt;
At length, the clouds withdrawn, they ſad deſcry
Their courſe directing from their native ſky;
No hope remains; while, o'er the flaming zone,
The winds ſtill bear them with the circling ſun;
Till the wild walks of this delightful coaſt
Receive to lonely ſeats the ſuffering hoſt.
The fruitful plains invite their ſteps to roam,
Renounce their ſorrows and forget their home;
Revolving years their ceaſeleſs wanderings led,
And from their ſons deſcending nations ſpread.

Theſe round the ſouth and middle regions ſtray,
Where cultured fields their growing arts diſplay;
While northern tribes a later ſource demand,
And ſhow their wanderers from the Aſian ſtrand.
Far tow'rd the diſtant pole thy view extend;
See iſles and ſhores and ſeas Pacific blend;
And that blue coaſt, where Amur's currents glide,
From thy own world a narrow frith divide;
There Tartar hoſts for countleſs years, have ſail'd,
And changing tribes the alternate regions hail'd.

He look'd: the opening ſhores beneath him ſpread
And moving nations on the margin tread.

As, when autumnal ſtorms awake their force,
The ſtorks foreboding tempt their ſouthern courſe;
From all the fields collecting throngs ariſe;
Mount on the wing and croud along the ſkies;
Thus, to his eye, from far Siberia's ſhore,
O'er iſles and ſeas, the gathering people pour;
From thoſe cold regions hail a happier ſtrand,
Leap from the wave and tread the welcome land;
The growing tribes extend their ſouthern ſway,
And widely wander to a milder day.

But why; the chief return'd, if ages paſt
Have led theſe vagrants o'er the wilder'd waſte—
If human ſouls, for ſocial compact given,
Inform their nature with the ſtamp of heaven,
Why the dread glooms forever muſt they rove?
And no mild joys their temper'd paſſions move?
Ages remote and dark thou bring'ſt to light,
When the firſt leaders dared the weſtern flight;
On other ſhores, in every eaſtern clime,
Since that unletter'd, diſtant tract of time, [place,
What arts have ſhone! what empires found their
What golden ſceptres ſway'd the human race!
What guilt and grandeur from their ſeats been hurl'd,
And dire diviſions ſhook the changing world.
Ere Rome's bold eagle clave the affrighted air,
Ere Sparta form'd her death-like ſons of war,
Ere proud Chaldea ſaw her greatneſs riſe,
Or Memphian columns heaved againſt the ſkies;

Theſe tribes have ſtray'd beneath the fruitful zone,
Their ſouls unpoliſh'd and their name unknown.
The Voice of heaven reply'd; A ſcanty band,
In that far age, approach'd the untrodden land.
Prolific wilds, with game and fruitage crown'd,
Supply'd their wiſhes from the uncultured ground.
By nature form'd to rove, the reſtleſs mind,
Of freedom fond, will ramble unconfined,
Till all the realm is fill'd, and rival right
Reſtrains their ſteps, and bids their force unite;
When common ſafety builds a common cauſe,
Conforms their intereſts and inſpires their laws;
By mutual checks their different manners blend,
Their fields bloom joyous and their walls aſcend.
Here, to their growing hoſts, no bounds aroſe,
They claim'd no ſafeguard, as they fear'd no foes;
Round all the land their ſcattering ſons muſt ſtray,
Ere arts could riſe, or power extend the ſway.
And what a world their mazy wanderings led!
What ſtreams and wilds in boundleſs order ſpread!
See the ſhores lengthen, ſee the waters roll,
To each far main and each extended pole!
Yet circling years the deſtined courſe have run,
The realms are peopled and their arts begun.
Behold, where that mid region ſtrikes the eyes,
A few fair cities glitter to the ſkies;
There move, in eaſtern pomp, the ſcenes of ſtate,
And temples heave, magnificently great.

The hero look'd; when from the varying height,
Three growing ſplendors, riſing on the ſight,
Flamed like a conſtellation: high in view,
Aſcending near, their opening glories drew;
In equal pomp, beneath their roofs of gold,
Three ſpiry towns, in blazing pride, unfold.
So, led by viſions of the guiding God,
The ſacred Seer, in Patmos' waſte who trod,
Saw the dim vault of heaven its folds unbend,
And gates and ſpires and ſtreets and domes deſcend;
With golden ſkies, and ſuns and rainbows crown'd,
The new-form'd city lights the world around.

Fair on the north, bright Mexico, aroſe,
A mimic morn her ſparkling towers diſcloſe,
An ample range the opening ſtreets diſplay,
Give back the ſun and ſhed internal day;
The circling wall with ſky-built turrets frown'd,
And look'd defiance to the realms around;
A glimmering lake, without the walls, retires, [ſpires.
Inverts the trembling towers and ſeems a grove of

Bright, o'er the midſt, on columns lifted high,
A riſing ſtructure claims a loftier ſky;
O'er the tall gates ſublimer arches bend,
Courts larger lengthen, bolder walks aſcend,
Starr'd with ſuperior gems, the porches ſhine,
And ſpeak the royal reſidence within.

There, robed in ſtate, high on a golden throne,
Mid ſuppliant kings, dread Montezuma ſhone:

Mild in his eye a temper'd grandeur ſate,
Great ſeem'd his ſoul, with conſcious power elate;
In aſpect open, haughty and ſincere,
Untamed by croſſes and unknown to fear,
Of fraud incautious, credulous and vain,
Encloſed with favourites and of friends unſeen.

Round the rich throne, with various luſtre bright,
Gems undiſtinguiſh'd, caſt a changing light;
Sapphires and emeralds deck the ſplendent ſcene,
Sky-tinctures mingling with the vernal green;
The ruby's bluſh, the amber's flames unfold,
And diamonds brighten from the burning gold;
Through all the dome the living blazes blend,
And caſt their rainbows where the arches bend.
Wide round the walls, with mimic action gay,
In order ranged, hiſtoric figures ſtray,
And ſhow, in Memphian ſtyle, with rival grace,
Their boaſted chiefs and all their regal race.

Thro' the full gates, and round each ample ſtreet,
Unnumber'd throngs, in various concourſe, meet,
Ply different toils, new walls and ſtructures rear,
Or till the fields, or train the ranks of war.
Thro' ſpreading realms the ſkirts of empire bend,
New temples riſe and other plains extend;
Thrice ten fair provinces, in culture gay,
Bleſs the ſame monarch and enlarge his ſway.

A ſmile benignant kindling in his eyes,
Oh happy clime! the exulting hero cries;

Far in the midland, ſafe from foreign foes,
Thy joys ſhall ripen as thy grandeur grows,
To future years thy riſing fame extend,
And ſires of nations from thy ſons deſcend.
May no gold-thirſty race thy temples tread,
Nor ſtain thy ſtreams nor heap thy plains with dead;
No Bovadilla ſieze the tempting ſpoil,
Ovando dark, or ſacrilegious Boyle,
In mimic prieſthood grave, or robed in ſtate,
O'erwhelm thy glories in oblivious fate.
Vain are thy fondeſt hopes, the Power reply'd,
Theſe rich abodes from ravening hoſts to hide;
Teach harden'd guilt and cruelty to ſpare
The guardleſs prize, and check the waſte of war.
Think not the vulture, o'er the field of ſlain,
Where baſe and brave promiſcuous ſtrow the plain,
Where the young hero, in the pride of charms,
Pours deeper crimſon o'er his ſpotleſs arms,
Will paſs the tempting prey, and glut his rage
On harder fleſh, and carnage black with age;
O'er all alike he darts his eager eye,
Whets the dire beak and hovers down the ſky,
From countleſs corſes picks the dainty food,
And ſcreams and fattens in the pureſt blood.
So the dire hoſts, that trace thy daring way,
By gold allured to ſail the unfathom'd ſea,
Power all their aim and avarice all their joy,
Seize brighteſt realms and happieſt tribes deſtroy.

Thine the dread taſk, O Cortez, here to ſhow
What unknown crimes can heighten human woe,
On theſe fair fields the blood of realms to pour,
Tread ſceptres down and print thy ſteps in gore,
With gold and carnage ſwell thy fateleſs mind,
And live and die the blackeſt of mankind.

Now ſee, from yon fair iſle, his murdering band
Stream o'er the wave and mount the fated ſtrand;
On the wild ſhore behold his fortreſs riſe,
The fleet in flames aſcends the darken'd ſkies.
The march begins; the nations, from afar,
Quake in his ſight, and wage the fruitleſs war;
O'er the rich provinces he bends his way,
Kings in his chain, and kingdoms for his prey;
While, robed in peace, great Montezuma ſtands,
And crowns and treaſures ſparkle in his hands,
Proffers the empire, yields the ſceptred ſway,
Bids vaſſal'd millions tremble and obey;
And plies the victor, with inceſſant prayer,
Thro' ravaged realms the harmleſs race to ſpare.
But prayers and tears and ſceptres plead in vain,
Nor threats can move him, nor a world reſtrain;
While bleſt religion's proſtituted name,
And monkiſh fury guides the ſacred flame:
O'er fanes and altars, fires unhallow'd bend,
Climb o'er the walls and up the towers aſcend,
Pour, round the lowering ſkies, the ſmoky flood,
And whelm the fields, and quench their rage in blood.

The hero heard; and, with a heaving ſigh,
Dropp'd the full tear that ſtarted in his eye,
Oh hapleſs day! his trembling voice reply'd,
That ſaw my wandering ſtreamer mount the tide!
Oh! had the lamp of heaven, to that bold ſail,
Ne'er mark'd the paſſage nor awaked the gale,
Taught eaſtern worlds theſe beauteous climes to find,
Nor led thoſe tygers forth to curſe mankind.
Then had the tribes, beneath theſe bounteous ſkies,
Seen their walls widen and their ſpires ariſe;
Down the long tracts of time their glory ſhone,
Broad as the day and laſting as the ſun:
The growing realms, beneath thy ſhield that reſt,
O hapleſs monarch, ſtill thy power had bleſt,
Enjoy'd the pleaſures that ſurround thy throne,
Survey'd thy virtues and ſublimed their own.
Forgive me, prince; this impious arm hath led
The unſeen ſtorm that blackens o'er thy head;
Taught the dark ſons of ſlaughter where to roam,
To ſeize thy crown and ſeal thy nation's doom.
Arm, ſleeping empire, meet the daring band,
Drive back the terrors, ſave the ſinking land——
Yet vain the ſtrife! behold the ſweeping flood!
Forgive me nature, and forgive me God.
Thus, from his heart, while ſpeaking ſorrows roll,
The Power, reproving, ſooth'd his tender ſoul.
Father of this new world, thy tears give o'er,
Let virtue grieve and Heaven be blamed no more.

Enough for man, with perſevering mind,
To act his part and ſtrive to bleſs his kind;
Enough for thee, o'er thy dark age to riſe,
With genius warm'd, and favour'd of the ſkies.
For this my guardian care thy youth inſpired,
To virtue raiſed thee, and with glory fired,
Bade in thy plan each diſtant world unite,
And wing'd thy ſtreamer for the adventurous flight.
Nor think no bleſſings ſhall thy toils attend,
Or theſe fell tyrants can defeat their end.
Such impious deeds, in Heaven's all-ruling plan,
Lead in diſguiſe the nobleſt bliſs of man.
Long have thy race, to narrow ſhores confined,
Trod the ſame round that cramp'd the roving mind;
Now, borne on bolder wings, with happier flight,
The world's broad bounds unfolding to the ſight,
The mind ſhall ſoar; the nations catch the flame,
Enlarge their counſels and extend their fame;
While mutual ties the ſocial joys enhance,
And the laſt ſtage of civil rule advance.
Tho' impious ruffians ſpread their crimes abroad,
And o'er theſe empires pour the purple flood;
Tis thus religious rage, its own dire bane,
Shall fall at laſt, with all its millions ſlain,
And buried gold, drawn bounteous from the mine,
Give wings to commerce and the world refine.
Now to yon ſouthern walls extend thy view,
And mark the rival ſeats of rich Peru.

There Quito's airy plains, exalted high,
With loftier temples riſe along the ſky;
And elder Cuſco's richer roofs unfold,
Flame on the day and ſhed their ſuns of gold.
Another range, in theſe delightful climes,
Spreads a broad theatre for unborn crimes.
Another Cortez ſhall the treaſures view,
The rage rekindle and the guilt renew;
His treaſon, fraud, and every dire decree,
O curſt Pizarro, ſhall revive in thee.
There reigns a prince, whoſe hand the ſceptre claims,
Thro' a long lineage of imperial names;
Where the brave roll of following Incas trace
The diſtant father of their realm and race,
Immortal Capac. He in youthful pride,
With fair Oella, his illuſtrious bride,
In virtuous guile, proclaim'd their birth begun,
From the pure ſplendors of their God, the ſun;
With power and dignity a throne to found,
Fix the mild ſway and ſpread their arts around;
Cruſh the dire Gods that human victims claim,
And point all worſhip to a nobler name;
With cheerful rites, the due devotions pay
To the bright beam, that gives the changing day.
On this fair plan, the children of the ſkies
Bade, in the wild, a growing empire riſe;
Beneath their hand, and ſacred to their fame,
Roſe yon fair walls, that meet the ſolar flame.

Enough for man, with perſevering mind,
To act his part and ſtrive to bleſs his kind;
Enough for thee, o'er thy dark age to riſe,
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Beneath their hand, and ſacred to their fame,
Roſe yon fair walls, that meet the ſolar flame.

Succeeding ſovereigns ſpread their bounds afar,
By arts of peace and temper'd force of war;
Till theſe ſurrounding realms the ſceptre own,
And grateful millions hail the genial ſun.

Behold, in yon fair lake, a beauteous iſle,
Where fruits and flowers, in rich profuſion ſmile;
High in the midſt a ſacred temple riſe,
Seat of the ſun, and pillar of the ſkies.
The roofs of burniſh'd gold, the blazing ſpires
Light the glad heavens and loſe their upward fires;
Fix'd in the flaming front, with living ray,
A diamond circlet gives the rival day;
In whoſe bright face forever looks abroad
The radiant image of the beaming God.
Round the wide courts, and in the ſolemn dome,
A white-robed train of holy virgins bloom;
Their pious hands the ſacred rites require,
To grace the offerings, and preſerve the fire.

On this bleſt iſle, with flowery garlands crown'd,
That ancient pair, in charms of youth, were found,
Whoſe union'd ſouls the mighty plan deſign'd,
To bleſs the nations* and reform mankind.

* From the traditions of Capac and Oella, mentioned by the Spaniſh hiſtorians, they appear to have been very great and diſtinguiſhed characters. About three centuries previous to the diſcovery of that country by the Spaniards, the natives of Peru were as rude ſavages as any in America. They had no fixed habitations, no ideas of permanent property; they wandered naked like the beaſts, and, like them, depended on the events of each day for a precarious ſubſiſtence. At this period, Manco Capac and his wife Mama Oella appeared on a ſmall iſland in the lake Titiaca; near which the city of Cuſco was afterwards erected. Theſe perſons, in

The hero heard, and thus the Power beſought;
What arts unknown the wonderous bleſſings wrought?
What human ſkill, in that benighted age,
In ſavage ſouls could quell the barbarous rage?
With leagues of peace combine the wide domain?
And teach the virtues in their laws to reign?

order to eſtabliſh a belief of their divinity, in the minds of the people, were clothed in white garments of cotton; and declared themſelves deſcended from the Sun, who was their father and the God of that country. They affirmed that he was offended at their cruel and perpetual wars, their barbarous modes of worſhip, and their neglecting to make the beſt uſe of the bleſſings he was conſtantly beſtowing, in fertilizing the earth and producing vegetation; that he pitied their wretched ſtate, and had ſent his own children to inſtruct them, and to eſtabliſh a number of wiſe regulations, by which they might be rendered happy.

By ſome extraordinary method of perſuaſion, theſe perſons drew together a number of the ſavage tribes, laid the foundations of the city of Cuſco, and eſtabliſhed what was called the kingdom of the Sun, or the Peruvian empire. In the reign of Manco Capac, the dominion was extended about eight leagues from the city; and at the end of three centuries, it was eſtabliſhed fifteen hundred miles on the coaſt of the Pacific ocean; and from that ocean to the mountains of the Andes. During this period, through a ſucceſſion of twelve monarchs, the original conſtitution, eſtabliſhed by the firſt Inca, remained unaltered; and was at laſt overturned by an accident, which no human wiſdom could foreſee or prevent.

For a more particular diſquiſition on the character and inſtitutions of this great Legiſlator, the Reader is referred to a diſſertation prefixed to the third Book.

Mama Oella is ſaid to have invented many of the domeſtic arts, particularly that of making garments of cotton and other vegetable ſubſtances.

In the paſſage preceding this reference, I have alluded to moſt of the traditions, relating to the manner of their introducing themſelves, and eſtabliſhing their dominion. In the remainder of the ſecond, and through the whole of the third Book, I have given what may be ſuppoſed a probable narrative of their real origin and conduct. I have thrown the epiſode into an epic form, and given it ſo conſiderable a place in the Poem, for the purpoſe of exhibiting *in action* the characters, manners and ſentiments of the different tribes of ſavages, that inhabit the mountains of South-America.

Long is their ſtory, ſaid the Power divine,
The labours great and glorious the deſign;
And tho' to earthly minds, their actions reſt,
By years obſcured, in flowery fiction dreſt,
Yet my glad voice ſhall wake their honour'd name,
And give their virtues to immortal fame.
Led by his father's wars, in early prime,
Young Capac wander'd from a northern clime;
Along theſe ſhores, with livelier verdure gay,
Thro' fertile vales, the adventurous armies ſtray.
He ſaw the tribes unnumber'd range the plain,
And rival chiefs, by rage and ſlaughter, reign;

In reviewing this part of my ſubject, I have to lament, that ſo extraordinary and meritorious a Poem, as the Araucana of don Alonſo de Ercilla, of the ſixteenth century, has never yet appeared in our language. The account given of that work by Voltaire excited my curioſity at an early day; as I conceived the manners and characters of the mountain ſavages of Chile, as deſcribed by that heroic Spaniard, muſt have opened a new field of Poetry, rich with uncommon ornaments.

That elegant and conciſe ſketch of it lately given to the public by Mr. Hayley, has come into my hands, ſince I have been writing theſe notes, and but a few days previous to the Poem's being put to the preſs. Yet it gives me reaſon to hope, with every friend of literature, that the whole of that great work will ere long be preſented to the Engliſh Reader by the ſame hand.

It is uſually preſumed, that every Author muſt have read all that have gone before him, at leaſt on ſubjects ſimilar to what he attempts; yet the Luſiad of Camoens, a Poem of great merit on the expedition of Gama, I had ſought for in vain in different parts of America, and even ſent to Europe without being able to obtain it; till, a few days ſince, it came to hand in the majeſtic and ſpirited tranſlation of Mr. Mickle. The extenſive and ſublime objects opened to our view in a work which celebrates the diſcovery of one part of the globe, may well be thought worthy the contemplation of a writer, who endeavours to trace the conſequences of a ſimilar event in another. Of this I was before ſenſible; but theſe are not the only diſadvantages that an Author, in a new country, and in moderate circumſtances, muſt have to encounter.

He ſaw the fires their dreadful Gods adore,
Their altars ſtaining with their children's gore;
Yet mark'd their reverence for the Sun, whoſe beam
Proclaims his bounties and his power ſupreme;
Who ſails in happier ſkies, diffuſing good,
Demands no victim and receives no blood.

In peace returning with his conquering ſire,
Fair glory's charms his youthful ſoul inſpire;
With virtue warm'd, he fix'd the generous plan,
To build his greatneſs on the bliſs of man.

By nature formed to daring deeds of fame,
Tall, bold and beauteous roſe his ſtately frame;
Strong moved his limbs, a mild majeſtic grace
Beam'd from his eyes and open'd in his face;
O'er the dark world his mind ſuperior ſhone,
And, ſoaring, ſeem'd the ſemblance of the ſun.
Now fame's prophetic viſions lift his eyes,
And future empires from his labours riſe;
Yet ſofter fires his daring views controul,
Sway the warm wiſh and fill the changing ſoul.
Shall the bright genius, kindled from above,
Bend to the milder, gentler voice of love;
That bounds his glories, and forbids to part
From that calm bower, that held his glowing heart?
Or ſhall the toils, imperial heroes claim,
Fire his bold boſom with a patriot flame?
Bid ſceptres wait him on the diſtant ſhore?
And bleſt Oella meet his eyes no more?

Retiring penſive, near the wonted ſhade,
His unſeen ſteps approach the beauteous maid.
Her raven-locks roll on her heaving breaſt,
And wave luxuriant round her ſlender waiſt,
Gay wreaths of flowers her lovely brows adorn,
And her white raiment mocks the pride of morn.
Her buſy hand ſuſtains a bending bough,
Where woolly cluſters ſpread their robes of ſnow,
From opening pods, unbinds the fleecy ſtore,
And culls her labours for the evening bower.
Her ſprightly ſoul, by deep invention led,
Had found the ſkill to turn the twiſting thread,
To ſpread the woof, the ſhuttle to command,
Till various garments graced her forming hand.
Here, while her thoughts with her own Capac rove,
O'er former ſcenes of innocence and love,
Through many a field his fancied dangers ſhare,
And wait him glorious from the diſtant war;
Bleſt with the ardent wiſh, her glowing mind
A ſnowy veſture for the prince deſign'd;
She ſeeks the pureſt wool, to web the fleece,
The ſacred emblem of returning peace.
Sudden his near approach her breaſt alarms;
He flew enraptured to her yielding arms,
And loſt, diſſolving in a ſofter flame,
The diſtant empire and the fire of fame.
At length, retiring o'er the homeward field,
Their mutual minds to happy converſe yield,

O'er various ſcenes of bliſsful life they ran,
When thus the warrior to the fair began.
Joy of my life, thou know'ſt my roving mind,
With theſe grim tribes, in dark abodes, confined,
With grief hath mark'd what vengeful paſſions ſway
The bickering bands, and ſweep the race away.
Where late my diſtant ſteps the war purſued,
The fertile plains grew boundleſs as I view'd;
Increaſing nations trod the waving wild,
And joyous nature more delightful ſmiled.
No changing ſeaſons there the flowers deform,
No dread volcano, and no mountain ſtorm;
Rains ne'er invade, nor livid lightnings play,
Nor clouds obſcure the radiant Power of day.
But, while the God, in ceaſeleſs glory bright,
Rolls o'er the day and fires his ſtars by night,
Unbounded fulneſs flows beneath his reign,
Seas yield their treaſures, fruits adorn the plain;
Warm'd by his beam, their mountains pour the flood,
And the cool breezes wake beneath the God.
My anxious thoughts indulge the great deſign,
To form thoſe nations to a ſway divine;
Deſtroy the rights of every dreadful Power,
Whoſe crimſon altars glow with human gore;
To laws and mildneſs teach the realms to yield,
And nobler fruits to grace the cultured field.
But great, my charmer, is the taſk of fame,
The countleſs tribes to temper and to tame.

Full many a ſpacious wild my ſoul muſt ſee,
Spread dreary bounds between my joys and me;
And yon bright Godhead circle many a year;
Each lonely evening number'd with a tear.
Long robes of white* my ſhoulders muſt embrace,
To ſpeak my lineage of etherial race;
That wondering tribes may tremble, and obey
The radiant offſpring of the Power of day.

And when thro' cultured fields their bowers encreaſe,
And ſtreams and plains ſurvey the works of peace,
When theſe glad hands the rod of nations claim,
And happy millions bleſs thy Capac's name,
Then ſhall he feign a journey to the Sun,
To bring the partner of the peaceful throne;
So ſhall deſcending kings the line ſuſtain,
And unborn ages bloom beneath their reign.

Will then my fair, in that delightful hour,
Forſake theſe wilds and hail a happier bower?
And now conſenting, with approving ſmiles,
Bid the young warrior tempt the daring toils?
And, ſweetly patient, wait the flight of days,
That crown our labours with immortal praiſe?

Silent the fair one heard; her moiſtening eye
Spoke the full ſoul, nor could her voice reply;

* As the art of ſpinning is ſaid to have been invented by Oella; it is no improbable fiction, to ſuppoſe they firſt aſſumed theſe white garments of cotton, as an emblem of the ſun; in order to inſpire that reverence for their perſons which was neceſſary to their ſucceſs; and that ſuch a dreſs ſhould be continued in the family, as a badge of royalty.

Till ſofter accents ſooth'd her liſtening ear,
Compoſed her tumult and allay'd her fear.
Think not, enchanting maid, my ſteps would part,
While ſilent ſorrows heave that tender heart:
More dear to me are bleſt Oella's joys,
Than all the lands that bound the bending ſkies;
Nor thou, bright Sun, ſhould'ſt bribe my ſoul to reſt,
And leave one ſtruggle in her lovely breaſt.
Yet think in thoſe vaſt climes, my gentle fair,
What hapleſs millions claim our guardian care;
How age to age leads on the dreadful gloom,
And rage and ſlaughter croud the untimely tomb;
No ſocial joys their wayward paſſions prove,
Nor peace nor pleaſure treads the ſavage grove;
Mid thouſand heroes and a thouſand fair,
No fond Oella meets her Capac there.
Yet, taught by thee each nobler joy to prize,
With ſofter charms the virgin race ſhall riſe,
Awake new virtues, every grace improve,
And form their minds for happineſs and love.
Behold, where future years, in pomp, deſcend,
How worlds and ages on thy voice depend!
And, like the Sun, whoſe all-delighting ray
O'er thoſe mild borders ſheds ſereneſt day,
Diffuſe thy bounties, give my ſteps to rove,
A few ſhort months the noble taſk to prove,
And, ſwift return'd from glorious toils, declare
What realms ſubmiſſive wait our foſtering care.

And will my prince, my Capac, borne away,
Thro' thoſe dark wilds, in queſt of empire, ſtray?
Where tygers fierce command the howling wood,
And men like tygers thirſt for human blood.
Think'ſt thou no dangerous deed the courſe attends?
Alone, unaided by thy ſire and friends?
Even chains and death may meet my rover there,
Nor his laſt groan could reach Oella's ear.
But chains, nor death, nor groans ſhall Capac prove,
Unknown to her, while ſhe has power to rove.
Cloſe by thy ſide where'er thy wanderings ſtray,
My equal ſteps ſhall meaſure all the way;
With borrow'd ſoul each dire event I'll dare,
Thy toils to leſſen and thy dangers ſhare.
Command, bleſt chief, ſince virtue bids thee go
To rule the realms and baniſh human woe,
Command theſe hands two ſnowy robes to weave,
The Sun to mimic and the tribes deceive;
Then let us range, and ſpread the peaceful ſway,
The radiant children of the Power of day.
The lovely counſel pleaſed. The ſmiling chief
Approved her courage and diſpel'd her grief;
Then to the diſtant bower in haſte they move,
Begin their labours and prepare to rove.
Soon grow the robes beneath her forming care,
And the fond parents wed the noble pair;
But, whelm'd in grief, beheld, the approaching dawn
Their joys all vaniſh'd, and their children gone.

changing days, thro' ſouthern wilds, they ſtray'd,
wrapp'd in glooms, now gleaming thro' the
he tenth morning, with an orient ſmile, [glade,
d them blooming in the happy iſle.
oil begins; to every neighbouring band,
ſpeak the meſſage and their faith demand;
various art ſuperior powers diſplay,
ove their lineage and confirm their ſway.
ſtoniſh'd tribes behold with glad ſurprize,
Gods deſcended from the favouring ſkies;
e their perſons, robed in ſhining white,
ve their laws and leave each horrid rite;
with aſſiſting toil, the golden throne,
hail and bleſs the ſceptre of the Sun.

A DISSERTATION

ON THE GENIUS AND INSTITUTIONS OF MANCO CAPAC.

ALTHOUGH the original inhabitants of America in general deſerve to be claſſed among the moſt unimproved ſavages that have ever been diſcovered; yet the Mexican and Peruvian governments exhibit remarkable inſtances of order and regularity. In the difference of national character between theſe two empires, we may diſcern the influence of political ſyſtems on the human mind; and infer the importance of the taſk which a legiſlator undertakes, in attempting to reduce a barbarous people under the controul of government and laws. The Mexican conſtitution was formed to render its ſubjects brave and powerful; but, while it ſucceeded in this object, it tended to remove them farther from the real bleſſings of ſociety, than they were, while in the rudeſt ſtate of nature. The hiſtory of the world affords no inſtance of men whoſe manners were equally ferocious, and whoſe ſuperſtition was more bloody and unrelenting. On the contrary, the eſtabliſhments of Manco Capac carry the marks of a moſt benevolent and pacific ſyſtem; they tended to humanize the world and render his people happy; while his ideas of the Deity were ſo perfect, as to bear a compariſon with the enlightened doctrines of Socrates or Plato.

THE moſt diſtinguiſhed characters in hiſtory, who have been conſidered as legiſlators among bar-

barous nations, are Moſes, Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, Mahomet and Peter of Ruſſia. Of theſe, only the two former and the two latter appear really to deſerve that character. Solon and Numa poſſeſſed not the means nor the opportunity of ſhewing their talents in the buſineſs of original legiſlation. Athens and Rome were conſiderably advanced in civilization, before theſe characters aroſe. The moſt they could do was to correct and amend conſtitutions already formed. Solon, in particular, may be conſidered as a wiſe politician; but by no means as the founder of a nation. The Athenians were too far advanced in ſociety to admit any radical alteration in their form of government; if indeed any form can be ſaid to exiſt, where every thing is left to the controul of a capricious multitude. The inſtitutions of Numa were more effective and durable; his religious ceremonies were, for many ages, the moſt powerful check upon the licentious and turbulent Romans. By inculcating a remarkable reverence for the Gods, and making it neceſſary to conſult the Auſpices, when any thing important was to be tranſacted, he rendered the popular ſuperſtition ſubſervient to the views of policy, and gave the ſenate a ſteady check upon the extravagance of the plebeans. But the conſtitutions of Rome and Athens, however the ſubject of ſo much injudicious applauſe, were never fixed upon any permanent principles; though the wiſdom of ſome of their rulers, and the ſpirit of liberty that inſpired the people, juſtly demand our admiration.

EACH of the other legiſlators above mentioned deſerves a particular conſideration; as acting in ſtations ſomewhat ſimilar to that of the Peruvian lawgiver. Three objects are to be attended to, by the legiſlator of a barbarous people. *Firſt*, that his ſyſtem be ſuch as is capable of reducing the greateſt number of men under one juriſdiction. *Secondly*, that it apply to ſuch

principles in human nature for its ſupport, as are univerſal and permanent; in order to enſure the duration of the government. *Thirdly*, that it admit of improvements correſpondent to any advancement in knowledge or variation of circumſtances, that may happen to its ſubjects; without endangering the principle of government, by ſuch innovations. So far therefore as the ſyſtems of thoſe legiſlators agree with theſe fundamental principles, they are worthy of reſpect; and ſo far as they deviate, they may be conſidered as defective and imperfect.

To begin with Moſes and Lycurgus; it is neceſſary in the firſt place to obſerve, that, in order to judge of the merit of any inſtitutions, we muſt take into view the peculiar character of the people for whom they were framed. For want of this attention, many of the laws of Moſes have been ridiculed by ignorant ſceptics, and many eſtabliſhments of Lycurgus cenſured by as ignorant politicians. The Jews, who were led by Moſes out of Egypt, were not only uncivilized, but, having juſt riſen to independence from a ſtate of ſervitude, they united the manners of ſervants and ſavages; and their national character is a compoſition of ſervility and contumacy, ignorance, ſuperſtition, filthineſs and cruelty. Of their cruelty as a people we need no other proof than the account of their avengers of blood, and the readineſs with which the whole congregation turned executioners and ſtoned to death the devoted offenders. The Leproſy, a diſeaſe now wholly unknown, was undoubtedly produced by their total want of cleanlineſs, continued for ſucceſſive generations. In this view the frequent ablutions, the peculiar modes of trial, and many other inſtitutions may be wholly vindicated from ridicule, and proved to be not only wiſe, but even neceſſary regulations.

The Spartan lawgiver has been equally cenſured

for the toleration of theft and adultery. Among that race of Barbarians, theſe crimes were too general to admit of total prevention or univerſal puniſhment. By veſting all property in the community, inſtead of encouraging theft, he removed the poſſibility of the crime; and, in a nation where licentiouſneſs was generally indulged, it was a great ſtep towards introducing a purity of manners, to puniſh adultery in all caſes, wherein the crime was not committed by the free conſent of all parties injured or intereſted.

THOSE conſtitutions of government are beſt calculated for immediate energy and duration, which are interwoven with ſome religious ſyſtem. The legiſlator, who appears in the character of an inſpired perſon, renders his political inſtitutions ſacred, and intereſts the conſcience as well as the judgement in their ſupport. The Jewiſh lawgiver had this advantage over the Spartan. He appeared not in the character of a mere earthly governor, but as an interpreter of the divine will. By injoining a religious obſervance of certain rites, he formed his people to habitual obedience; by directing their cruelty againſt the breakers of the laws, he at leaſt mitigated the rancour of private hatred; by forbidding uſury, and directing that real property ſhould return to the original families in the year of Jubilee, he prevented too great an inequality of property; and by ſelecting a particular tribe, to be the guardians and interpreters of religion, he prevented its myſteries from being the ſubject of profane and vulgar inveſtigation. To ſecure the permanency of his inſtitutions, he prohibited any intercourſe with foreigners, by ſevere reſtrictions; and formed his people to habits and a character diſagreeable to other nations; by which means any foreign intercourſe was prevented, from the mutual hatred of both parties.

To theſe inſtitutions the laws of Lycurgus bear a

moſt ſtriking reſemblance. The features of his conſtitution were ſevere and forbidding; it was however calculated to inſpire the moſt enthuſiaſtic love of liberty and martial honour. In no country was the patriotic paſſion more energetic than in Sparta; no laws ever excluded the idea of ſeparate property in an equal degree, or inſpired a more thorough contempt for the manners of other nations. The utter prohibition of money, commerce and almoſt every thing deſirable to effeminate nations, entirely excluded foreigners from Sparta; and, while it inſpired the people with contempt for others, it rendered them agreeable to each other. By theſe means, Lycurgus rendered the nation powerful and warlike; and to inſure the duration of his government he endeavoured to intereſt the conſciences of his people, by the aid of oracles, and the oath he is ſaid to have exacted from them, to obey his laws till his return; when he went into a voluntary and perpetual exile.

FROM this view of the Jewiſh and Spartan inſtitutions, applied to the principles above ſtated, they appear, in the two firſt articles, conſiderably imperfect, and in the laſt, totally defective. Neither of them was calculated to bring any conſiderable territory or number of men under one juriſdiction; from this circumſtance alone, they could not be rendered permanent, as they muſt be conſtantly expoſed to their more powerful neighbours. But the third object of legiſlation, that of providing for the future progreſs of ſociety, which, as it regards the happineſs of mankind, is the moſt important of the three, was in both inſtances entirely neglected. Theſe ſyſtems appear to have been formed with an expreſs deſign to prevent all future improvement in knowledge, or enlargement of the human mind; and to fix thoſe nations forever in a ſtate of ignorance, ſuperſtition and barbariſm. To

vindicate the Spartan from an imputation of weakneſs or inattention in this particular, it may be urged that he was ſurrounded by nations more powerful than his own; it was therefore impoſſible for him to commence an eſtabliſhment upon any other plan. And Moſes muſt be vindicated upon this idea, that the divine moral law, which was deſigned, at a future period, to regulate and harmonize the whole human race, muſt be preſerved in that nation, which was to give birth to the Saviour of mankind. If we allow him to have had a prophetic knowledge of theſe events, his inſtitutions may be pronounced unexceptionable in every part.

The inſtitutions of Mahomet, are next to be conſidered. The firſt object of legiſlation appears to have been better underſtood by the Arabian Prophet, than by either of the preceding ſages; his juriſdiction was capable of being enlarged to any extent of territory, and governing any number of nations, that might be ſubjugated by his powerful and enthuſiaſtic armies; and to obtain this object his ſyſtem of religion was admirably calculated. Like Moſes, he convinced his people that he acted as the vicegerent of Heaven; but with this capital advantage, adapting his religion to the natural feelings and propenſities of mankind, he multiplied his followers, by the allurements of pleaſure and the promiſe of a ſenſual paradiſe. Theſe circumſtances were likewiſe ſure to render his conſtitution permanent. His religious ſyſtem was ſo eaſy to be underſtood, ſo ſplendid and ſo inviting, there could be no danger that the people would loſe ſight of its principles, and no neceſſity of future prophets, to explain the doctrines, or reform the nation. To theſe advantages if we add the exact and rigid military diſcipline, the ſplendor and ſacredneſs of the monarch, and that total ignorance of the people, *which* ſuch a ſyſtem will produce and perpetuate, the

eſtabliſhment muſt be evidently well calculated for extent and duration. But the laſt and moſt important end of government, that of mental improvement and ſocial happineſs, was deplorably loſt in the inſtitution. And there was probably more learning and real genius in Arabia, in the days of this extraordinary character, than can now be found in all the Turkiſh dominions.

On the contrary, the enterpriſing genius of the Ruſſian monarch appears to have been wholly bent on the arts of civilization, and the improvement of ſociety among his ſubjects. Happy in a legal title to a throne which already commanded a prodigious extent of country, he found that the firſt object of government was already ſecured; and by applying himſelf with great ſagacity and perſeverance, to the third object, he was ſure that the ſecond would be a neceſſary and invariable conſequence. He effected his purpoſes, important as they were, merely by the introduction of the arts, and the encouragement of politer manners. The greatneſs of his genius appears not ſo much in his inſtitutions, which he copied from other nations, as in the extraordinary meaſures he followed to introduce them, the judgement he ſhowed in ſelecting and adapting them to the genius of his ſubjects, and his ſurpriſing aſſiduity and ſucceſs, by which he raiſed a ſavage people to a dignified rank among European nations. All his plans were formed to encourage the future progreſs of ſociety; and their duration was enſured by their obvious value and importance. His ſucceſſors have followed his political meaſures, with great attention to the ſame objects; and the preſent reigning empreſs has rendered herſelf not unworthy of ſo high and honourable a deſcent.

To the genius and operation of the ſeveral forms of government above mentioned, we will compare

that of the Peruvian Lawgiver. It is probable that the ſavages of Peru, before the time of Capac, among other objects of adoration, paid homage to the Sun. By availing himſelf of this popular ſentiment, he appeared, like Moſes and Mahomet, in the character of a divine legiſlator, endowed with ſupernatural powers. After impreſſing theſe ideas ſtrongly on the minds of the people, drawing together a number of the tribes and rendering them ſubſervient to his benevolent purpoſes, he applied himſelf to forming the outlines of a plan of policy, capable of founding and regulating an extenſive empire; wiſely calculated for perpetual duration; and expreſsly deſigned to improve the knowledge, peace and happineſs of a conſiderable portion of mankind. In the apportionment of the lands, and the aſſignment of real property, he invented a mode ſomewhat reſembling the Feudal Syſtem of Europe: yet this ſyſtem was wiſely checked in its operation, by a law ſimilar to that of Moſes, which regulated landed poſſeſſions in the year of Jubilee. He divided the lands into three parts; the firſt was conſecrated to the uſes of religion, the ſecond ſet apart for the Inca and his family, to enable him to defray the expences of government and to appear in the ſtyle of a monarch, the third, and much the largeſt portion, was allotted to the people; and this allotment was repeated every year, and varied according to the number and exigencies of each family.

As the Incan family appeared in the character of Divinities, it was neceſſary that a ſubordination of ranks ſhould be eſtabliſhed; in order to render the diſtinction between the monarch and his people more perceptible. With this view he created a band of Nobles, who were diſtinguiſhed by perſonal and hereditary honours. Theſe were united to the monarch by the ſtrongeſt ties of intereſt; in peace they acted as Judges, and ſuperintended the police of the empire,

in war they commanded in the armies. The next order of men were the reſpectable peaſantry of the country, who compoſed the principal ſtrength of the nation. Below theſe was a claſs of men, who were the ſervants of the public; who cultivated the public lands. They poſſeſſed no property, and their only ſecurity depended on their regular induſtry and peaceable demeanour. Above all theſe orders, were the Inca and his family. He was poſſeſſed of abſolute and uncontroulable power; his mandates were regarded as the word of Heaven, and the double guilt of impiety and rebellion attended on diſobedience. To impreſs the utmoſt veneration for the Incan family, it was a fundamental principle, that the royal blood ſhould never be contaminated by any foreign alliance. The myſteries of religion were preſerved ſacred by the high prieſt of the royal family, under the controul of the king; and celebrated with rites, capaple of making the deepeſt impreſſion on the multitude. The annual diſtribution of the lands, while it provided for the varying circumſtances of each family, ſtrengthened the bands of ſociety, by preventing the different orders from interfering with each other; the peaſants could not vie with their ſuperiors, and the Nobles could not be ſubjected by misfortune to a ſubordinate ſtation. A conſtant habit of induſtry was inculcated upon all ranks by the ſurprizing force of example and emulation. The cultivation of the ſoil, which in moſt other countries is conſidered as one of the loweſt employments, was here regarded as a divine art. Having had no idea of it before, and being taught it by the children of their God, the people viewed it as a ſacred privilege, and conſidered it as an honour, to imitate and aſſiſt the Sun in opening the boſom of the earth and producing vegetation. That the government might be able to exerciſe the endearing acts of benevolence, the produce of the public lands was re-

ſerved in magazines, to ſupply the wants of the unfortunate, as a depoſit for the people in times of general ſcarcity, and as a reſource in caſe of an invaſion.

THESE are the outlines of a government, the moſt ſimple and energetic conceivable, and capable of reducing the greateſt number of men under one juriſdiction; at the ſame time, accommodating its principle of action to every ſtate of ſociety, and every ſtage of improvement, by a ſingular and happy application to the paſſions of the human mind, it encouraged the advancement of knowledge, without being endangered by ſucceſs. That ſuch a government has a fair chance for perpetual duration is evident from this conſideration, that a band of Nobles are ever the firm ſupporters of regal authority; unleſs the monarch is ſo limited in his power, that the Nobles deſpiſe his influence. This could not be the caſe in Peru; the Nobles were juſtly proud of their elevated ſtation, though they could have no ambition to controul the Inca. They were ſenſible that their intereſt was connected with that of the monarch; and, ſuppoſing the influence of religion to be out of the queſtion, they would not attempt to deſtroy an inſtitution on which their happineſs depended. A check equally effective was, by the conſtitution of human nature, impoſed on the Inca. Elevated above the competition and rivalſhip which corrode and torment the boſoms of the great, he could have no ambition to gratify and no motive to induce him to an improper exerciſe of arbitrary power.

IN the traits of character which diſtinguiſh this inſtitution, we may diſcern all the great ſtrokes of each of the legiſlators above mentioned. The pretenſions of Capac to divine authority were as artfully contrived and as effectual in their conſequences, as thoſe of Mahomet; his exploding the worſhip of evil

beings and objects of terror, forbidding human ſacrifices, inculcating more rational ideas of the Deity, and accommodating the rites of worſhip to a God of juſtice and benevolence, produced a greater change in the national character of his people, than any of the laws of Moſes: Like Peter, he provided for the future improvement of ſociety; while his actions were never meaſured upon the ſmall and contracted ſcale, which limited the genius of Lycurgus.

THUS far we find the political ſyſtem of Capac at leaſt equal to thoſe of the moſt celebrated ancient or modern lawgivers. But in one particular his character is placed beyond all compariſon; I mean for his religious inſtitutions, and the juſt ideas he had formed, by the unenlightened efforts of human wiſdom, of the nature and attributes of the Deity.

AND here I ſhall premiſe, that idolatrous nations have never been guilty of thoſe glaring abſurdities with which they are uſually charged by the chriſtian world. The Perſian or Peruvian, when he directed his adoration to the Sun, conſidered it as the place of reſidence for the unknown Deity, whom he worſhipped, and who communicated from thence the bleſſings of light, warmth and vegetation; the Greek, who bowed at the ſtatue of Jupiter, ſuppoſed it animated with the preſence of his God; the Egyptian Apis, Iſis and Orus, the calf, the leek and the onion, though the theme of univerſal ridicule to other nations, were, in their firſt conſecration, like the Jewiſh Cherubim, ſymbolical repreſentations of the nature and attributes of their Deities. No man ever erected a ſtock or a ſtone for a real object of worſhip; but all ignorant nations have paid their adoration before the ſymbol of the Deity, in ſome ſhape or other, and directed their homage to the place of his ſuppoſed reſidence. Even among enlightened nations, we find many traces

of the ſame ideas; the Papiſt bows to the Picture and the Crucifix; and the Methodiſt rolls up his eyes in prayer to the Sky. Perhaps unaſſiſted wiſdom can riſe no higher; and the reaſon why idol worſhip was forbidden in the divine law, was not becauſe of the erroneous ideas of the original inſtitutors, but becauſe the views of the vulgar, in proceſs of time, are apt to ſtop ſhort at the intermediate object, and to loſe ſight of the original inviſible Eſſence. But the great crime of idolatrous nations conſiſted in their aſcribing to the Deity the paſſions and attributes of the Devil, and in the horrid and murtherous rites of their worſhip. Mankind are more inclined to conſider the Deity as a God of vengeance than a God of mercy. Even among chriſtians moſt perſons aſcribe afflictions to the hand of Heaven and proſperity to their own merit and prudence. This principle operates in its full effect among ſavages. They uſually form no idea of a general ſuperintending Providence; they conſider not the Deity as the author of their beings, the Creator of the world and the diſpenſer of the happineſs they enjoy; they diſcern him not in the uſual courſe of nature, in the ſunſhine and in the ſhower, the productions of the earth and the bleſſing of ſociety; they find a Deity only in the ſtorm, the earthquake and the whirlwind; or aſcribe to him the evils of peſtilence and famine; they conſider him as interpoſing in wrath to change the courſe of nature, and exerciſing the attributes of rage and revenge. They adore him with rites ſuited to theſe attributes, with horror, with penance and with ſacrifice; they imagine him pleaſed with the ſeverity of their mortifications, with the oblations of blood and the cries of human victims; and hope to compound for greater judgements, by voluntary ſufferings and horrid ſacrifices, ſuited to the reliſh of his taſte.

PERHAPS no ſingle criterion can be given, which

will determine more accurately the ſtate of ſociety in any age or nation, than their general ideas concerning the nature and attributes of the Deity. In the moſt enlightened periods of antiquity, only a very few of their wiſeſt Philoſophers, a Socrates, a Tully, or a Confucius, ever formed a juſt idea on the ſubject, or deſcribed the Deity as a God of purity, juſtice and benevolence. Can any thing then be more aſtoniſhing than to view a ſavage native of the ſouthern wilds of America, riſing in an age, void of every trace of learning or refinement, and acquiring by the mere efforts of reaſon, a ſublime and rational idea of the Parent of the univerſe!

He taught the nation to conſider him as the God of order and regularity; aſcribing to his influence the rotation of the ſeaſons, the productions of the earth and the bleſſings of health; eſpecially attributing to his inſpiration the wiſdom of their laws and that happy conſtitution, which was the delight and veneration of the people.

These humane ideas of religion had a ſenſible operation upon the manners of the nation. They never began an offenſive war with their ſavage neighbours; and, whenever their country was invaded, they made war, not to extirpate, but to civilize. The conquered tribes and thoſe taken captive were adopted into the nation; and, by blending with the conquerors, forgot their former rage and ferocity.

A system ſo juſt and benevolent, as might be expected, was attended with ſucceſs. In about three hundred years, the dominions of the Incas had extended fifteen hundred miles in length, and had introduced peace and proſperity through the whole re-

gion. The arts of ſociety had been carried to a conſiderable degree of improvement, and the authority of the Incan race univerſally acknowledged; when an event happened, that diſturbed the tranquility of the empire. Huana Capac, the twelfth monarch, had reduced the powerful kingdom of Quito, and annexed it to his empire. To conciliate the affections of his new ſubjects, he married a daughter of the ancient king of Quito. Thus, by violating a fundamental law of the Incas, he left at his death a diſputed ſucceſſion to the throne. Atabalipa, the ſon of Huana by the heireſs of Quito, being in poſſeſſion of the principal force of the Peruvian armies, which was left at that place on the death of his father, gave battle to his brother Huaſcar, who was the elder ſon of Huana by a lawful wife, and legal heir to the crown. After a long and deſtructive civil war, the former was victorious; and thus was that flouriſhing and happy kingdom left a prey to civil diſſentions, and to the few ſoldiers of Pizarro, who happened at that juncture to make a diſcent upon their coaſt. Thus he effected an eaſy conqueſt and an utter deſtruction of that unfortunate people. It is however extremely obvious, that this deplorable event is not to be charged on Capac, as the conſequence of any defect in his inſtitution. It is impoſſible that any original legiſlator ſhould effectually guard againſt the folly of a future ſovereign. Capac had not only removed every temptation that could induce a wiſe prince to wiſh for a change in the conſtitution, but had connected the ruin of his authority with the change; for he, who diſregards any part of inſtitutions deemed ſacred, teaches his people to conſider the whole as an impoſture. Had he made a law ordaining that the Peruvians ſhould be abſolved from their allegiance to a prince, who ſhould violate the laws, it would evidently have implied poſſible error and imperfection in thoſe perſons whom the people

were ordered to regard as Divinities: the reverence due to characters who made ſuch high pretenſions, would have been weakened; and, inſtead of rendering the conſtitution perfect, ſuch a law would have been its greateſt defect. Beſides, it is probable the rupture might have been healed, and the ſucceſſion ſettled, with as little difficulty as frequently happens with partial revolutions in other kingdoms; had not the deſcent of the Spaniards prevented. And this event to a man in that age and country, was totally beyond the poſſibility of human foreſight. But viewing the concurrence of theſe fatal accidents, which reduced this flouriſhing empire to a level with many other ruined and departed kingdoms, it only proves that no human ſyſtem has the privilege to be perfect.

On the whole, it is evident, that the ſyſtem of Capac is the moſt ſurprizing exertion of human genius to be found in the hiſtory of mankind. When we conſider him as an individual emerging from the midſt of a barbarous people, having ſeen no poſſible example of the operation of laws in any country, originating a plan of religion and policy never equalled by the ſages of antiquity, civilizing an extenſive empire, and rendering religion and government ſubſervient to the general happineſs of mankind, there is no danger that we grow too warm in his praiſe, or pronounce too high an eulogium on his character. Had ſuch a genius appeared in Greece or Rome, he had been the ſubject of univerſal admiration; had he ariſen in the favourite land of Turkey, his praiſes had filled a thouſand pages in the diffuſive writings of Voltaire.

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THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The actions of Capac. A general invaſion threatened by the mountain ſavages. Rocha, the Inca's Son, ſent to offer terms of peace. His embaſſy. His adventure with the worſhippers of the Volcano. With thoſe of the ſtorm on the Andes. Falls in with the ſavage armies. Character and ſpeech of Zamor, their chief. Sacrifice of Rocha's companions. Death-ſong of Azonto. War-dance. March of the ſavage armies down the mountains to Peru. Incan army meets them. Battle joins. Peruvians routed by an eclipſe of the ſun. They fly to Cuſco. Grief of Oella, ſuppoſing the darkneſs to be occaſioned by the death of her ſon Rocha. Sun appears. Peruvian army aſſembles, and they diſcover Rocha on an altar in the ſavage camp. They march in haſte out of the city and engage the ſavages. Exploits of Capac. Death of Zamor. Recovery of Rocha, and ſubmiſſion of the enemy.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK III.

NOW, twice twelve years, the children of the ſkies
Beheld in peace their growing empire riſe;
O'er happy realms, diſplay'd their generous care,
Diffuſed their arts and ſooth'd the rage of war;
Bade yon tall temple grace the favourite iſle,
The gardens bloom, the cultured valleys ſmile,
The aſpiring hills their ſpacious mines unfold,
Fair ſtructures blaze, and altars burn, in gold,
Thoſe broad foundations bend their arches high,
And heave imperial Cuſco to the ſky;
From that fair ſtream that mark'd their northern ſway,
Where Apurimac leads his lucid way,
To yon far glimmering lake, the ſouthern bound,
The growing tribes their peaceful dwellings found;
While wealth and grandeur bleſs'd the extended reign,
From the bold Andes to the weſtern main.

When, fierce from eaſtern wilds, the ſavage bands
Lead war and ſlaughter o'er the happy lands;
Thro' fertile fields the paths of culture trace,
And vow deſtruction to the Incan race.
While various fortune ſtrow'd the embattled plain,
And baffled thouſands ſtill the ſtrife maintain,

The unconquer'd Inca wakes the lingering war,
Drives back their hoſt and ſpeeds their flight afar;
Till, fired with rage, they range the wonted wood,
And feaſt their ſouls on future ſcenes of blood.

Where yon blue ſummits hang their cliffs on high,
Frown o'er the plains and lengthen round the ſky;
Where vales exalted thro' the breaches run,
And drink the nearer ſplendors of the ſun,
From ſouth to north, the tribes innumerous wind,
By hills of ice and mountain ſtreams confined;
Rouſe neighbouring hoſts, and meditate the blow,
To blend their force and whelm the world below.
Capac, with caution, views the dark deſign,
From countleſs wilds what hoſtile myriads join;
And greatly ſtrives to bid the diſcord ceaſe,
By proffer'd compacts of perpetual peace.

His eldeſt hope, young Rocha, at his call,
Leaves the deep confines of the temple wall;
In whoſe fair form, in lucid garments dreſt,
Began the ſacred function of the prieſt.

In early youth, ere yet the genial ſun
Had twice ſix changes o'er his childhood run,
The blooming prince, beneath his parents' hand,
Learn'd all the laws that ſway'd the ſacred land;
With rites myſterious* ſerved the Power divine,
Prepared the altar and adorn'd the ſhrine,

* The high prieſt of the Sun was always one of the royal family; and, in every generation after the firſt, was brother to the king. This office probably began with Rocha, as he was the firſt who was capable of receiving it, and as it was neceſſary, in the education of the prince, that he ſhould be initiated in the ſacred myſteries.

Reſponſive hail'd, with ſtill returning praiſe,
Each circling ſeaſon that the God diſplays,
Sooth'd with funereal hymns the parting dead,
At nuptial feaſts the joyful chorus led;
While evening incenſe and the morning ſong
Roſe from his hand or trembled on his tongue.
Thus, formed for empire, ere he gain'd the ſway;
To rule with reverence and with power obey,
Reflect the glories of the parent Sun,
And ſhine the Capac of his future throne,
Employ'd his ripening years; till now, from far,
The diſtant fields proclaim approaching war;
Inſpired for active ſcenes he quits the ſhrine,
To aid the council or in arms to ſhine.
Where the mild monarch courtly throngs encloſe,
Sublime in modeſt majeſty he roſe,
With reverence bow'd, conſpicuous o'er the reſt,
Approach'd the throne and thus the ſire addreſs'd:
Great king of nations, heaven-deſcended ſage,
Guard of my youth and glory of my age,
Theſe pontiff robes, to my bleſt brother's hand
Glad I reſign, and wait thy kind command.
Should war invade, permit thy ſon to wield
The ſhaft of vengeance through the untempted field:
Led by thy powerful arm, my ſoul ſhall brave
The haughtieſt foe, or find a glorious grave;
While our bold ranks a nobler toil demand,
In one dread field o'erwhelm the brutal band,

Pour to the mountain gods their wonted food,
And ſhield thy realms from future ſcenes of blood.
Yet oh, may ſovereign mercy firſt ordain
Propounded compact to the ſavage train.
Fearleſs of foes, their own dark wilds I'll trace,
To quell the rage and give the terms of peace,
Teach the grim race to bow beneath thy ſway,
And taſte the bleſſings of the Power of day.

The ſire return'd; My earlieſt wiſh you know,
To ſhield from ſlaughter and preſerve the foe,
In bands of mutual peace all tribes to bind,
And live the friend and guardian of mankind.
Should ſtrife begin, thy youthful arm ſhall ſhare,
The toils of glory through the walks of war;
But o'er thoſe hideous hills, thro' climes of ſnow,
With reaſon's voice to lure the ſavage foe,
To 'ſcape their ſnares, their jarring ſouls combine,
Claims hardier limbs and riper years than thine.
Yet one of heavenly race the taſk requires,
Whoſe myſtic rites controul the etherial fires;
So the ſooth'd Godhead proves to faithleſs eyes,
His ſway on earth and empire of the ſkies.
Some veteran chief, in thoſe rough labours try'd,
Shall aid the toil, and go thy faithful guide;
O'er dreary heights thy ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Teach the dark wiles of each inſidious train,
Through all extremes of life thy voice attend,
In counſel lead thee or in arms defend.

While three firm youths, thy choſen friends, ſhall go,
To learn the climes and meditate the foe;
That wars of future years their aid may find,
To ſerve the realm and ſave the ſavage kind.
Riſe then, my ſon, bright partner of my fame,
With early toils to build thy ſacred name;
In high beheſt, theſe heavenly tidings bear,
To bleſs mankind and ward the waſte of war.
To thoſe dark hoſts, where ſhivering mountains run,
Proclaim the bounties of our ſire the Sun.
On theſe fair plains, beneath his happier ſkies,
Tell how his fruits in boundleſs plenty riſe;
How the bright Power, whoſe all delighting ſoul
Taught round the courts of heaven his ſtars to roll,
To all his earth-born ſons hath kindly given
His nobleſt laws the favourite grace of heaven;
Bids every tribe the ſame glad laws attend,
His realms to widen and his fanes defend,
Confeſs and emulate his bounteous ſway,
And give his bleſſings where he gives the day.
Yet, ſhould the gathering legions ſtill prepare
The ſhaft of ſlaughter for the barbarous war,
Tell them we know to tread the crimſon plain,
And heaven's bright children never yield to man.
But oh, my child, with ſteps of caution go,
The ways are hideous and enraged the foe;
Blood ſtains their altars, all their feaſts are blood,
Death their delight and Darkneſs reigns their God;

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Tygers and vultures, ſtorms and earthquakes ſhare
Their rites of worſhip and their ſpoils of war.
Should'ſt thou, my Rocha, tempt their vengeful ire,
Should thoſe dear relics feed a ſavage fire,
Deep ſighs would heave thy wretched mother's breaſt,
The pale ſun ſink in clouds of darkneſs dreſt,
Thy ſire and hapleſs nations rue the day,
That drew thy ſteps from theſe ſad walls away.
Yet go; 'tis virtue calls; and realms unknown,
By theſe long toils, may bleſs thy future throne;
Millions of unborn ſouls in time may ſee
Their doom reverſed, and owe their joys to thee;
While ſavage ſires, with murdering hands, no more
Dread the grim Gods that claim their children's gore,
But, ſway'd by happier ſceptres, here behold
The rites of freedom and the ſhrines of gold.
Be wiſe, be mindful of thy realm and throne;
Heaven ſpeed the labours, and preſerve my ſon.
Soon the glad prince, in robes of white array'd,
Call'd his attendants, and the ſire obey'd.
A diamond broad, in burning gold impreſt,
Fix'd the Sun's image on his royal breaſt;
Fair in his hand appear'd the olive bough,
And the white lautu* graced his beauteous brow.
Swift o'er the hills that lift the walks of day,
Thro' parting clouds he took his eaſtern way;

* The lautu was a cotton fringe, worn by the Incas, as a badge of royalty.

Height over height he gain'd, beyond the bound,
Where the wide empire claims its utmoſt round;
To numerous tribes proclaim'd the ſolar ſway,
And held, through various toils, his wilder'd way.
At length, far diſtant, thro' the darkening ſkies,
Where hills o'er hills in rude diſorder riſe,
A dreadful groan, beneath the ſhuddering ground,
Rolls down the ſteeps and ſhakes the world around.
Columns of reddening ſmoke, above the height,
O'ercaſt the heavens and cloud their wonted light;
From tottering tops deſcend the cliffs of ſnow,
The mountains reel, the valleys rend below,
The headlong ſtreams forget their uſual round,
And ſhrink and vaniſh in the gaping ground;
The ſun deſcends—Wide flames with livid glare
Break the red cloud and purple all the air;
Above the gaping top, wild cinders, driven,
Stream high and brighten to the midſt of heaven;
Deep from beneath, full floods of boiling ore
Burſt the dread mount, and thro' the opening roar;
Torrents of molten rocks, on every ſide,
Lead o'er the ſhelves of ice the fiery tide;
Hills ſlide before them, ſkies around them burn,
Towns ſink beneath, and heaving plains o'erturn;
O'er diſtant realms, the flaming deluge, hurl'd,
Sweeps trembling nations from the aſtoniſh'd world.
Meanwhile, at diſtance, through the livid light,
A buſy concourſe met his wondering ſight;

The prince drew near; an altar raiſed he view'd,
In form a furnace, fill'd with burning wood;
There a fair youth in pangs expiring lay,
And the fond father thus was heard to pray.
*Receive, O dreadful Power, from feeble age,
This laſt pure offering to thy fateleſs rage,
Thrice has thy vengeance, on this hated land,
Claim'd a dear infant from my yielding hand;
Thrice have thoſe lovely lips the victim preſs'd,
And all the mother torn that tender breaſt;
When the dread duty ſtifled every ſigh,
And not a tear eſcaped her beauteous eye.
The fourth, and laſt, now meets the fatal doom,
(Groan not, my child, thy God commands thee home)
Attend, once more, thou dark, infernal Name,
From yon far-ſtreaming pyramid of flame;
Snatch, from the heaving fleſh, the expiring breath,
Sacred to thee and all the Powers of death;
Then, in thy hall, with ſpoils of nations crown'd,
Confine thy walks beneath the rending ground;
No more on earth the imbowel'd flames to pour,
And ſcourge my people and my race no more.
Thus Rocha heard; and, tow'rd the trembling croud,
Turn'd the bright enſign of his beaming God.

* It is a fact, that the different tribes of thoſe mountain ſavages worſhipped the various objects of terror that infeſted the particular parts of the country where they dwelt; ſuch as ſtorms, volcanoes, rivers, lakes; and ſeveral beaſts and birds of prey; and all with this idea, that their forefathers deſcended from the gods which they worſhipped.

The afflicted chief, with fear and grief oppreſt,
Beheld the ſign and thus the prince addreſs'd.
From what far land, O royal ſtranger, ſay,
Aſcend thy wandering ſteps this nightly way?
Com'ſt thou from plains like ours, with cinders fired?
And have thy people in the flames expired?
Or haſt thou now, to ſtay the whelming flood,
No ſon to offer to the furious God?

From happier lands I came, the prince return'd,
Where no red vengeance e'er the concave burn'd;
No furious God diſturbs the peaceful ſkies,
Nor yield our hands the bloody ſacrifice.
But life and joy the Power delights to give,
And bids his children but rejoice and live.
Thou ſeeſt o'er heaven the all-delighting Sun,
In living radiance, rear his golden throne;
O'er plains and valleys ſhed his genial beams,
Call from yon cliffs of ice the winding ſtreams;
While fruits and flowers adorn the indulgent field,
And ſeas and lakes their copious treaſures yield;
He reigns our only God; in him we trace
The friend, the father of our happy race.
Late the lone tribes, on thoſe delightful ſhores,
With gloomy reverence ſerved imagin'd Powers;
Till he, in pity to the roving race, [peace.
Diſpenſed their laws, and form'd their minds for
My heaven-born parents firſt the reign began,
Sent from his courts to rule the race of man,

Unfold his arts, extend his bounteous ſway,
And give his bleſſings where he gives the day.
The wondering chief reply'd; thy form and dreſs
Proclaim thy lineage of ſuperior race;
And our far-diſtant ſires, no leſs than thine,
Sprang from a God, and own a birth divine.
From that etherial mount, the ſource of flame,
In elder times, the great avengers came;
Where the dread Power conceals his dark abode,
And claims, as now, the tribute of a God.
This victim due when willing mortals pay,
His terrors leſſen and his fires decay;
While purer fleet regales the untainted air,
And our glad hoſts are fired for fiercer war.
Yet know, dread chief, the pious youth rejoin'd,
One ſovereign Power produced all human kind;
Some Sire ſupreme, whoſe ever-ruling ſoul
Creates, preſerves, and regulates the whole.
That Sire ſupreme muſt lift his radiant eye
Round the wide concave of the boundleſs ſky;
That heaven's high courts, and all the walks of men
May riſe unveil'd beneath his careful ken.
Could thy dark Power, that holds his drear abode
Deep in the boſom of that fiery flood,
Yield the glad fruits that diſtant nations find?
Or praiſe, or puniſh, or behold mankind?
When the bleſt God, from glooms of changing night
Shall gild his chambers with the morning light,

By myſtic rites he'll vindicate his throne,
And own thy ſervant for his duteous ſon.
Meantime, the chief reply'd, thy cares releaſed,
Share the poor relics of our ſcanty feaſt;
Which, driven in haſty rout, our train ſupply'd;
When trembling earth proclaim'd the boiling tide.
They fared, they reſted; till approaching morn
Beheld the day-ſtar o'er the mountain burn;
The riſing prince an altar rear'd on high,
And watch'd the ſplendors of the orient ſky.
When o'er the mountain flamed the ſun's broad ray,
He call'd the hoſt his ſacred rites t' eſſay;
Then took the loaves of maize, the bounties brake,
Gave to the chief and bade them all partake;
The hallowed relics on the pile he placed,
With tufts of flowers the ſimple offering graced,
Held to the ſun the image from his breaſt,
Whoſe glowing concave all the God expreſt;
O'er the dry'd leaves, the trembling luſtre flies,
And thus his voice aſcends the liſtening ſkies.
O thou, whoſe ſplendors kindle heaven with fire,
Great ſoul of nature, and the world's dread ſire,
If e'er my father found thy ſovereign grace,
Or thy bleſt will ordain'd the Incan race,
Give theſe lone tribes to learn thine awful name,
Receive this offering and the pile inflame:
So ſhall thy laws o'er theſe wide bounds be known,
And earth's unnumber'd ſons be happy as thine own.

Thus pray'd the prince, the kindling flames aſpire
The tribes ſurrounding tremble and retire,
Gaze on the wonder, full conviction own,
And vow obedience to the genial Sun.
The Inca now his farther courſe deſcry'd,
A young cazique attending as a guide,
O'er eaſtern cliffs purſued the wilder'd way,
Where loftier champaigns meet the ſhivering day;
Saw timorous tribes in theſe ſublime abodes,
Adore the blaſts and turn the ſtorms to Gods.
Each blackening cloud, that thunders thro' the ſkies,
Claims from their hands a human ſacrifice.
A while the youth, their better faith to gain,
Strives, with his uſual art, but ſtrives in vain;
In vain he pleads the mildneſs of the ſun,
In thoſe cold bounds where chilling whirlwinds run;
Where the dark tempeſts ſweep the world below,
And load the mountains with eternal ſnow.
The ſun's bright beam, the fearful tribes declare,
Drives all their evils on the tortured air;
He draws the vapors up the eaſtern ſky,
That fail and centre tow'rd his dazzling eye;
Leads the loud ſtorms along his midday courſe,
And bids the Andes meet their ſweeping force;
Builds their bleak ſummits, with an icy throne,
To ſhine through heaven a ſemblance of his own;
Hence the dire chills, the lifted lawns that wait,
And all the ſcourges that attend their ſtate,

Seven toilſome days, the virtuous legate ſtrove,
To ſocial joys their ſavage minds to move;
Then, while the morning glow'd ſerenely bright,
He led their footſteps to an eaſtern height;
The world unbounded, ſtretch'd beneath them, lay,
And not a cloud obſcured the riſing day.
Broad Amazonia, with her ſtar-like ſtreams,
In azure dreſt, a heaven inverted ſeems;
Dim Paraguay extends the aching ſight;
*Xaraya glimmers, like the moon of night;
The earth and ſkies, in blending borders, ſtray,
And ſmile and brighten to the lamp of day.
When thus the prince; What majeſty divine!
What robes of gold! what flames around him ſhine!
There walks the God! his ſtarry ſons on high
Draw their dim veil, and ſhrink behind the ſky;
Earth with ſurrounding nature 's born anew,
And tribes and empires greet the gladdening view.
Who can behold his all-delighting ſoul
Give life and joy, and heaven and earth controul?
Bid death and darkneſs from his preſence move—
Who can behold, and not adore and love?
Thoſe plains, immenſely circling feel his beams,
He greens the groves, he ſilvers o'er the ſtreams,
Swells the wild fruitage, gives the beaſt his food,
And mute creation hails the genial God.

* *Xaraya* is a large lake in the country of Paraguay; and is the ſource of the river Paraguay.

But nobler joys his righteous laws impart,
To aid the life and mould the ſocial heart,
His peaceful arts o'er happy realms to ſpread,
And altars grace with pure celeſtial bread;
Such our diſtinguiſh'd lot, who own his ſway,
Mild as his morning ſtars, and liberal as the day.
His unknown laws, the mountain chief reply'd,
In your far world, your boaſted race may guide;
And yon low plains, that drink his genial ray,
At his glad ſhrine their juſt devotions pay.
But we, nor fear his frown, nor truſt his ſmile;
He blaſts our foreſts and o'erturns our toil;
Our bowers are bury'd in his whirls of ſnow,
Or ſwept and driven to ſhade his tribes below.
Even now his mounting ſteps thy hopes beguile;
He lures thy raptures with a morning ſmile;
But ſoon (for ſo thoſe ſaffron robes proclaim)
Black ſtorms ſhall ſail beneath his leading flame,
Thunders and blaſts, againſt the mountain driven,
Shall ſhake the tottering tops & rend the vault of heaven.
He ſpoke; they waited, till the aſcending ray,
High from the noon-tide, ſhot the faithleſs day;
When, lo! far-gathering, round the eaſtern ſkies,
Solemn, and ſlow, the dark-red vapors riſe;
Full clouds, convolving on the turbid air,
Move, like an ocean to the watery war.
The hoſt, ſecurely raiſed, no dangers harm,
They ſit unclouded, and o'er-look the ſtorm;

While, far beneath, the ſky-borne waters ride,
O'er the dark deep and up the mountain's ſide;
The lightning's glancing wings, in fury curl'd,
Bend their long forky terrors o'er the world;
Torrents and broken craggs, and floods of rain,
From ſteep to ſteep, roll down their force amain,
In dreadful cataracts; the craſhing ſound [ground,
Fills the wide heavens and rocks the ſmouldering
The blaſts, unburden'd, take their upward courſe,
And, o'er the mountain-top, reſume their force:
Swift, thro' the long, white ridges, from the north,
The rapid whirlwinds lead their terrors forth;
High rolls the ſtorm, the circling ſurges riſe,
And wild gyrations wheel the hovering ſkies;
Vaſt hills of ſnow, in ſweeping columns driven,
Deluge the air and cloud the face of heaven;
Floods burſt their chains, the rocks forget their place,
And the firm mountain trembles to its baſe.

Long gazed the hoſt; when thus the ſtubborn chief,
With eyes on fire, and fill'd with ſullen grief,
Behold thy careleſs God, ſecurely high,
Laughs at our woes, and ſails the heavens in joy;
Drives all his evils on theſe ſeats ſublime,
And wafts his favours to a happier clime:
Sire of that peaceful race, thy words diſcloſe,
There glads his children, here afflicts his foes.
Hence! ſpeed thy courſe! purſue him where he leads;
Leſt vengeance ſeize thee for thy father's deeds,

Thy immolated limbs aſſwage the fire
Of thoſe curſt Powers, which now a gift require.
The youth, in haſte, collects his ſcanty train,
And, with the ſun, flies o'er the weſtern plain,
The fading orb with plaintive voice he plies,
To guide his ſteps and light him down the ſkies.
So, when the moon and all the hoſt of even,
Hang, pale and trembling, on the verge of heaven,
While ſtorms, aſcending, threat their nightly reign,
They ſeek their abſent fire, and ſettle down the main.
Now, to the ſouth, he turns his tedious way,
Where tribes unnumber'd on the mountains ſtray;
And finds, collecting, in a central plain,
From all the hills, a wide-extended train.
Of various dreſs and various form they ſhow'd;
Each wore the enſign of his local God.
From eaſtern ſteeps, a griſly hoſt deſcends,
O'er whoſe grim chief a tyger's hide depends:
The tuſky jaws grin o'er his ſhaggy brow,
The eye-balls glare, the paws depend below;
From his bored ears contorted ſerpents hung,
And drops of gore ſeem'd rolling on his tongue.
From northern wilds, dark move the vulture-race;
Black tufts of quills their ſhaded foreheads grace;
The claws extend, the beak is oped for blood,
And all the armour imitates the God.
The *condor, frowning, from a ſouthern plain,
Borne on a ſtandard, leads a numerous train:

* The Condor is ſuppoſed to be the largeſt bird in the world. His wings, from one extreme to the other, are ſaid to meaſure twenty-four feet; and he is able to carry a man in his clutches.

Clench'd in his talons, hangs a warrior dead,
His long beak pointing where the ſquadrons tread;
His wings, far-ſtretching, cleave the whiſtling wind,
And his broad tail o'erſhades the hoſt behind.
From other plains, and other hills, afar,
The aſſembling tribes throng dreadful to the war;
Some wear the creſted furies of the ſnake,
Some ſhow the emblems of a ſtream or lake;
All, from the Power they ſerve, aſſume their mode,
And foam and yell to taſte the Incan blood.
The prince, incautious, with his train drew near,
Known for an Inca by his dreſs and air.
Sudden the ſavage bands to vengeance move,
Demand their arms and chace them round the grove;
His ſcattering hoſt in vain the combat tries,
While circling thouſands from their ambuſh riſe;
Nor power to ſtrive, nor hope of flight remains,
They bow in ſilence to the victor's chains.
When, now the gathering ſquadrons throng the plain,
And echoing ſkies the rending ſhouts retain;
Zamor, the leader of the tyger-band,
By choice appointed to the firſt command,
Shrugg'd up his ſpotted ſpoils above the reſt,
And, grimly frowning, thus the croud addreſs'd:
Warriors, attend; tomorrow leads abroad
Our ſacred vengeance for our brothers' blood.
On thoſe ſcorch'd plains forever muſt they lie,
Their bones ſtill naked to the burning ſky?

Left in the field for foreign hawks to tear,
Nor our own vultures can the banquet ſhare.
But ſoon, ye mountain Gods, yon dreary weſt
Shall ſate your vengeance with a nobler feaſt;
When the proud Sun, that terror of the plain,
Shall grieve in heaven for all his children ſlain;
O'er boundleſs fields our ſlaughtering myriads roam,
And your dark Powers command a happier home.
Mean while, ye tribes, theſe men of ſolar race,
Food for the flames, your bloody rites ſhall grace:
Each to a different God, his panting breath
Reſigns in fire; this night demands their death:
All but the Inca; him, reſerved in ſtate,
Theſe conquering hands ere long ſhall immolate,
To that dread Power that thunders in the ſkies,
A grateful gift, before his mother's eyes,
The ſavage ceaſed; the chiefs of every race
Lead the bold captives to their deſtined place;
The ſun deſcends, the parting day expires,
And earth and heaven diſplay their ſparkling fires.
Soon the raiſed altars kindle round the gloom,
And call the victims to the vengeful doom;
Led to the ſcene, in ſovereign pomp they tread,
And ſing, by turns, the triumphs of the dead.
Amid the croud, beſide his altar, ſtood
The youth devoted to the tyger-God.
A beauteous form he roſe, of princely grace,
The only hope of his illuſtrious race;

His aged ſire, through numerous years, had ſhone,
The firſt ſupporter of the Incan throne;
Wiſe Capac loved the youth, and graced his hand
With a fair virgin, from a neighbouring band;
And him the joyous prince, in equal prime,
Had choſe t' attend him round the ſavage clime.
He mounts the pyre; the flames approach his breath,
And thus he wakes the canticle of death.
O thou dark vault of heaven! his daily throne,
Where flee the abſent glories of the Sun?
Ye ſtarry hoſts, that kindle from his eye,
Can you behold him in the weſtern ſky?
Or if, unſeen, he reſts his radiant head,
Beneath the confines of his watery bed,
When next his morning ſteps your courts inflame,
And ſeek on earth for young Azonto's name,
Then point theſe aſhes, mark the ſmoky pile,
And ſay the hero ſuffer'd with a ſmile.
So ſhall the avenging Power, in fury dreſt,
Bind the red circlet o'er his changing veſt,
Bid dire deſtruction, on theſe dark abodes,
Whelm the grim tribes and all their ſavage Gods.
But oh! forbear to tell my ſtooping ſire,
His darling hopes have fed a coward fire:
Why ſhould he know the tortures of the brave?
Or fruitleſs ſorrows bend him to the grave?
And may'ſt thou ne'er be told, my anxious fair,
What rending pangs theſe panting vitals tear;

But, blooming ſtill, the impatient wiſh employ
On the blind hope of future ſcenes of joy.
Now haſte, ye ſtrides of death, the Power of day,
In abſent ſlumbers, gives your vengeance way;
While fainter light theſe livid flames ſupply,
And ſhort-lived thouſands learn of me to die.

He ceaſed not ſpeaking; when the yell of war
Drowns all their death-ſongs in a hideous jar;
Round the far echoing hills the yellings pour,
And wolves and tygers catch the diſtant roar.
Now more concordant all their voices join,
And round the plain they form the lengthening line
When, to the muſic of the diſmal din,
Indignant Zamor bids the dance begin.
Dim, thro' the ſhadowy fires, each changing form
Moves like a cloud before an evening ſtorm;
When, o'er the moon's pale face and ſtarry plain,
The ſhades of heaven lead on their broken train;
The mingling tribes their mazy circles tread,
Till the laſt groan proclaims the victims dead;
Then part the ſmoky fleſh, enjoy the feaſt,
And loſe their labours in oblivious reſt.

Now, when the weſtern hills proclaim'd the morn
And falling fires were ſcarcely ſeen to burn,
Grimm'd by the horrors of the dreadful night,
The hoſts woke fiercer for the diſtant fight;
And, dark and ſilent, like a ſhadowy grove,
The different tribes beneath their ſtandards move.

But round the bliſsful city of the ſun,
Since the young prince his foreign toils begun,
The prudent king collected, from afar,
His numerous hoſts to meet the expected war.
The various tribes, in one extended train,
Move to the confines of an eaſtern plain;
Where, from the exalted kingdom's utmoſt end,
Sublimer hills and ſavage walks aſcend.
High in the front, imperial Capac ſtrode,
In fair effulgence like the beaming God;
A golden girdle bound his ſnowy veſt,
A mimic Sun hung trembling on his breaſt,
The lautu's circling band his temples twined,
The bow, the quiver ſhade his waiſt behind;
Raiſed high in air, his golden ſceptre burn'd,
And hoſts ſurrounding trembled as he turn'd.
O'er eaſtern hills he caſt his kindling eye,
Where opening breaches lengthen down the ſky;
In whoſe blue clefts, wide, ſloping alleys bend,
Where annual floods from melting ſnows deſcend;
Now, dry and deep, far up the dreary height,
Show the dark ſquadrons moving into ſight;
They throng and thicken on the ſmoky air,
And every breach pours down the duſky war.
So when an hundred ſtreams explore their way,
Down the ſame ſlopes, convolving to the ſea;
They boil, they bend, they urge their force amain,
Swell o'er th' obſtructing craggs and ſweep the diſtant
[plain.

Capac beholds, and waits the coming ſhock,
Unmoved, and gleaming like an icy rock;
And while for fight the arming hoſts prepare,
Thus thro' the files he breathes the ſoul of war.
Ye hoſts, of every tribe and every plain,
That live and flouriſh in my father's reign,
Long have your flocks and ripening harveſts ſhown
The genial ſmiles of his indulgent throne;
As o'er ſurrounding realms his bleſſings flow'd,
And conquer'd all without the ſtain of blood.
But now, behold yon wide-collecting band,
With threatening war, demands the happy land:
Beneath the dark, immeaſurable hoſt,
Deſcending, ſwarming, how the craggs are loſt!
Already now, their ravening eyes behold
Your ſtar-bright temples and your gates of gold;
And to their Gods in fancied goblets pour,
The warm libation of your children's gore.
Move then to vengeance, meet the whelming flood,
Led by this arm and lighted by that God;
The ſtrife is fierce, your fanes and fields the prize,
The warrior conquers or the infant dies.
Fill'd with his fire, the hoſts, in ſquared array,
Eye the dark legions and demand the affray;
Their pointed arrows, riſing on the bow,
Look up the ſky and chide the lagging foe.
Fierce Zamor, frowning, leads the griſly train,
Moves from the clefts, and ſtretches o'er the plain;

He gives the ſhriek; the deep convulſing ſound
The hoſts re-echo; and the hills around
Retain the rending tumult; all the air
Clangs in the conflict of the claſhing war.
But firm, undaunted, as a ſhelvy ſtrand,
That meets the billowy ſurge, the ſquadrons ſtand;
Bend the broad bow, in lengthier circuit ſpread,
And ſhowers of arrows thicken heaven with ſhade.
When each grim hoſt, in cloſer conflict join'd,
Clench the dire ax, and caſt the bow behind;
Thro' broken ranks ſweep wide the rapid courſe,
Now ſtruggle back, now ſidelong ſway the force;
Here, from grim chiefs is lopp'd the griſly head;
All gride the dying, all deface the dead;
There, ſcattering o'er the field, in thin array,
Man ſtrives with man, and ſtones with axes play;
With broken ſhafts they follow and they fly,
And yells and groans and ſhouts invade the ſky;
Round all the plains and groves, the ground is ſtrow'd
With ſever'd limbs and corſes bathed in blood.
Long raged the ſtrife; and where, on either ſide,
A friend, a father or a brother died,
No trace remain'd of what he ſhow'd before,
Mangled with horrid wounds and ſmear'd with gore.
Now the Peruvians, in collected might,
With one wide ſweep had wing'd the ſavage flight;
But heaven's bright Splendor in his midday race,
With glooms unuſual, veil'd his radiant face.

By ſlow degrees a ſolemn twilight moves, [groves.
Browns the dim heavens and ſhades the conſcious
The obſerving Inca views, with wild ſurprife,
Deep glooms on earth, no cloud around the ſkies;
His hoſt o'erſhaded in the field of blood,
Gored by his foes, deſerted by his God.
All mute with wonder, ceaſe the ſtrife to wage,
Gaze at each-other, and forget their rage;
When pious Capac, to the liſtening croud,
Raiſed high his wand and pour'd his voice aloud:
Ye chiefs and warriors of Peruvian race,
Some dire offence obſcures my father's face;
What moves the Godhead to deſert the plain,
Nor ſave his children, nor behold them ſlain?
Fly! ſpeed your courſe, and ſeek the diſtant town,
Ere darkneſs ſhroud you in a deeper frown;
The lengthening walls your ſquadrons ſhall defend,
While my ſad ſteps the ſacred dome aſcend;
There learn the cauſe, and ward the woes we fear—
Haſte, haſte, my ſons, I guard the flying rear.
The hero ſpoke; the trembling tribes obey,
While deeper glooms obſcure the ſource of day.
Sudden, the ſavage bands collect amain,
Hang on the rear and ſweep them o'er the plain;
Their ſhouts, redoubling o'er the flying war,
Drown the loud groans and torture all the air;
The hawks of heaven, that o'er the field had ſtood,
Scared by the tumult from the ſcent of blood,

Cleave the far gloom; the beasts forget their prey,
And scour the waste, and give the war its way.
Zamor, elate with horrid joy, beheld
The Sun depart, his children fly the field,
And raised his rending voice; Thou darkening sky,
Deepen thy glooms, the Power of death is nigh;
Behold him rising from his nightly throne,
To veil the heavens and drive the conquer'd Sun!
The glaring Godhead yields to sacred Night;
And all his armies imitate his flight.
O dark, infernal Power, confirm thy reign;
Give deadlier shades and heap the piles of slain:
Soon, the young captive prince shall roll in fire,
And all his race accumulate the pyre.
Ye mountain vultures, here your vengeance pour,
Tygers and condors, all ye Gods of gore,
In these dread fields, beneath your frowning sky,
A plenteous feast shall every God supply.
Rush forward, warriors, hide the plains with dead;
'Twas here our friends, in former combat, bled;
Strow'd thro' the waste, their bloody bones demand
This sweeping vengeance from our conquering hand.
He said; and, high before the tyger-train,
With longer strides, hangs forward o'er the slain,
Bends, like a falling tree, to reach the foe,
And o'er tall Capac aims a deadly blow.
The king beheld the ax, and with his wand,
Struck the raised weapon from his grasping hand;

Then clench'd the falling helve, and whirling round,
Fell'd furious hoſts of heroes to the ground:
Nor ſtay'd, but follow'd, where the ſquadrons run,
Fearing to fight, forſaken by the Sun:
Till Cuſco's walls ſalute their longing ſight,
And the wide gates receive their rapid flight.
The folds are barr'd, the foes, in ſhade conceal'd,
Like howling wolves, rave round the affrighted field.

The monarch now aſcends the ſacred dome,
Where the Sun's image wore a faded gloom.
Thro' all the courts a ſolemn ſhade prevail'd,
And diſmal groans his liſtening ear aſſail'd;
Deep from an inner ſhrine, the ſtifled ſighs
Breathe forth awhile, and theſe ſad accents riſe.
Was it for this, my ſon to diſtant lands
Muſt trace the wilds, amid thoſe ſavage bands?
And does the God obſcure his golden throne,
In mournful ſilence for my ſlaughter'd ſon?
Oh, had his beam, ere that diſaſtrous day,
That ſnatch'd the youth from theſe fond arms away,
Received my mounting ſpirit to the ſky,
That ſad Oella might have ſeen him die.
Where ſlept thy ſhaft of vengeance, O my God,
When thoſe fell tygers drank his ſacred blood?
Did not the pious prince, with rites divine,
Feed the pure flame, within thy hallow'd ſhrine?
And early learn, beneath his father's hand,
To ſhed thy bleſſings round the favour'd land?

Form'd by thy laws the royal ſeat to grace,
Son of thy ſon, and glory of his race.
Where, deareſt Rocha, reſts thy beauteous head?
Where the rent robes thy hapleſs mother made?
I ſee thee, mid thoſe hideous hills of ſnow,
Purſued and ſlaughter'd by the ſavage foe;
Or, doom'd a feaſt for ſome infernal God,
Whoſe horrid ſhrine demands thy harmleſs blood.
Snatch me, O Sun, to happier worlds of light——
No ſhroud me, ſhroud me, with thyſelf in night——
Thou hear'ſt me not; thou dread, departed Power,
Thy face is dark, and Rocha is no more.
Thus heard the ſilent king; his heaving heart
Caught all her grief, and bore a father's part.
The cauſe, ſuggeſted by her tender moan,
That veil'd the midday ſplendors of the ſun,
And ſhouts inſulting of the raging foe,
Fix'd him ſuſpenſe, in all the ſtrength of woe.
A doubtful moment held his changing choice;
Now would he ſooth her; half aſſumes his voice;
But greater cares the riſing wiſh controul,
And call forth all his dignity of ſoul.
Why ſhould he ceaſe to ward the coming fate?
Or ſhe be told the foes beſiege the gate?
He turn'd in haſte; and now the image-God,
High in the front, with kindling luſtre glow'd:
Swift thro' the portal, flew the hero's eye,
And hail'd the growing Splendor in the ſky.

The thronging hoſt, now brightening at the ſight,
Pour round the dome, impatient for the fight;
The chief, deſcending, in the portal ſtood,
And thus addreſs'd the all-delighting God.
O ſovereign Soul of heaven; thy changing face
Makes or deſtroys the glory of thy race.
If, from the bounds of earth, my ſon be fled,
Firſt of thy line that ever graced the dead;
If thy bright Godhead ceaſed in heaven to burn,
For that loved youth, who never muſt return;
Forgive thine armies; when, in fields of blood,
They loſe their ſtrength, and fear the frowning God.
As now thy glory, with ſuperior day,
Glows thro' the field and leads the warrior's way,
May our delighted ſouls, to vengeance driven,
Burn with new brightneſs in the cauſe of heaven;
For thy ſlain ſon ſee larger ſquadrons bleed,
We mourn the hero, but avenge the deed.
He ſaid; and, from the battlements on high,
A watchful warrior raiſed an eager cry;
An Inca white on yonder altar tied——
Tis Rocha's ſelf—the flame aſcends his ſide.
In ſweeping haſte the burſting gates unbar,
And flood the champaign with a tide of war;
A cloud of arrows leads the rapid train,
They ſhout, they ſwarm, they hide the moving plain;
The bows and quivers ſtrow the field behind,
And the raiſed axes cleave the parting wind;

The prince, confeſt to every warrior's ſight,
Inſpires each ſoul and centres all the fight;
Each hopes to ſnatch him from the kindling pyre,
Each fears his breath already flits in fire:
While Zamor ſpread his thronging ſquadrons wide,
Wedged like a wall—and thus the king defied:
Haſte! ſon of Light, pour faſt the winged war,
The prince, the dying prince demands your care:
Hear how his death-ſong chides your dull delay,
Lift larger ſtrides, bend forward to the affray;
Ere folding flames prevent his ſtifled groan,
Child of your beaming God, a victim to our own.
He ſaid; and raiſed his ſhaggy form on high,
And bade the ſhafts glide thicker thro' the ſky.
Like the black billows of the lifted main,
Rolls into fight the long Peruvian train;
A white ſail, bounding, on the billows toſt,
Is Capac, ſtriding o'er the furious hoſt.
Now meet the dreadful chiefs, with eyes on fire;
Beneath their blows the parting ranks retire:
In whirlwind-ſweep, their meeting axes bound,
Wheel, craſh in air, and plough the trembling ground;
Their ſinewy limbs, in fierce contortions, bend,
And mutual ſtrokes, with equal force, deſcend;
The king ſways backward from the ſtruggling foe,
Collects new ſtrength, and with a circling blow
Ruſh'd furious on; his flinty edge, on high,
Met Zamor's helve, and glancing, cleft his thigh.

The ſavage fell; when, thro' the tyger-train,
The driving Inca ſwept a widening lane;
Whole ranks fall ſtaggering, where he lifts his arm,
Or roll before him, like a billowy ſtorm;
Behind his ſteps collecting legions cloſe,
While, centred in a circling ridge of foes,
He drives his furious way; the prince unties,
And thus his voice—Dread Sovereign of the ſkies,
Accept my living ſon, again beſtow'd,
To grace with rites the temple of his God.
Move, warriors, move, complete the work begun,
Cruſh the grim race, avenge the injured Sun.

The ſavage hoſt, that view'd the daring deed,
And ſaw deep ſquadrons with their leader bleed,
Raiſed high the ſhriek of horror; all the plain
Is trod with flight and cover'd with the ſlain.
The bold Peruvians circle round the field,
Confine their flight and bid the relics yield:
While Capac raiſed his placid voice again—
Ye conquering hoſts, collect the ſcatter'd train;
The Sun commands to ſtay the rage of war,
He knows to conquer, but he loves to ſpare.

He ceaſed; and, where the ſavage leader lay
Weltering in gore, directs his eager way;
Unwraps the tyger's hide, and ſtrives in vain
To cloſe the wound, and mitigate the pain;
And, while ſoft pity moved his manly breaſt,
Raiſed the huge head and thus the chief addreſt.

'Too long, dread prince, thy raging arms withſtood
The hoſts of heaven, and braved the avenging God;
His ſovereign will commands all ſtriſe to ceaſe,
His realm is concord, and his pleaſure, peace;
This copious carnage, ſpreading all the plain,
Inſults his bounties, but confirms his reign.
Enough, 'tis paſt—thy parting breath demands
The laſt, ſad office from my yielding hands.
To ſhare thy pains, and feel thy hopeleſs woe,
Are rites ungrateful to a falling foe;
Yet reſt in peace; and know, a chief ſo brave,
When life departs, ſhall find an honour'd grave;
Theſe hands, in mournful pomp, thy tomb ſhall rear,
And tribes unborn thy hapleſs fate declare.
Inſult me not with tombs, the ſavage cried,
Let cloſing clods thy coward carcaſe hide;
But theſe brave bones, unbury'd on the plain,
Touch not with duſt, nor dare with rites profane;
Let no curſt earth conceal this gorey head,
Nor ſongs proclaim the dreadful Zamor dead.
Me, whom the hungry Gods, from plain to plain,
Have follow'd, feaſting on thy ſlaughter'd train,
Me wouldſt thou cover? no! from yonder ſky,
The wide-beak'd hawk, that now beholds me die,
Soon, with his cowering train, my fleſh ſhall tear,
And wolves and tygers vindicate their ſhare.
Receive, dread Powers, (ſince I can ſlay no more)
My laſt glad victim, this devoted gore.

Thus pour'd the vengeful chief his fainting breath,
And loſt his utterance in the gaſp of death.
The ſad remaining tribes confeſs the Power,
That ſheds his bounties round the favourite ſhore;
All bow obedient to the Incan throne,
And bleſt Oella hails her living ſon.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Deſtruction of Peru foretold. Grief of Columbus. He is comforted by a promiſe of a viſion of future aeſg. All Europe appears in viſion. Effect of the diſcovery upon the affairs of Europe. Improvement in commerce—government. Revival of learning. Reformation in religion. Order of the Jeſuits. Religious perſecution. Character of Raleigh; who plans the ſettlement of North-America. Formation of the coaſt by the gulph-ſtream. Nature of the colonial eſtabliſhments. Fleets of ſettlers ſteering for America.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK IV.

IN one dark age, beneath a ſingle hand,
Thus roſe an empire in the ſavage land.
Her golden ſeats, with following years, increaſe,
Her growing nations ſpread the walks of peace,
Her ſacred rites diſplay the pureſt plan,
That e'er adorn'd the unguided mind of man.

Yet all the pomp, the extended climes unfold,
The fields of verdure and the towers of gold,
Thoſe works of peace, and ſovereign ſcenes of ſtate,
In ſhort-lived glory, haſten to their fate.
Thy followers, ruſhing like an angry flood,
Shall whelm the fields and ſtain the ſhrines in blood;
Nor thou, Las Caſas, beſt of men, ſhalt ſtay
The ravening legions from their guardleſs prey.
Oh! hapleſs prelate, hero, ſaint and ſage,
Doom'd with hard guilt a fruitleſs war to wage,
To ſee, with grief (thy life of virtues run)
A realm unpeopled and a world undone.
While impious Valverde, mock of prieſthood, ſtands,
Guilt in his heart, the goſpel in his hands,

Bids, in one field, unnumber'd ſquadrons bleed,
Smiles o'er the ſcene and ſanctifies the deed.
And thou, brave Gaſca, with thy virtuous train,
Shalt lift the ſword and urge thy power in vain;
Vain, the late taſk, the ſinking land to ſave,
Or call her ſlaughter'd millions from the grave.

The Seraph ſpoke. Columbus, with a ſigh,
Caſt o'er the hapleſs climes his moiſten'd eye,
And thus return'd: Oh, hide me in the tomb;
Why ſhould I live to view the impending doom?
If ſuch dread ſcenes the ſcheme of heaven compoſe,
And virtuous toils induce redoubled woes,
Unfold no more; but grant a kind releaſe,
Give me, 'tis all I aſk, to reſt in peace.

Thy ſoul ſhall reſt in peace, the Power rejoin'd,
Ere theſe conflicting ſhades involve mankind:
But nobler views ſhall firſt thy mind engage,
Beyond the bounds of this deſtructive age;
Where happier fruits of thy unwearied toil,
Thro' future years, and other empires, ſmile.
Europe's contending realms ſhall ſoon behold
Theſe fruitful plains and hills of opening gold;
Fair in the path of thy adventurous ſail,
Their countleſs navies float in every gale,
For wealth and commerce, ſweep the extended ſhore,
And load the ocean with the ſhining ore.

As, up the orient heaven, the dawning ray
Smiles o'er the world and gives the promiſed day;

Drives fraud and rapine from their nightly ſpoil,
And ſocial nature wakes to peaceful toil;
So, from the blazing mine, the golden ſtore,
Mid warring nations, ſpreads from ſhore to ſhore,
With new ambition fires their raviſh'd eyes,
O'er factious nobles bids the monarch riſe;
Unites the force of realms, the wealth to ſhare,
Leads larger hoſts to milder walks of war;
The golden ſcale, while rival ſtates ſuſpend,
And princely powers their mutual aid extend;
Wide o'er the world, while genius unconfined
Tempts happier flights and opens all the mind;
Unbinds the ſlaviſh bands of monkiſh lore,
Awakes the arts and bids the Muſes ſoar.

Then ſhall thy northern climes their charms diſ-play;
United nations there extend their ſway;
O'er the new world exalt their peerleſs throne,
And twine thy wreaths immortal on their crown.

Now lift thine eye. O'er Europe's circling rounds,
Where kings contending claim their bordering bounds,
Behold in light, the nations ſlowly riſe,
Like trembling vapours in the morning ſkies.
Where thoſe long ſhores their different courſes run,
Round the dim north, and tow'rd the eaſtern ſun;
The naked harbours, looking to the main,
Unfold their bounds and break the winds in vain;
The labouring tide no foreign treaſure brings,
No floating foreſt waves its canvaſs wings,

No buſy throngs the lonely margin tread,
Nor ſails nor cities caſt a watery ſhade:
Save, where, yon opening gulph the ſtrand divides,
Proud Venice bathes her in the broken tides,
Beholds her ſcattering barks around her ſtrown,
And, ſovereign, deems the watery world her own.
The nations fierce, that local faiths enrage,
In cauſeleſs ſtrife perpetual combat wage.
No martial ſyſtem claims the monarch's care,
Nor ſtanding legions guard the realm from war;
Give general laws to nations, and reſtrain
The untemper'd rage of paſſion's lawleſs reign.
But the firm bondage of the ſlaviſh mind,
Spreads deeper glooms and ſubjugates mankind.
As the dark northern tribes, in elder times,
Drove every art from Europe's cultured climes,
O'er ruin'd Latium fix'd their ſavage reign,
Mid towers o'erturn'd and learned millions ſlain;
Thus, o'er the ſame fair ſeats, with deadlier ſhade,
Folly and zeal their ſable enſigns ſpread,
Send their cowl'd teachers every ſect to blind,
Stretch the deep mantle and ſecure the mind,
Warn from the world, by Gallileo's fate,
Each daring truth that boaſts a modern date,
Support all crimes, by full indulgence given,
Uſurp the power and wield the ſword of Heaven.
But ſee, where future years their ſcenes unroll,
And riſing arts inſpire the venturous ſoul.

Behold, from all the extended coaſts of Spain,
Unnumber'd navies croud the whitening main;
High o'er the weſtern wave, in cloudly flight,
They ſtream and leſſen on the varying ſight,
Dim thro' the iſles and middle regions pour,
Furl the low ſails, and ſkirt the maſted ſhore.
From the long ſtrand the moving loads behold,
The ſparkling gems, and heaps of burning gold.
The ſails aſcend; and, tow'rd their native day,
With heavier burdens win their arduous way.
Now, from all coaſts, that Europe's realms ſurround,
See the long ſquadrons o'er the billows bound;
Thro' Afric's iſles, obſerve the ſweeping ſails,
Full pinions toſſing in Arabian gales;
Indus and Ganges, deep in canvaſs, loſt,
And navies crouding round each orient coaſt;
New nations riſe to light, extend the toil,
Unfold their treaſures, ſhare the foreign ſpoil,
Join diſtant worlds, all climes and oceans brave,
And ſhade with ſheets the immeaſurable wave.
While rival realms in greater works engage,
And wake the genius of a happier age;
Their bounds enlarge, and mutual ſafety ſhare,
By leagues of peace and ſtanding ſtrength of war.
See lofty Ximines, with ſolemn gait,
Move from the cloiſter to the walks of ſtate,
Thro' all the extended baronies of Spain,
Curb the fierce lords, and fix the royal reign.

Behold, dread Charles the ſovereign ſeat aſcends,
O'er kings and climes his eager view extends;
Europe's ſurrounding ſtates, before his eyes,
Lure the wide wiſh and bid his claims ariſe;
While wealthier ſhores, beneath the weſtern day,
Unfold their treaſures and enlarge his ſway,
See the brave Francis lift his banners round,
To guard the realms and give his rival bound;
With equal pomp, the imperial ſceptre claim,
And fire the nations with an equal name,
Unite his kingdom and his power extend,
Of arms the patron, and of arts the friend.
And ſee proud Wolſey riſe, ſecurely great,
Kings in his train, and ſceptres at his feet,
From monkiſh walls, the hoards of wealth he draws,
To aid the tyrant and reſtrain the laws,
Wakes Albion's genius, abler monarchs braves,
And ſhares with them the empire of the waves.
Behold dark Solyman, from eaſtern ſkies,
With his grim hoſt, magnificently riſe:
Extend his limits o'er the midland ſea,
And tow'rd Germania drive his conquering way,
Frown o'er the Chriſtian Powers, with haughty air,
And teach the nations how to lead the war.
There powerful Leo riſes into ſight,
And, generous, calls the finer arts to light;
New walls and ſtructures throng the Latian ſhore
The Pencil triumphs and the Muſes ſoar.

natch'd from the ground, where Gothic rage had trod,
nd monks and prelates held their drear abode,
he Roman ſtatues riſe; and wake to view
he ſame bold taſte their ancient glory knew.
O'er the dark world Eraſmus caſts his eye;
n ſchoolmen's lore ſees kings and nations lie;
Vith ſtrength of judgement and with fancy warm,
)erides their follies, and diſſolves the charm,
)raws the deep veil, that bigot zeal has thrown
)'er pagan books, and ſcience long unknown,
'rom faith of pageant rites relieves mankind,
nd ſeats bold virtue in the conſcious mind.
)ut ſtill the daring taſk, to brave alone
'he riſing vengeance of the Papal throne,
eſtrains his toil: he gives the conteſt o'er, [Power.
nd leaves his hardier ſons to dare the threatening
Thus taught the Seer; Columbus turn'd his view,
Vhere round the regions other wonders drew;
aw in the north a daring ſage aſcend,
nd o'er his form a ſable robe depend;
'he Cowl conceal'd his eye; his fearleſs head,
ike morning miſt, a hovering cloud o'erſpread;
bove the gloom, deſcending luſtre beams,
nd ſtreaks the concave with cerulean ſtreams.
udden the burſting cloud expands in light,
nd heaven unfolding fills his raptured ſight.
is changing robes in golden ſplendor blaze,
round his head a ſtarry rainbow plays;

High in his hand a beam of glory burns,
And realms ſurrounding brighten as it turns.
When thus the Power; Theſe happier viſions trace
The deſtined joys that wait the riſing race.
Great Luther moves in that majeſtic frame,
Fair light of heaven, and child of deathleſs fame;
Born, like thyſelf, thro' toils and griefs to wind,
From ſloth and ſlavery free the captive mind,
Brave adverſe Powers, controul the Papal ſway,
And bring benighted nations into day.
The beam of glory, lifted in his hand,
Is Heaven's own word that ſhines on every land;
By his bold pen, in modern ſtyle diſplay'd,
From the glad world, it drives the myſtic ſhade.
See the long crouds, his fame around him brings,
Schools, ſynods, prelates, potentates and kings;
All gaining knowledge from his boundleſs ſtore,
And join'd to ſhield him from the rage of power.
First of the train, ſee Frederic's princely form
Ward from the ſage divine the gathering ſtorm;
In learned Wittemburgh ſecure his ſeat,
Where arts and virtues find a bleſt retreat.
Raiſed by his voice, glad pupils round him ſtand,
Aſſiſt his toils and ſpread to every land.
There moves Melanchton, mild as morning light,
And rage and ſtrife are ſoften'd in his ſight;
In terms ſo gentle flows his tuneful tongue,
Ev'n cloiſter'd bigots join the liſtening throng;

By foes and infidels he lives approved,
By monarchs courted and by heaven beloved.
With ſtern deport, o'er all the circling band,
See Oſiander lift his waving hand;
On others' faults he caſts a haughty frown,
Nor their's will pardon nor perceive his own;
A heart ſincere his open looks unfold,
In virtue faithful, and in action bold.

And lo, where Europe's utmoſt limits bend,
From this mild ſource what various joys deſcend!
A larger policy pervades the whole,
And civil rights inſpire the free-born ſoul.
See haughty Henry, from the Papal tie,
His realms diſmember, and the Power defy;
While Albion's ſons diſdain a foreign throne,
And bravely bound the oppreſſion of his own.

Another ſcene ſtill marks the important age,
And hardier toils adventurous throngs engage.
There ſtarts fierce Loyola, an unknown name,
By paths unſeen to reach the goal of fame;
Thro' courts and camps, by ſecret ſkill, to wind;
To mine whole ſtates and over-reach mankind.
The taſk begins; behold an artful race,
Range thro' the world, and every ſect embrace,
Their creeds, their powers, their policies explore,
And lead an intercourſe from ſhore to ſhore.
See the full throngs, in every diſtant land,
Embrace the cauſe and ſwell the wide command:

In towering pride, aſcending to the ſkies,
Their growing fanes and ſeats of ſcience riſe;
A new-form'd empire gains a ſudden birth,
Built in all empires o'er the peopled earth.
Led, by thy followers, to the weſtern day,
In happier climes, behold their ſovereign ſway,
Where Paraguay's mild nations ſmile in peace,
And generous arts and ſocial joys increaſe.
Thus all the tribes of men, beneath thy view,
Enlarge their walks and nobler toils purſue,
Unwonted deeds, in rival greatneſs, ſhine,
Call'd into life and firſt inſpired by thine.
So, while imperial Homer tunes the lyre,
The living lays unnumber'd bards inſpire,
From realm to realm, the kindling ſpirit flies,
Sounds thro' the earth and echoes to the ſkies.
Now move, in rapid haſte, the years of time,
When, borne afar from this enlighten'd clime,
Thy brighter ſons ſhall croud the weſtern main,
And northern empires bloom beneath their reign.
To ſpeed their courſe, the leaders of the age,
By error darkened and religious rage,
Bid Perſecution whelm in kindred blood,
The walls of peace, and temples of their God:
Millions of martyr'd heroes mount the pyre,
And blind devotion lights the ſacred fire.
Led by the dark inquiſitors of Spain,
See Deſolation mark her dreary reign;

See Jews and Moors, that croud the fatal ſtrand,
Roll in the flames, or flee the hated land.
See, arm'd with power, the ſame tribunal riſe,
Where hapleſs Belgia's fruitful circuit lies;
What wreaths of ſmoke roll heavy round the ſhore!
What ſhrines and altars flow with chriſtian gore!
What diſmal ſhrieks! what agonizing cries!
What prayers are wafted to the liſtening ſkies!
Where the flames open, lo! their arms, in vain,
Reach out for help, diſtorted with the pain!
Till, folded in the fires, they diſappear,
And not a ſound invades the ſtartled ear.
See Philip, throned in inſolence and pride,
Enjoy their wailings and their pangs deride;
While, ſcattering death round Albion's crimſon iſles,
O'er the ſame ſcenes, his cruel conſort ſmiles.
Amid the ſtrife, a like deſtruction reigns,
With wider ſweep, o'er Gallia's fatal plains;
See factious nobles pour the ſlaughtering tide,
Grim death unites whom ſacred creeds divide;
Each dreadful victor bids the flames ariſe,
And waft a thouſand murders to the ſkies.
Now ceaſe the factions, with the Valoiſe line,
And the great Bourbon's liberal virtues ſhine;
Quell'd by his voice, the furious ſects accord,
And diſtant empires tremble at his ſword.
See, ſmiling Albion views, with glad ſurpriſe,
A rival reign, in bleſt Eliza, riſe;

O'er Belgia's plains while daring leaders ſoar,
And brave the vengeance of the Iberian power.
Now from all coaſts, where ſhaded plains exter
See the bent foreſts to the main deſcend.
From Albion's ſtrand, behold the navies heave,
Stretch in a line and thunder o'er the wave;
There toils brave Ruſſel, maſter of the main,
And moves in triumph o'er the pride of Spain.
The Seraph ſpoke; when fair beneath their eye,
A new-form'd ſquadron roſe along the ſky;
High on the talleſt deck, majeſtic ſhone
Great Raleigh, pointing tow'rd the weſtern ſun;
His eye, bent forward, ardent and ſublime,
Seem'd piercing nature and evolving time;
Beſide him ſtood a globe, whoſe figures traced
A future empire in each wilder'd waſte;
All former works of men behind him ſhone,
Graved by his hand in ever-during ſtone;
On his mild brow, a various crown diſplays
The hero's laurel and the ſcholar's bays;
His graceful limbs in ſteely mail were dreſt,
The bright ſtar burning on his manly breaſt;
His ſword high-beaming, like a waving ſpire,
Illumed the ſhrouds and flaſh'd the ſolar fire;
The ſmiling crew roſe reſolute and brave,
And the glad ſails hung bounding o'er the wave.
Far on the main, they held their rapid flight,
And weſtern coaſts ſalute their longing ſight:

Glad Chesapeake unfolds a passage wide,
And leads their streamers up the freshening tide;
Where a mild region and delightful soil
And groves and streams allure the steps of toil.
Here, lodged in peace, they tread the welcome land,
An instant harvest waves beneath their hand,
Spontaneous fruits their easy cares beguile,
And opening fields in living culture smile.

With joy Columbus view'd; when thus his voice,
Ye beauteous shores, and generous hosts, rejoice.
Here stretch the water'd plains and midland tide,
And nature blooms in all her virgin pride;
The years advance, by Heaven's blest arm unroll'd,
When the deep wilds their promised change behold.
Be thou, my Seer, the people's guardian friend,
Protect their virtues and their lives defend;
May wealth and grandeur, with their arts, unfold,
Yet save, oh, save them from the thirst of gold.
May the poor natives, round the guardless climes,
Ne'er feel their rage nor groan beneath their crimes;
But learn the various blessings, that extend,
Where civil rights and social virtues blend;
In these brave leaders find a welcome guide,
And rear their fanes and empires by their side.
Smile, happy region, smile; the star of morn
Illumes thy heavens, and bids thy day be born;
Thy opening forests show the work begun,
Thy plains, unshaded, drink a purer sun;

Unwonted navies on thy currents glide,
And happier treaſures waft on every tide;
Yield now thy bounties, load the diſtant main;
Give birth to nations and begin thy reign.

The hero ſpoke; when thus the Power rejoin'd
Approved his joy, and ſtill enlarged his mind:
To thy warm wiſh, beneath theſe opening ſkies,
The pride of earth-born empires ſoon ſhall riſe.
My powerful arm, to which the taſk was given,
On this fair globe to work the will of Heaven;
To rear the mountain, ſpread the ſubject plain,
Lead the long ſtream and roll the billowy main,
In every clime prepared the ſeats of ſtate,
Deſign'd their limits and preſcribed their date.
To meet theſe tides, I ſtretch'd the level ſtrand,
Heaved the green banks and taught the groves to ſtan
Strow'd the wild fruitage, gave the beaſts their pla
And form'd the region for thy kindred race.

In elder years, when firſt the watery round,
And meeting lands their blending borders found;
Back to thoſe diſtant hills, that range ſublime,
From yon deep gulph, thro' all the northern clim
The Atlantic wave it's coral kingdoms ſpread,
And ſcaly nations here their gambols led.
By ſlow degrees, thro' following years of time,
I bared theſe realms* and raiſed the extended clim

* Among the various mutations, which appear to have ta place in different parts of the earth, the formation of the coa

As, from retiring ſeas, the riſing ſand
Stole into light and gently drew to land.
Moved by the winds, that ſweep the flaming zone,
The waves roll weſtward with the conſtant ſun,
Meet the firm Iſthmus, ſcoop that gulphy bed,
Wheel tow'rd the north, and here their currents ſpread:
Thoſe ravaged banks, that move beneath their force,
Borne on the tide and loſt along the courſe,
Have form'd this beauteous ſhore by Heaven deſign'd,
The happieſt empire that awaits mankind.
Think not the luſt of gold ſhall here annoy,
Enſlave the nations and the race deſtroy.
No flaming mine theſe lengthening hills encloſe,
No ruby ripens and no diamond glows;
But richer ſtores and rocks of uſeful mould,
Repay, in wealth, the penury of gold.
Freedom's unconquer'd ſons, with healthy toil,
Shall lop the grove and warm the furrow'd ſoil,

North-America by the gulph ſtream, is one of the moſt remarkable. The riſing of ſand-banks, which are perpetually increaſing along the ſhores of Virginia and the Carolinas—the layers of ſea-ſhells and pieces of wood, which are found at the depth of forty or fifty feet below the ſurface, at the diſtance of a hundred miles from the ſea, in the middle and ſouthern States—the level and uniform appearance of the country, from New-Jerſey to Eaſt-Florida—and the vaſt cavity which appears to have been ſcooped out of the earth, to form the gulph of Mexico, are circumſtances which eſtabliſh the above as an undoubted fact. It is evident, that, not only the iſland of Newfoundland, Cape-Cod, &c. but the greater part of the ſettled country, from the river Delaware to Cape St. Auguſtine, is an accretion of earth worn off from the Iſthmus of Darien, by that ſtrong current of water which follows the trade winds; and, meeting the obſtruction of the Iſthmus, takes a northern direction and ſweeps the coaſt, as far as the river St. Laurence.

From iron ridges break the rugged ore,
Smooth the pale marble, ſpire the bending ſhore;
While ſails and towers and temples round them heave
Shine o'er the realms and ſhade the diſtant wave.
Nor think the native tribes, theſe wilds that trace,
A foe ſhall find in this exalted race;
In ſouls like theirs, no mean, ungenerous aim
Can ſhade their glories with the deeds of ſhame;
Nor low deceit, weak mortals to enſnare,
Nor bigot zeal to urge the barbarous war;
Nor haughty pomp of power, nor Spaniſh pride,
To ravage realms and nature's laws deride.
From eaſtern tyrants driven, and nobly brave,
To build new ſtates, or ſeek a diſtant grave,
Thy generous ſons, with proffer'd leagues of peace,
Approach theſe climes, and hail the ſavage race;
Pay the juſt purchaſe for the uncultured ſhore,
Diffuſe their arts and ſhare the friendly power;
While the dark tribes in ſocial aid combine,
Exchange their treaſures and their joys refine.

O'er Europe's wilds, when firſt the nations ſpread,
The pride of conqueſt every legion led.
Each powerful chief, by ſervile crouds adored,
O'er conquer'd realms aſſumed the name of lord,
Built the proud caſtle, ranged the ſavage wood,
Fired his grim hoſt to frequent fields of blood,
With new-made honours lured his ſubject bands,
Price of their lives, and purchaſe of their lands;

For names and titles, bade the world reſign
Their faith, their freedom and their rights divine.
Thus haughty baronies their terrors ſpread,
And ſlavery follow'd where the ſtandard led;
Till, little tyrants by the great o'erthrown,
Contending nobles give the regal crown;
Wealth, wiſdom, virtue, every claim of man
Unguarded fall to form the finiſh'd plan:
Ambitious cares, that nature never gave,
Warm the ſtarved peaſant, fire the ſceptred ſlave;
Thro' all degrees, in gradual pomp, aſcend,
Honour, the name, and tyranny, the end.
But nobler honours here the breaſt inflame;
Sublimer views and deeds of happier fame;
A new creation waits the weſtern ſhore,
And reaſon triumphs o'er the pride of power.
As the glad coaſt, by Heaven's ſupreme command,
Won from the wave, preſents a new-form'd land;
Yields richer fruits and ſpreads a kinder ſoil,
And pays with greater ſtores the hand of toil;
So, call'd from ſlaviſh climes, a bolder race,
With ſtatelier ſtep, theſe fair abodes ſhall trace;
Their freeborn ſouls, with genius unconfined,
Nor ſloth can poiſon, nor a tyrant bind;
With ſelf-wrought fame and worth internal bleſt,
No venal ſtar ſhall brighten on the breaſt;
No king-created name or courtly art
Damp the bold thought, or ſway the changing heart.

Above all fraud, beyond all titles great,
Heaven in their ſoul and ſceptres at their feet,
The ſires of unborn nations move ſublime,
Look empires thro' and pierce the veil of time,
The fair foundations form, and lead afar
The palm of peace or ſcourge of barbarous war.
Their following ſons the godlike toil behold,
In freedom's cauſe, unconquerably bold,
Complete the toils, diſplay their glories round,
Domeſtic ſtates and diſtant empires bound,
Brave the dread powers, that eaſtern monarchs boaſt,
Explore all climes, enlighten every coaſt;
Till arts and laws, in one great ſyſtem bind,
By leagues of peace, the labours of mankind.

But ſlow proceeds the plan. Long toils remain,
Ere thy bleſt children can begin their reign.
That daring leader, whoſe exalted ſoul
Pervades all ſcenes that unborn realms unroll,
Muſt yield the palm; and, at a courtier's ſhrine,
His fame, his freedom and his life reſign.
That feeble train, the lonely wilds who tread,
Their ſire, their genius in their Raleigh dead,
Shall pine and periſh in the frowning gloom,
Or mount the wave and ſeek their ancient home.
Succeeding hoſts the daring taſk purſue,
The dangers brave and all the ſtrife renew;
But vain the toil, while void of wealth and power
Their fleets to furniſh and their claims ſecure;

While kings and courtiers ſtill neglect the plan,
The ſlaves of eaſe and enemies of man.
Till noble Del'ware, with his venturous train,
In ſtrength and fortune, hails the fair domain,
Divides his bounties, aids the patriot cauſe,
Begins the culture and deſigns their laws.
Fired with the great ſucceſs the aſpiring age
Sees greater throngs the glorious toil engage.
Where the long ſtrand unnumber'd ſtreams divide,
Their rival heroes lead their naval pride,
Back from the ports extend a peaceful ſway,
And ſpread their hamlets tow'rd the ſetting day.
From yon low ſhore, where Texel meets the main,
See the toſt navies bear a venturous train;
See, ſcourged by bigot rage from Albion's coaſt,
The noble Baltimore collect his hoſt,
In queſt of freedom ſeek a happier land,
And ſhield and cheriſh his illuſtrious band;
While heaven-taught Penn ſublimely towers along,
And ardent crouds beneath his ſtandard throng;
See, by his ſide, a future city plann'd,
A code of ſtatutes folded in his hand;
Progreſſive years and ages, as they riſe,
Unroll their ſcenes and open to his eyes.
See, from grim Laud, a perſecuted band
Mount the bold bark and flee the fatal ſtrand;
Virtue's unconquer'd, venerable train,
Whom tyrants preſs and waves oppoſe in vain;

While faith and freedom ſpread a nobler charm,
And toils and dangers every boſom warm.
See other hoſts and chiefs, in bright array,
Full pinions crouding on the watery way;
All from their different ſhores, their ſails unfurl'd,
Point their glad ſtreamers to the weſtern world.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Viſion confined to North America. Progreſs of the ſettlements. General invaſion of the natives. Their defeat. Settlement of Canada. Invaſion of the French. Braddock's defeat. Waſhington ſaves the Engliſh army. Actions of Abercrombie, Amherſt and Wolfe. Peace. Darkneſs overſhades the continent. Apprehenſions of Columbus from that appearance. Cauſe explained. Cloud burſts away in the centre. View of Congreſs. Invaſion of the Engliſh. Conflagration of towns, from Falmouth to Norfolk. Battle of Bunker-hill, viewed through the ſmoke. American army aſſembles. Speech of Waſhington. Actions and death of Montgomery. Actions of Waſhington. Approach and capture of Burgoyne.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK V.

COLUMBUS hail'd them with a father's ſmile,
Fruits of his cares and children of his toil;
With tears of joy, while ſtill his eyes deſcried
Their courſe adventurous o'er the diſtant tide.
Thus, when o'er deluged earth her Seraph ſtood,
The toſt ark bounding on the ſhoreleſs flood,
The ſacred treaſure claim'd his guardian view,
While climes unnoticed in the wave withdrew.

He ſaw the ſquadrons reach the riſing ſtrand,
Leap from the wave and ſhare the joyous land;
Receding foreſts yield the heroes room,
And opening wilds with fields and gardens bloom.
Fill'd with the glance extatic, all his ſoul
Now ſeems unbounded with the ſcene to roll,
And now, impatient, with retorted eye,
Perceives his ſtation in another ſky.

Waft me, O winged Angel, waft me o'er,
With thoſe bleſt heroes, to the happy ſhore;
There let me live and die—but all appears
A fleeting viſion; theſe are future years.

Yet grant in nearer view the climes may ſpread,
And my glad ſteps may ſeem their walks to tread;
While eaſtern coaſts and kingdoms, wrapp'd in night,
Ariſe no more to intercept the ſight.
The hero ſpoke; the Angel's powerful hand
Moves brightening o'er the viſionary land;
The height, that bore them, ſtill ſublimer grew,
And earth's whole circuit ſettled from their view:
A duſky Deep, ſerene as breathleſs even,
Seem'd vaulting downward, like another heaven;
The ſun, rejoicing on his weſtern way,
Stamp'd his fair image in the inverted day:
Sudden, the northern ſhores again drew nigh,
And life and action fill'd the hero's eye.
Where the dread Laurence breaks his paſſage wide,
Where Miſſiſippi's milder currents glide,
Where midland realms their ſwelling mountains heave,
And ſlope their champaigns to the diſtant wave,
On the green banks, and o'er the extended plain,
Riſe into ſight the happieſt walks of man.
The placid ports, that break the billowing gales,
Rear their tall maſts and ſtretch their whitening ſails;
The harveſts wave, the groves with fruitage bend,
And bulwarks heave, and ſpiry domes aſcend;
Fair works of peace in growing ſplendor riſe,
And grateful earth repays the bounteous ſkies.
'Till war invades; when opening vales diſcloſe,
In moving crouds, the ſavage tribes of foes;

High tufted quills their painted foreheads preſs;
Dark ſpoils of beaſts their ſhaggy ſhoulders dreſs,
The bow bent forward, for the combat ſtrung,
The ax, the quiver on the girdle hung;
The deep, diſcordant yells convulſe the air,
And the wild waſte reſounds approaching war.

The hero look'd; and every darken'd height
Pours down the duſky ſquadrons to the fight.
Where Kennebec's high ſource forſakes the ſky,
Where deep Champlain's extended waters lie,
Where the bold Hudſon leads his ſhadowy tide,
Where Kaatſkill-heights the azure vault divide,
Where the dim Alleganies range ſublime,
And give their ſtreams to every diſtant clime,
The ſwarms deſcended, like an evening ſhade;
And wolves and vultures follow'd where they ſpread.
Thus when a ſtorm, on eaſtern pinions driven,
Meets the firm Andes in the midſt of heaven,
The clouds convulſe, the torrents pour amain,
And the black waters ſweep the ſubject plain.

Thro' cultured fields, the bloody myriads ſpread,
Sack the lone village, ſtrow the ſtreets with dead;
The flames aſpire, the ſmoky volumes riſe,
And ſhrieks and ſhouts redouble round the ſkies;
Fair babes and matrons in their domes expire,
Or burſt their paſſage thro' the folding fire;
O'er woods and plains, promiſcuous rave along
The yelling victors and the driven throng;

The ſtreams run purple; all the extended ſhore
Is wrapp'd in flames and trod with ſteps of gore.
Till numerous hoſts, collecting from afar,
Exalt the ſtandard and oppoſe the war,
Point their loud thunders on the ſhouting foe,
And brave the ſhafted terrors of the bow.
When, like a broken wave, the ſavage train
Lead back the flight and ſcatter o'er the plain,
Slay their weak captives, leave their ſhafts in haſte,
Forget their ſpoils and ſcour the diſtant waſte.
As, when the morning ſun begins his way,
The ſhadows vaniſh where he gives the day;
So the dark tribes, from brighter regions hurl'd,
Sweep o'er the heights and lakes, far thro' the wilder[ness

Now move in nobler pomp the toils of peace[world
New temples riſe and ſplendid towers increaſe.
He ſaw, where Penn his peaceful thouſands led,
A ſpreading town bright Del'ware's waves o'erſhade;
The croſſing ſtreets in fair proportion run,
The walls and pavements ſparkle to the ſun.
Like that famed city, roſe the beauteous plan,
Whoſe ſpacious bounds Semiramis began;
Long ages finiſh'd what her hand deſign'd,
The pride of kings and wonder of mankind.

Where labouring Hudſon's glaſſy current ſtrays,
York's growing walls their ſplendid turrets raiſe;
Albania riſing in her midland pride,
Rolls her rich treaſures on his lengthening tide;

'air in her circling ſtreams bleſt Newport laves,
And Boſton opens o'er the ſubject waves;
On ſouthern ſhores, where happier currents glide,
The banks bloom gay, and cities grace their ſide;
Like morning clouds, that tinge their ſkirts with gold,
Bright Charleſton's roofs and ſparkling ſpires unfold.
Thro' each extended realm, in wiſdom great,
Loſe the dread fires, that claim the cares of ſtate;
Long robes of pureſt white their forms embrace,
Their better hands imperial ſceptres grace,
Their left the laws, that ſhining leaves infold,
Where rights and charters flame in figured gold.
High on a ſeat, that opening crouds diſcloſe,
Bleſt Baltimore, from toils and dangers, roſe;
The ſacred Croſs, before his kindling eyes,
From foes defended, and of peace the prize,
Waves o'er the hoſt; who catch the liberal flame,
Partake the freedom and extend the fame.
With port majeſtic, riſing to his throne,
Immortal Penn, in rival luſtre ſhone,
Diſpenſing juſtice to the train below,
Peace in his voice and firmneſs on his brow.
Another croud ſees generous Belcher ſtand,
And gains new glory from his liberal hand;
He aids the toil, and ſtill exalts the plan,
Patron of ſcience, liberty and man.
With ſteady ſtep, bold Winthrop towers along,
Waves the bright wand and cheers the noble throng;

Beneath his firm, unalterable ſway,
Fair Virtue reigns, and grateful realms obey.
While other forms, the riſing ſtates around,
By wiſdom graced, with equal honours crown'd,
Trail the long robe, extend the ſceptred hand,
Drive guilt and ſlavery from the joyous land,
Bid arts and culture, wealth and wiſdom riſe,
Friends of mankind and favourites of the ſkies.

Up the wild ſtreams, that bound the hero's view,
Great Gallia's ſons their weſtern courſe purſue;
On fertile banks fair towns and villas roſe,
That dared the vengeance of ſurrounding foes.
Here cold Canadia round her Laurence ſpread,
And raiſed her cities o'er his watery glade;
There Louiſiana's happier borders run,
Spread fairer lawns and feel a purer ſun;
While the glad lakes and broad Ohio's ſtream
Seem ſmiling conſcious of approaching fame.

Now larger barks purſue their rapid courſe,
Unite their labours and extend their force:
Beneath their lifted ſails, ariſe in ſight
White flags diſplay'd and armies robed in white;
Through the deep midland waſte, they ſtream afar,
And threat weak realms with deſolating war.
Where proud Quebec exalts her rocky ſeat,
They range their camp and ſpread the frowning fleet
Lead conquering legions, weſtern wilds to brave,
Raiſe lone Oſwago o'er the untraverſed wave;

While other ſquadrons tempt another flood,
And dark Ohio ſwells beneath the load.
When, fierce, from Albion's coaſt, a warlike train
Moves o'er the ſea, and treads the duſky plain;
Swift to their aid, from all the crouded ſtrand,
Riſe, bright in arms, the wide colonial band;
They join their force; and, tow'rd the falling day,
The ſame bold banners lead their dreadful way;
O'er Allagany-heights, like ſtreams of fire,
The red flags wave and glittering arms aſpire;
Beyond the hills, where, o'er the lonely flood,
A hoſtile fortreſs ſpreads its bounds abroad,
They bend the venturous march; the hoſt within
Behold their danger, and the ſtrife begin.
From the full burſting gates, the ſweeping train
Pour forth the war and hide the ſounding plain;
The oppoſing ſquadrons, ranged in order bright,
Wait the dire ſhock and kindle for the fight;
The batteries blaze, the moving vollies pour,
The ſhuddering vales and echoing mountains roar;
Clouds of convolving ſmoke the welkin ſpread,
Shroud the wide champaign, and the hills o'erſhade.
Loſt in the rocking thunder's loud career,
No ſhouts or groans invade the hero's ear,
Nor val'rous feats are ſeen, nor flight, nor fall,
While deep-ſurrounding darkneſs buries all.
Till, driv'n by riſing winds, the clouds withdrew,
And oped the ſpreading ſlaughter to his view;

He ſaw the Britiſh leader, borne afar,
In duſt and gore beyond the wings of war;
Saw the long ranks of foes his hoſt ſurround,
His chiefs confuſed, his ſquadrons preſs the ground
As, hemm'd on every ſide, the trembling train
Nor dare the fight, nor can they flee the plain.
But, while conflicting tumult thinn'd the hoſt,
Their flags, their arms in wild confuſion toſt,
Bold in the midſt a blooming warrior ſtrode,
And tower'd undaunted o'er the field of blood,
In deſperate toils with riſing vengeance burn'd,
And the pale ſquadrons brighten'd where he turn'd.
As, when thick vapors veil the evening ſky,
And ſtarry hoſts, in half-ſeen luſtre fly,
Bright Heſper ſhines o'er all the twinkling croud,
And gives new ſplendor thro' the opening cloud.
Fair on a firey ſteed, ſublime he roſe,
Wedg'd the firm files and eyed the circling foes;
Then waved his gleamy ſword, that flaſh'd the day,
And, thro' dread legions, hew'd the rapid way,
His hoſts roll forward, like an angry flood,
Sweep ranks away and ſmear their paths in blood
The hovering foes purſue the ſtrife afar,
And ſhower their balls along the flying war;
When the brave leader turns his ſweeping force,
Points the flight forward—ſpeeds his backward courſe
The foes fly ſcattering where his arm is wheel'd,
And his firm train treads ſafely o'er the field.

While theſe fierce toils the penſive chief deſcried,
With anxious thought he thus addreſs'd the guide:
Theſe numerous throngs, in robes of white array'd,
From Gallia's ſhores the peaceful bounds invade,
And there Britannia's ſtandard waves ſublime,
In crimſon pomp to ſhield the friendly clime.
Why here, in vengeance, roll the furious bands?
And ſtrow their corſes o'er theſe pathleſs lands?
Can Europe's realms, the ſeat of endleſs ſtrife,
Afford no trophies for the waſte of life?
Can monarchs there no proud applauſes gain?
No living laurel for their ſubjects ſlain?
Nor Belgia's plains ſo fertile made with gore,
Hide heroes' bones nor feaſt the vultures more?
Danube and Rhine no more their currents ſtain,
Nor ſweep the ſlaughter'd myriads to the main?
That infant empires here the rage muſt feel,
And theſe pure ſtreams with foreign carnage ſwell.
But who the chief, that cloſed in firm array
The baffled legions and reſtored the day?
There ſhines, in veteran ſkill and youthful charms,
The boaſt of nature and the pride of arms.

The Power replied; In each ſucceſſive age,
Their different views thy varying race engage.
Here roll the years, when Albion's generous hoſt,
Leagued with thy children, guard the invaded coaſt;
That infant ſtates their veteran force may train,
And nobler toils in later fields ſuſtain;

When future foes ſuperior banners wave,
The realms to ravage and the race enſlave.
Here toils brave Albion with the ſons of Gaul;
Here hapleſs Braddock finds his deſtined fall;
Thy greateſt ſon, in that young martial frame,
From yon loſt field begins a life of fame.
Tis he, in future ſtrife and darker days,
Deſponding ſtates to ſovereign rule ſhall raiſe;
When the weak empire, in his arm, ſhall find
The ſword, the ſhield, the bulwark of mankind.

The Seraph ſpoke; when thro' the purpled air,
The northern ſquadrons ſpread the flames of war:
O'er dim Champlain, and thro' ſurrounding groves
Raſh Abercrombie, mid his thouſands, moves
To fierce unequal ſtrife; the batteries roar,
Shield the grim foes and rake the banner'd ſhore;
His fainting troops the dreadful conteſt yield,
And heaps of carnage ſtrow the fatal field.

While glorious Amherſt on a diſtant iſle,
Leads a bold legion, and renews the toil;
High flame the ſhips, the billows ſwell with gore;
And the red ſtandard ſhades the conquer'd ſhore.

And lo, a Britiſh hoſt, unbounded ſpread,
O'er ſealike Laurence, caſts a moving ſhade;
On leſſening tides, they hold their fearleſs flight,
Till rocky walls ſalute their longing ſight.
They tread the ſhore, the arduous conflict claim,
Riſe the tall mountain, like a rolling flame,

Stretch their wide wings in circling onſet far,
And move to fight, as clouds of heaven at war.
The ſmoke falls folding thro' the downward ſky,
And ſhrouds the mountain from the hero's eye;
While on the burning top, in open day,
The flaſhing ſwords, in fiery arches, play.
As on a ridgy ſtorm, in terrors driven,
The forky flames curl round the vault of heaven,
The thunders break, the burſting torrents flow,
And flood the air, and whelm the hills below;
Or, as on plains of light, when Michael ſtrove,
And ſwords of Cherubim to combat move;
Ten thouſand fiery forms together play,
And flaſh new lightning on empyreal day.

Long raged promiſcuous combat, half conceal'd;
When ſudden parle ſuſpended all the field;
Thick groans ſucceed, the cloud forſakes the plain,
And the high hill is topp'd with heaps of ſlain.
Now, proud in air, the conquering ſtandard waved,
And ſhouting hoſts proclaim'd a country ſaved;
While, calm and ſilent, where the ranks retire,
He ſaw brave Wolfe, in pride of youth, expire.
So the pale moon, when morning beams ariſe,
Veils her lone viſage in the ſilent ſkies;
Required no more to drive the ſhades away,
Nor waits to view the glories of the day.

Again the towns aſpire, the cultured field
And blooming vale their copious treaſures yield;

The grateful hind his cheerful labour proves,
And ſongs of triumph fill the warbling groves;
The conſcious flocks, returning joys that ſhare,
Spread thro' the midland, o'er the walks of war:
When, borne on eaſtern winds, dark vapors riſe,
And ſail and lengthen round the weſtern ſkies;
Veil all the viſion from his anxious ſight,
And wrap the climes in univerſal night.

The hero grieved, and thus beſought the Power:
Why ſinks the ſcene? or muſt I view no more?
Muſt here the fame of that fair world deſcend?
And my brave children find ſo ſoon their end?
Where then the word of Heaven, Mine eyes ſhould ſee
That half mankind ſhould owe their bliſs to me?

The Power replied; Ere long, in happier view,
The realms ſhall brighten, and thy joys renew.
The years advance, when round the thronging ſhore
They riſe confuſed to change the ſource of power;
When Albion's Prince, that ſway'd the happy land,
Shall ſtretch, to lawleſs rule, the ſovereign hand;
To bind in ſlavery's chains the peaceful hoſt,
Their rights unguarded and their charters loſt.
Now raiſe thine eye; from this deluſive claim,
What glorious deeds adorn their growing fame!

Columbus look'd; and ſtill around them ſpread,
From ſouth to north, the immeaſurable ſhade;
At laſt, the central ſhadows burſt away,
And riſing regions open'd on the day.

He ſaw, once more, bright Del'ware's ſilver ſtream,
And Penn's throng'd city caſt a cheerful gleam;
The dome of ſtate, that met his eager eye,
Now heaved its arches in a loftier ſky;
The burſting gates unfold; and lo, within,
A ſolemn train, in conſcious glory, ſhine.
The well-known forms his eye had traced before,
In different realms along the extended ſhore;
Here, graced with nobler fame, and robed in ſtate,
They look'd and moved magnificently great.
High on the foremoſt ſeat, in living light,
Majeſtic Randolph caught the hero's ſight:
Fair on his head, the civic crown was placed,
And the firſt dignity his ſceptre graced.
He opes the cauſe, and points in proſpect far,
Thro' all the toils that wait the impending war—
But, hapleſs ſage, thy reign muſt ſoon be o'er,
To lend thy luſtre and to ſhine no more.
So the bright morning ſtar, from ſhades of even,
Leads up the dawn, and lights the front of heaven,
Points to the waking world the ſun's broad way,
Then veils his own and ſhines above the day.
And ſee great Waſhington behind thee riſe,
Thy following ſun, to gild our morning ſkies;
O'er ſhadowy climes to pour the enlivening flame,
The charms of freedom and the fire of fame.
The aſcending chief adorn'd his ſplendid ſeat,
Like Randolph, enſign'd with a crown of ſtate;

Where the green patriot bay beheld, with pride,
The hero's laurel ſpringing by its ſide;
His ſword hung uſeleſs, on his graceful thigh,
On Britain ſtill he caſt a filial eye;
But ſovereign fortitude his viſage bore,
To meet their legions on the invaded ſhore.
Sage Franklin next aroſe, in awful mein,
And ſmiled, unruffled, o'er the approaching ſcene;
High on his locks of age a wreath was braced,
Palm of all arts, that e'er a mortal graced;
Beneath him lies the ſceptre kings have borne,
And crowns and laurels from their temples torn.
Naſh, Rutledge, Jefferſon, in council great,
And Jay and Laurens oped the rolls of fate;
The Livingſtons, fair Freedom's generous band,
The Lees, the Houſtons, fathers of the land,
O'er climes and kingdoms turn'd their ardent eyes,
Bade all the oppreſs'd to ſpeedy vengeance riſe;
All powers of ſtate, in their extended plan,
Riſe from conſent to ſhield the rights of man.
Bold Wolcott urged the all-important cauſe;
With ſteady hand the ſolemn ſcene he draws;
Undaunted firmneſs with his wiſdom join'd,
Nor kings nor worlds could warp his ſtedfaſt mind.
Now, graceful riſing from his purple throne,
In radiant robes, immortal Hoſmer ſhone;
Myrtles and bays his learned temples bound,
The ſtateſman's wreath the poet's garland crown'd,

Morals and laws expand his liberal ſoul,
Beam from his eyes and in his accents roll.
But lo, an unſeen hand the curtain drew,
And ſnatch'd the patriot from the hero's view;
Wrapp'd in the ſhroud of death, he ſees deſcend
The guide of nations and the Muſes' friend.
Columbus dropp'd a tear; the Angel's eye
Traced the freed ſpirit mounting thro' the ſky.
Adams, enraged, a broken charter bore,
And lawleſs acts of miniſterial power;
Some injured right, in each looſe leaf appears,
A king in terrors and a land in tears;
From all the guileful plots the veil he drew,
With eye retortive look'd creation thro',
Oped the wide range of nature's boundleſs plan,
Traced all the ſteps of liberty and man;
Crouds roſe to vengeance while his accents rung,
And Independence thunder'd from his tongue.
The hero turn'd. And tow'rd the crouded coaſt,
Roſe on the wave a wide-extended hoſt,
They ſhade the main and ſpread their ſails abroad,
From the wide Laurence to the Georgian flood,
Point their black batteries to the approaching ſhore,
And burſting flames begin the hideous roar.
Where guardleſs Falmouth, looking o'er the bay,
Beheld, unmoved, the ſtormy thunders play,
The fire begins; the ſhells o'er-arching fly,
And ſhoot a thouſand rainbows thro' the ſky;

On Charleſtown ſpires, on Briſtol roofs, they light,
Groton and Fairfield kindle from the flight,
Fair Kingſton burns, and York's delightful ſanes,
And beauteous Norfolk lights the neighbouring plains;
From realm to realm, the ſmoky volumes bend,
Reach round the bays and up the ſtreams extend;
Deep o'er the concave heavy wreaths are roll'd,
And midland towns and diſtant groves infold.
Thro' the dark curls of ſmoke the winged fires
Climb in tall pyramids, above the ſpires;
Cinders, high-failing, kindle heaven around,
And falling ſtructures ſhake the ſmouldering ground.
Now, where the ſheeted flames thro' Charleſtown roar
And laſhing waves hiſs round the burning ſhore,
Thro' the deep folding fires, a neighbouring height
Thunders o'er all and ſeems a field of fight.
Like ſhadowy phantoms in an evening grove,
To the dark ſtrife the cloſing ſquadrons move;
They join, they break, they thicken thro' the air,
And blazing batteries burſt along the war;
Now, wrapp'd in reddening ſmoke, now dim in ſight,
They ſweep the hill or wing the downward flight;
Here, wheel'd and wedg'd, whole ranks together turn,
And the long lightnings from their pieces burn.
There, ſcattering flaſhes light the ſcanty train,
And broken ſquadrons tread the moving plain.
Britons in freſh battalions riſe the height,
And, with increaſing vollies, give the fight.

Till, ſmear'd with clouds of duſt, and bath'd in gore,
As growing foes their raiſed artillery pour,
Columbia's hoſts move o'er the fields afar,
And ſave, by ſlow retreat, the ſad remains of war.
There ſtrides bold Putnam, and from all the plains,
Calls the tired hoſt, the tardy rear ſuſtains,
And, mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
Waves back his ſword and dares the following war.

Thro' falling fires, Columbus ſees remain
Half of each hoſt in heaps promiſcuous ſlain;
While dying crouds the lingering life-blood pour,
And ſlippery ſteeps are trod with prints of gore.
There, hapleſs Warren, thy cold earth was ſeen,
There ſpring thy laurels in immortal green;
Deareſt of chiefs, that ever preſs'd the plain,
In Freedom's cauſe, with early honours, ſlain,
Still dear in death, as when in fight you moved,
By hoſts applauded and by Heaven approved;
The faithful Muſe ſhall tell the world thy fame,
And unborn realms reſound the immortal name.

Now, from all plains, as ſmoky wreaths decay,
Unnumber'd ſhapes ſtart forward to the affray;
Tall, thro' the leſſening ſhadows, half conceal'd,
They glide and gather in a central field; [they ſtand,
There, ſtretch'd immenſe, like lengthening groves
Eye the dark foe and eager ſtrife demand.

High in the frowning front, exalted ſhone
A hero, pointing tow'rd the half-ſeen ſun;

As, thro' the miſt the burſting ſplendors glow,
And light the paſſage to the diſtant foe;
His waving ſteel returns the living day,
Clears the broad plains and marks the warrior's way
The long, deep ſquadrons range in order bright,
And move impatient for the promiſed fight.

When great Columbus ſaw the chief ariſe,
And his bold blade caſt lightning on the ſkies,
He traced the form that met his view before,
On drear Ohio's deſolated ſhore.
Matured with years, with nobler glory warm,
Fate in his eye, and vengeance on his arm,
The great Obſerver here with joy beheld
The hero moving in a broader field.
Unnumber'd chiefs around their leader ſtand,
Fired by his voice, and guided by his hand,
Now on his ſteps their raptured eye-balls glow,
And now roll dreadful on the approaching foe.

There roſe brave Greene, in all the ſtrength of arms,
Unmoved and brightening as the danger warms;
In counſel great, in every ſcience ſkill'd,
Pride of the camp and terror of the field.
With eager look, conſpicuous o'er the croud,
The daring port of great Montgomery ſtrode;
Bared the bright blade, with honour's call elate,
Claim'd the firſt field, and haſten'd to his fate.
Calm Lincoln next, with unaffected mein,
In dangers daring, active and ſerene,

Careleſs of pomp, with ſteady greatneſs ſhone,
Sparing of others' blood and liberal of his own.
Heath, for the impending ſtrife, his falchion draws;
And fearleſs Wooſter aids the ſacred cauſe.
There ſtood ſtern Putnam, ſeam'd with many a ſcar,
The veteran honours of an earlier war;
Undaunted Stirling, dreadful to his foes,
And Gates and Sullivan to vengeance roſe;
While brave M'Dougall, ſteady and ſedate,
Stretch'd the nerved arm to ope the ſcene of fate.
Howe moved with rapture to the toils of fame,
And Schuyler ſtill adorn'd an honour'd name;
Parſons and Smallwood lead their daring bands,
And bold St. Clair in front of thouſands ſtands.
There gallant Knox his moving engines brings,
Mounted and graved, * *the laſt reſort of kings*;
The long, black rows in dreadful order wait,
Their grim jaws gaping ſoon to utter fate;
When, at his word, the red-wing'd clouds ſhall riſe,
And the deep thunders rock the ſhores and ſkies.
Beneath a waving ſword, in blooming prime,
Fayette moves graceful, ardent and ſublime;
In foreign guiſe, in freedom's noble cauſe,
His untried blade the youthful hero draws;
On the great chief his eyes in tranſport roll,
And fame and Waſhington inſpire his ſoul.

* *Ultima ratio regum*; a device of Louis XIV. engraved on his ordnance.

Steuben advanced, in veteran armour dreſt,
The noble enſign beaming on his breaſt;
From rank to rank, in eager haſte, he flew,
And marſhall'd hoſts in dread arrangement drew.
Morris, in aid, with open coffers ſtood,
And Wadſworth, patron of the brave and good.
While other chiefs and heirs of deathleſs fame
Riſe into ſight, and equal honours claim;
But who can tell the dew-drops of the morn?
Or count the rays that in the diamond burn?

Now, the broad field as gathering ſquadrons ſhade,
The ſun's glad beam their ſhining ranks diſplay'd;
The glorious leader waved his glittering ſteel,
Bade the long train in circling order wheel;
And while the banner'd hoſts around him roll,
Thus into thouſands ſpeaks the warrior's ſoul:

Ye patriot chiefs, and every daring band,
That lift the ſteel or tread the invaded ſtrand,
Behold the taſk! theſe beauteous realms to ſave,
Or yield whole nations to an inſtant grave.
See the dark ſquadrons moving to the ſhore,
Hear, from all ports, their boaſted thunders roar;
O'er bloody plains, from Charleſtown-heights, the
O'er far Champlain they lead their northern way, [ſtra
Virginian banks behold their ſtreamers glide,
And hoſtile navies load each ſouthern tide.
Beneath their ſteps your ſmouldering temples lie,
And wreaths of ſmoke o'ercaſt the reddening ſky.

With eager ſtride they tempt a nobler prize;
Theſe boundleſs empires feaſt their envious eyes;
They ſee your fields to lordly manors turn'd,
Your children butcher'd and your villas burn'd;
While following millions, thro' the reign of time,
That claim their birth in this indulgent clime,
Bend the weak knee, in ſervile chains confined;
And ſloth and ſlavery overwhelm mankind.
Riſe then to war, to noble vengeance riſe,
Ere the grey ſire, the helpleſs infant dies;
Look thro' the world, where endleſs years deſcend,
What realms, what ages on your arms depend!
Reverſe the fate, avenge the inſulted ſky;
Move to the ſtrife, we conquer or we die.
While thus he ſpoke, the furious files advance,
And fiercer lightnings o'er the champaign dance.
At once, the different ſkirts are wheel'd, afar,
In different realms, to meet the diſtant war.
With his dread hoſt, Montgomery iſſues forth,
And lights his paſſage thro' the duſky north;
O'er ſtreams and lakes his conquering banners play,
Navies and forts, ſurrendering, mark his way;
Thro' deſert wilds, o'er rocks and fens, they go,
And hills before them, loſe their craggs in ſnow;
Unbounded toils they brave; when riſe in ſight
Quebec's dread walls, and Wolfe's ſtill dreary height;
They climb the ſteep, he eyes the turrets round,
With piked hoſts and dark artillery crown'd,

The daring onſet points; and, high in air,
O'er rocky ramparts leads the dreadful war.
As wreaths of morning miſt aſcend on high
Up the tall mountain's ſide, and reach the ſky,
So roſe the rapid hoſt; the walls are red
With flaſhing flames; down roll the heaps of dead;
Now back recoil the ranks, o'er ſquadrons ſlain,
And leave their leader, with a ſcanty train,
Cloſed in the circling terrors of the wall,
Where round his arm the hoſtile legions fall.
Through the wide ſtreets, collecting from afar,
The foes in ſhouting ſquadrons urged the war;
The ſmoke convolved, the thunders rock'd around,
And the brave hero preſt the gorey ground.
Another Wolfe Columbus here beheld,
In youthful charms, a ſoul undaunted yield;
But loſt, o'erpower'd, his hardy hoſt remains,
Stretch'd by his ſide, or led in captive chains.

Now the bright Angel turn'd the hero's eye,
In other realms, where other ſtandards fly;
Where the great leader, mid ſurrounding foes,
Still greater riſes, as the danger grows;
And wearied ranks, o'er weltering warriors ſlain,
Attend his courſe thro' many a crimſon'd plain.
From Hudſon's banks, along the dreary ſtrand,
He guards in firm retreat, his feeble band;
While countleſs foes, with Britiſh Howe advance,
Bend o'er his rear and point the lifted lance;

er Del'ware's frozen wave, with ſcanty force,
: lifts the ſword and points the backward courſe,
ings the dire vengeance on the ſhouting train,
d leads whole ſquadrons in the captive chain;
here vaunting foes to half their numbers yield,
ead back the flight, or preſs the fatal field.
hile, mid the furious ſtrife, brave Mercer ſtrode,
id ſeal'd the victory with his ſtreaming blood.
Now, where dread Laurence mingles with the main,
ſe, on the widening wave, a hoſtile train:
om ſhore to ſhore, along the unfolding ſkies,
neath full ſails, the approaching ſquadrons riſe;
igh waving on the right, red banners dance,
id Britiſh legions o'er the decks advance;
hile at their ſide an azure flag, diſplay'd,
:ads a long hoſt, in German robes array'd.
all on the boldeſt bark, ſuperior ſhone
warrior, enſign'd with a various crown;
yrtles and laurels equal honours join'd,
hich arms had purchaſed and the Muſes twined;
is ſword waved forward, and his ardent eye
:em'd ſharing empires in the ſouthern ſky.
:ſide him roſe a herald, to proclaim
is various honours, titles, feats and fame;
ho raiſed an opening ſcroll, where proudly ſhone
rdon to realms and nations yet unknown.
Champlain receives the congregated hoſt,
nd his dark waves, beneath the ſails, are loſt;

St. Clair beholds; and, with his ſcanty train,
In firm retreat, o'er many a fatal plain, [force,
Lures their wild march.—Wide moves their furious
Where flaming hamlets mark their waſting courſe;
Thro' pathleſs realms their ſpreading ranks are wheel'd
O'er Mohawk's weſtern wave and Bennington's dread
Till, where deep Hudſon's winding waters ſtray, [field,
A yeoman hoſt oppoſed their rapid way;
There on a towery height brave Gates aroſe,
Waved the blue ſteel and dared the headlong foes;
Undaunted Lincoln, moving at his ſide, [wide;
Urged the dread ſtrife, and ſpread the ſquadrons
Now roll, like winged ſtorms, the lengthening lines,
The clarion thunders and the battle joins;
Thick flames, in vollied flaſhes, fill the air,
And echoing mountains give the noiſe of war;
The clouds riſe reddening, round the dreadful height,
And veil the ſkies and wrap the ſounding fight.
Now, in the ſkirt of night, where thouſands toil,
Ranks roll away and into light recoil;
The rout increaſes, all the Britiſh train
Tread back their ſteps and ſcatter o'er the plain;
To the glad holds precipitate retire,
And wide behind them ſtreams the flaſhing fire.
Scarce moved the ſmoke above the gorey height,
And oped the ſlaughter to the hero's ſight;
Back to their fate, when baffled ſquadrons flew,
Reſumed their rage and pour'd the ſtrife anew,

Again the batteries roar, the lightnings play,
Again they fall, again they roll away.
And now Columbia, circling round the field,
Points her full force, the trembling thouſands yield;
When bold Burgoyne, in one diſaſtrous day,
Sees future crowns and former wreaths decay;
While two illuſtrious armies ſhade the plain,
The mighty victors and the captive train.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Coaſt of France riſes in viſion. Character and ſpeech of Louis. Spain, Holland, the northern Powers, Germany, Ireland, variouſly affected by the affairs of America. Battle of Monmouth. Actions of Lincoln. Movements of Cornwallis. Progreſs of Greene. French and American armies move toward Virginia. Naval action of De Graſſe and Graves. Capture of Cornwallis.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VI.

THUS view'd the ſage. When, lo, in eaſtern ſkies,
From glooms unfolding, Gallia's coaſts ariſe.
Bright o'er the ſcenes of ſtate, a golden throne,
Inſtarr'd with gems and hung with purple, ſhone.
Great Louis there, the pride of monarchs, ſate,
And fleets and moving armies round him wait;
O'er weſtern ſhores extend his ardent eyes,
Thro' glorious toils where ſtruggling nations riſe;
Each virtuous deed, each new illuſtrious name,
Wakes in his ſoul the living light of fame.
He ſees the liberal, univerſal cauſe,
That wondering worlds in ſtill attention draws;
And marks, beyond, through weſtern walks of day,
Where midnight ſuns their happier beams diſplay,
What fires of unborn nations claim their birth,
And aſk their empires in that waſte of earth.
Then o'er the eaſtern world he turn'd his eye;
Where, ſunk in ſlavery hapleſs kingdoms lie;
Saw realms exhauſted to enrich a throne,
Their fruits untaſted and their rights unknown:

A tear of pity ſpoke his melting mind—
He raiſed his ſceptre to relieve mankind,
Eyed the great father of the Bourbon name,
Awaked his virtues and recall'd his fame.
Fired [redacted] the grandeur of the ſplendid throne,
Illuſtrious chiefs and councils round him ſhone;
On the glad youth with kindling joy they gaze,
The riſing heir of univerſal praiſe.
Vergennes roſe ſtately o'er the noble throng,
And fates of nations on his accents hung;
Columbia's wrongs his indignation fired,
And generous thoughts his glowing breaſt inſpired
To aid her infant toils his counſel moved,
In freedom founded and by Heaven approved.
While other peers, in ſacred virtue bold,
With eager voice the coming ſcenes unfold;
Surrounding heroes wait the monarch's word,
In foreign fields to draw the glittering ſword,
Prepared with joy to trace the diſtant main,
Mix in the ſtrife and join the martial train;
Who now aſſert the rights of ſovereign power,
And build new empires on the weſtern ſhore.
O'er all, the approving monarch caſt a look,
And liſtening nations trembled while he ſpoke.
Ye ſtates of France, and, ye of riſing name,
That work thoſe diſtant miracles of fame,
Hear and attend; let Heaven the witneſs bear,
We liſt the ſword, we aid the righteous war.

Let leagues eternal bind each friendly land,
Given by our voice, and 'ſtabliſh'd by our hand;
Let yon extenſive empire fix her ſway,
And ſpread her bleſſings with the bounds of day.
Yet know, ye nations, hear, ye Powers above,
Our purpoſed aid no views of conqueſt move;
In that vaſt world, revives no ancient claim
Of regions peopled by the Gallic name;
Our envied bounds, already ſtretch'd afar,
Nor aſk the ſword, nor fear the rage of war;
But Virtue, ſtruggling with the vengeful Power,
That ſtains yon fields and deſolates that ſhore,
With nature's foes bids former compact ceaſe;
We war reluctant, and our wiſh is peace;
To ſuffering nations be the ſuccour given,
The cauſe of nations is the cauſe of Heaven.
He ſpoke; the moving armies ſhade the plain,
And bold D'Eſtaing rode bounding on the main;
O'er lands and ſeas, the loud applauſes rung,
And War and Union dwelt on every tongue.
And now Columbus, tow'rd his favourite ſky,
Saw ſails and ſtores and chiefs and armies fly;
Thro' clouds of ſmoke, and ſtain'd with ſtreaming blood,
Contending navies ſpread their wings abroad.
Europe, from all her ſhores, approves the fight,
And balanced empires wait the finiſh'd fight.
Now circling far, above the labouring main,
Roſe into view the extended coaſts of Spain;

He ſaw bold barks their warlike engines wield,
New ſquadrons courſing round the banner'd field;
Where Gallic ſtreamers o'er the main advance,
The Hiſpanian flags in wonted union dance;
Round the deep gulph, that fair Floridia laves,
In martial pride, their conquering ſtandard waves;
While, thro' the entrance of the midland ſea,
Encountering ſails and hoſtile banners play.

And now the level ſtrand, extending wide,
That opes the buſy Texel's loaded tide,
Roſe brightening from the gloom; beneath his eye,
Famed Belgia's temples glitter to the ſky.
Sudden, the aſſembled States new glory warms,
Their ſhips collect, their thouſands, ruſh to arms,
And, rouſed by conquering Rodney to prepare,
In foreign ſeas, to meet the ſweeping war;
Lift bolder wings, in ſign of rage, unfurl'd,
And vengeance bears them round the watery world.

Where waves and mountains ſkirt the northern ſky,
New ſcenes aſcending met the hero's eye.
Increaſing ſplendors up the vault aſpire,
Like boreal lights, the midnight heavens that fire;
And raiſe to view the Baltic's gleaming wave,
Whoſe opening ſtreams ſurrounding cities lave.
Fair on her throne, revolving diſtant fate,
Imperial Katharine majeſtic ſate;
Courts throng around her, kings and heroes ſtand,
Receiving ſwords and ſceptres from her hand.

She waits the day, and bids the nations reſt,
Till that new empire, riſing in the weſt,
Shall ſheathe the ſword, the liberal main aſcend,
And, join'd with her, the ſcale of power ſuſpend;
Bid arts ariſe, and vengeful factions ceaſe,
And commerce lead to univerſal peace.

Chriſtiern, amid his waves, exalted high,
On the great empreſs caſt a reverent eye;
While Sweden's prince obeys her ſovereign word,
And aged Frederic half aſſumes his ſword.
Where wide Germania's opening towers ariſe,
Immortal Joſeph lifts his ardent eyes.
High in a golden car, he ſtands ſublime,
Late borne diſguiſed to every diſtant clime,
The powers, the policies of every throne
He mark'd, unnoticed, and by all unknown;
Now, mid his ſplendid court, his travels o'er,
With eyes directed tow'rd the weſtern ſhore,
The monarch learns, from that illuſtrious train,
To ſhare with liberal hand the bounties of his reign.

Where fair Hibernia's flowery circuit lies,
Her glad ſails wave and gathering armies riſe.
Leinſter and Grattan there aſſert her claim,
And raiſe the realm to freedom and to fame.

Thus all the eaſtern world, in glad amaze,
Gaze on the ſcene and brighten as they gaze;
Wake to new life, aſſume a borrow'd flame,
Enlarge the luſtre and partake the fame.

So mounts of ice, that polar ſkies invade,
Unheeded ſtand beneath the evening ſhade;
Yet, when the morning lights their glaring throne,
Give back the day and imitate the ſun.

The growing conteſt now, with loud alarms,
Fill'd every clime and rouſed the world to arms.
Where Indian borders ſkirt the orient ſkies,
To furious ſtrife unwonted myriads riſe;
Great Hyder, there, unconquerably bold,
Bids vengeance move and freedom's flag unfold;
Fires the wide realms t' aſſert their ancient ſway;
And ſcourge fierce Britons from their lawleſs prey.
Round the rich iſles that grace the Atlantic tide,
In dread array the encountering navies ride;
Where Albion's treaſures yield a wealthier prize,
And o'er her walls the Gallic ſtandards riſe.

Still to freſh toils, o'er all the weſtern ſhore,
Her thronging fleets their new battalions pour;
The realms unconquer'd ſtill their terrors wield,
And ſtain with mingled gore the embattled field.
O'er Schuylkill's wave, to various fight they move,
And adverſe nations equal ſlaughter prove;
Till, where dread Monmouth lifts a bloomy height,
Britannia's thouſands met the Obſerver's ſight.
There ſtrode imperious Clinton o'er the field,
And marſhall'd hoſts for ready combat held.
As the dim ſun, beneath the ſkirts of even,
Crimſons the clouds that ſail the weſtern heaven;

So, in red wavy rows, where ſpread the train
Of men and ſtandards, ſhone the unmeaſured plain.
But now the chief of heroes moved in fight,
And the long ranks roll forward to the fight;
He points the charge, the mounted thunders roar,
And plough the plain, and rock the diſtant ſhore.
Above the folds of ſmoke, that veil'd the war,
His guiding ſword illumed the fields of air;
The vollied flames, that burſt along the plain,
Break the deep clouds and ſhow the piles of ſlain;
Till flight begins; the ſmoke is roll'd away,
And the red ſtandards open into day.
Britons and Germans hurry from the field,
Now wrapp'd in duſt, and now to ſight reveal'd;
Behind, great Waſhington his falchion drives,
Thins the pale ranks, and copious vengeance gives.
Hoſts captive bow, and move behind his arm,
And hoſts before him wing the driven ſtorm;
When the glad ſhore ſalutes their fainting flight,
And thundering navies ſcreen their rapid flight.
Thro' plains of death, that gleam with hoſtile fires,
Brave Lincoln now to ſouthern climes retires;
Where o'er her ſtreams beleagured Charleſton roſe,
The hero moves to meet the aſſembled foes.
Shading the invaded iſle, on either flood,
Red ſtandards waved and winged batteries rode;
While, braving death his ſcanty hoſt remains,
And the dread ſtrife with various fate ſuſtains.

High from the ſable decks, the burſting fires
Sweep the full ſtreets, and cleave the glittering ſpires.
Vaulted with flying flames, the burning air
Reddens with ſhells and pours the etherial war;
The tented plain, where dauntleſs heroes tread,
Is torn with broken craggs and ſtrow'd with dead.
Long crouds of ſuppliants, round the gallant chief,
Raiſe their wild cries and pour their frantic grief;
Each ſhower of flames renews their ſtartled woe,
They wail the ſtrife, they dread the infuriate foe:
The afflicted Fair, while tears bedew their charms,
Babes at their ſide and infants in their arms,
With piercing ſhrieks his guardian hand implore,
To ſave them trembling from the victor's power.
He ſhares their anguiſh with a moiſtening eye,
And bids the balls rain thicker thro' the ſky;
When a loſt hero, in a neighbouring poſt,
Gives a lone fortreſs to the approaching hoſt.
Now gathering thouſands croud around the iſle,
Threat wider vengeance and increaſe the toil;
On temper'd terms, great Lincoln yields the prize,
And plucks the ſtandard from the ſaddening ſkies.
The conquering legions now the champaign tread,
And tow'rd the north their fire and ſlaughter ſpread;
Thro' towns and realms, where arming peaſants fly,
The bold Cornwallis bears his ſtandard high;
O'er many a field diſplays his dreadful force,
And thouſands fall and thouſands aid his courſe;

While thro' the conquer'd lands, from every plain,
The freſh battalions join his ſplendid train,
So mountain ſtreams, o'er climes of melting ſnow,
Spread with encreaſing waves, and whelm the world below.
The great Columbus, with an anxious ſigh,
Saw Britiſh enſigns reaching round the ſky;
Saw deſolation whelm his favourite coaſt,
His children ſcatter'd and their vigor loſt;
De Kalb in furious combat preſs the plain,
Morgan and Smallwood various ſhocks ſuſtain;
When Greene, in lonely greatneſs, roſe to view,
A few firm patriots to his ſtandard drew;
And, moving ſtately to a riſing ground,
Bade the loud trump to ſpeedy vengeance ſound;
Fired by the voice, new ſquadrons, from afar,
Croud to the hero and demand the war.
Round all the ſhores and plains he turn'd his eye;
Saw forts ariſe and conquering banners fly:
The ſaddening ſcene ſuſpends his riſing ſoul,
And fates of empires in his boſom roll.
With ſcanty force where ſhould he liſt the ſteel?
While hoſting foes immeaſurably wheel;
Or how behold the boundleſs ſlaughter ſpread?
Himſelf ſtand idle and his country bleed?
A ſilent moment, thus the hero ſtood,
And held his warriors from the field of blood;
Then points the Britiſh legions where to roll,
Marks out their progreſs and deſigns the whole.

He lures their chief, o'er yielding realms to roam,
To build his greatneſs and to find his doom;
With gain and grandeur feeds his fateleſs flame,
And leaves the victory to a nobler name;
Gives to great Waſhington, to meet his way,
Nor claims the glories of ſo bright a day.

Now to the conquer'd ſouth with gathering force,
O'er ſanguine plains he ſhapes his rapid courſe;
Forts fall around him; hoſts before him fly,
And captive bands his growing train ſupply.
At length, far ſpreading thro' a fatal field,
Collecting chiefs their circling armies wheel'd;
Near Eutaw's fount, where, long renown'd for blood,
Pillars of ancient fame in triumph ſtood,
Britannia's ſquadrons, ranged in order bright,
Stand, like a fiery wall, and wait the ſhock of fight.

When o'er the diſtant hill brave Greene aroſe,
Eyed the far plain and view'd the glittering foes;
Diſpoſed his ſquadrons, form'd each folded train,
To lead the charge, or the wide wings ſuſtain,
Rouſed all their rage ſuperior force to prove,
Waved the bright blade, and bade the onſet move.
As hovering clouds, when morning beams ariſe,
Hang their red curtains round the eaſtern ſkies,
Unfold a ſpace to hail the promiſed ſun,
And catch their ſplendors from his riſing throne;
Thus glow'd the approaching fronts, whoſe ſteely glare
Glanced o'er the hideous interval of war.

Now roll with kindling haſte the rapid lines,
From wing to wing the ſounding battle joins;
Batteries, and foſſes wide, and ranks of fire,
In mingled ſhocks, their thundering blaſts expire:
Beneath the ſmoke, when firm advancing bands,
With piked arms bent forward in their hands,
In dreadful ſilence tread. As, wrapp'd from ſight,
The nightly ambuſh moves to ſecret fight;
So ruſh the raging files, and ſightleſs cloſe,
In plunging ſtrife, with fierce conflicting foes;
They reach, they ſtrike, they ſtruggle o'er the ſlain,
Deal heavier blows, and ſtrow with death the plain;
Ranks cruſh on ranks, with equal ſlaughter gored,
While dripping ſtreams, from every lifted ſword,
Stain the thin carnaged hoſts; who ſtill maintain,
With mutual ſhocks, the vengeance of the plain.
Till, where brave Williams ſtrove and Campbell fell,
Unwonted ſtrokes the Britiſh force repel:
The rout begins; the ſhatter'd wings, afar,
Roll back in haſte and ſcatter from the war;
They drop their arms, they ſcour the marſhy field;
Whole ſquadrons fall and faint battalions yield.

O'er all the great Obſerver fix'd his eye,
Mark'd the whole ſtrife, beheld them fall and fly;
He ſaw where Greene thro' all the combat drove,
And death and victory with his preſence move;
Beneath his arm, ſaw Marion pour the ſtrife,
Pickens and Sumner, prodigal of life;

He ſaw young Waſhington, the child of fame,
Preſerve in fight the honours of his name;
Brave Lee, in pride of youth, and veteran might
Swept the dread field, and put whole troops to flight;
While numerous chiefs, that equal trophies raiſe
Wrought, not unſeen, the deeds of deathleſs praiſe.
Columbus now his gallant ſons beheld
In triumph move thro' many a banner'd field;
When o'er the main, from Gallia's crouded ſhore,
To the glad ſtriſe a hoſt of heroes pour.
On the tall ſhaded decks the leaders ſtand,
View leſſening waves and hail the approaching ſtrand.
Brave Rochambeau, in gleamy ſteel array'd,
The aſcending ſcenes with eager joy ſurvey'd;
Saw Waſhington, amid his thouſands, ſtride,
And long'd to toil and conquer by his ſide.
Great Chaſtelleux, with philoſophic view,
Mark'd the glad prize that riſing realms purſue;
Intent in thought, his glowing boſom warms,
To grace the walks of ſcience and of arms.
Two brother chiefs, in rival luſtre, roſe,
Rear'd the long lance, and claim'd the field of foes;
The bold Viominils, of equal fame,
And eager both t' exalt the noble name.
Lauzon, beneath his ſail, in armour bright
Frown'd o'er the wave, impatient for the fight;
A fiery ſteed beſide the hero ſtood,
And his broad blade waved forward o'er the croud.

And now, with eager haſte, they tread the coaſt;
Thro' grateful regions lead the veteran hoſt;
Hail the great chief, beneath his banners join,
Demand the foe and bid the ſtrife begin.
Again Columbus caſt his anxious eye,
Where the red ſtandard waved along the ſky;
And, graced with ſpoils of many a field of blood,
The bold Cornwallis on a bulwark ſtood.
O'er conquer'd provinces and towns in flame,
He mark'd his recent monuments of fame,
High raiſed in air, his hands ſecurely hold,
With conſcious pride, a ſheet of cypher'd gold;
There, in deluſive haſte, his ſkill had graved
A clime ſubdued, a flag in triumph waved:
A middle realm, by fairer figures known,
Adorn'd with fruits, lay bounded for his own;
Deep thro' the centre, ſpreads a beauteous bay,
Full ſails aſcend and golden rivers ſtray;
Bright palaces ariſe, relieved in gold,
And gates and ſtreets the croſſing lines unfold.
O'er all the mimic ſcene, his fingers trace
His future feat and glory of his race.
While thus the raptured chief his conqueſts view'd,
And gazing thouſands round the rampart ſtood,
Whom future eaſe and golden dreams employ,
The ſongs of triumph and the feaſt of joy;
Sudden, great Waſhington aroſe in view,
And union'd flags his ſtately ſteps purſue;

Bleſt Gallia's bands and young Columbia's pride,
Bend the long march and glitter at his ſide.
Now on the wave the warring fleets advance;
And different enſigns o'er their pinions dance;
From northern ſhores, great Albion's flag, unfurl'd,
Waved proud defiance to the watery world;
While, from the ſouthern iſles, a daring train,
With Gallic banners, ſhades the billowy main.
Here brave De Graſſe in awful ſplendor, rode,
And there ſtern Graves a rival ſplendor ſhow'd.
The approaching ſails, as far as eye can ſweep,
Look thro' the ſkies and ſhade the ſhuddering deep.
As, when the winds of heaven, from each far pole,
Their adverſe ſtorms acroſs the concave roll,
The fleecy vapors thro' the expanſion run,
Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the ſun;
Till the dark folding wings together drive,
And, ridg'd with fires, and rock'd with thunders, ſtrive;
So, bearing thro' the void, at firſt appear
White clouds of canvaſs, floating on the air;
Then frown the approaching fronts; the ſails are laid,
And the black decks extend a dreadful ſhade;
While rolling flames and tides of ſmoke ariſe,
And thundering cannons rock the ſeas and ſkies.
Where the long burſting fires the cloud diſcloſe,
Hoſts heave in fight and blood the decks o'er-flows;
There, from the ſtrife, toſt navies riſe to view,
Drive back to vengeance and the toil renew;

Here, ſhatter'd barks in ſquadrons move afar,
Led thro' the ſmoke, and ſtruggling from the war;
While hulls half-ſeen, beneath a gaping wave,
And plunging heroes fill the watery grave.
Now the dark ſmoky volumes roll'd away,
And a long line aſcended into day;
The pinions ſwell'd, Britannia's flag aroſe,
And flew the vengeance of triumphing foes.
When up the bay, Virginian lands that laves,
Great Gallia's line its conquering ſtandard waves:
Where ſtill dread Waſhington allumes the way,
And fleets and moving realms his voice obey;
While the brave Briton, mid the gathering hoſt,
Perceives his glories and his empire loſt.
The heaven-taught ſage in this broad ſcene beheld
His favourite ſons the fates of nations wield;
There joyous Lincoln ſhone in arms again,
Nelſon and Knox moved ardent o'er the plain,
Unconquer'd Scammel, mid the cloſing ſtrife,
In ſight of victory, pour'd his gallant life;
While Gallic thouſands eager toils ſuſtain,
And death and danger brighten every train.
Where Tarleton ſtrides, with hopes of ſlight elate,
Brave Lauzon moves, and drives him back to fate.
In one dread view, two choſen bands advance,
Columbia's veterans and the pride of France;
Theſe bold Viominil exalts to fame,
And thoſe Fayette's conducting guidance claim.

They lift the ſword, with rival glory warm,
O'er piked ramparts pour the flaming ſtorm,
The mounted thunders brave, and lead the foe,
In captive ſquadrons, to the plain below.
O'er all great Waſhington his arm extends,
Points every movement, every toil defends,
Bids cloſer ſtrife and bloodier ſtrokes proceed,
New batteries blaze and heavier ſquadrons bleed;
Round the grim foe approaching banners riſe,
And ſhells like meteors vault the flaming ſkies.
With dire diſmay the Britiſh chief beheld
The foe advance, his veterans quit the field;
Deſpair and ſlaughter when he turns his eye.
No hope in combat and no power to fly;
There dread De Graſſe o'erſhades the loaded tide,
Here conquering thouſands all the champaign hide;
Foſſes and batteries, growing on the ſight,
Still pour new thunders and increaſe the fight,
Shells rain before him, rock the ſhores around,
And craggs and balls o'erturn the tented ground;
From poſt to poſt, the driven ranks retire,
The earth in crimſon and the ſkies on fire.
Now grateful truce ſuſpends the burning war,
And groans and ſhouts, promiſcuous, load the air;
When the pent ſquadrons, where the ſmokes decay,
Drop all their arms and move in open day.
Columbus ſaw the immeaſurable train,
Thouſands on thouſands, redden all the plain;

Beheld the glorious Leader ſtand ſedate,
Hoſts in his chain, and banners at his feet;
Nor ſmile o'er all, nor chide the fallen chief,
But ſhare with pitying eye his manly grief.
Thus thro' the extremes of life, in every ſtate,
Shines the clear ſoul, beyond all fortune great;
While ſmaller minds, the dupes of fickle chance,
Slight woes o'erwhelm and ſudden joys entrance.
So the full ſun thro' all the changing ſky,
Nor blaſts, nor overpowers the naked eye;
Tho' tranſient ſplendors, borrow'd from his light,
Glance on the mirror and deſtroy the ſight.

He points brave Lincoln, as they move along,
To claim the triumph of the trembling throng;
Who ſees, once more, two armies ſhade the plain,
The mighty victors and the captive train.

THE

VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Hymn to Peace. Progreſs of Arts in America. Furr-trade. Fiſheries. Productions and Commerce. Education. Philoſophical inventions. Painting. Poetry.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VII.

HAIL ſacred Peace, who claim'ſt thy bright abode,
Mid circling ſaints that grace the throne of God.
Before his arm, around the ſhapeleſs earth,
Stretch'd the wide heavens and gave to nature birth;
Ere morning ſtars his glowing chambers hung,
Or ſongs of gladneſs woke an angel's tongue,
Veil'd in the brightneſs of the Almighty's mind,
In bleſt repoſe thy placid form reclined;
Borne through the heavens with his creating voice,
Thy preſence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
Gave to ſeraphic harps their ſounding lays,
Their joys to angels, and to men their praiſe. [ſtain,
From ſcenes of blood, theſe beauteous ſhores that
From gaſping friends that preſs the ſanguine plain,
From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,
I riſe, delightful Power, and greet thy glad return.
Too long the groans of death, and battle's bray
Have rung diſcordant through the unpleaſing lay:
Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance ſhed,
O'er heroes' wounds and patriot warriors dead;

Accept, departed Shades, theſe grateful ſighs,
Your fond attendants to the approving ſkies.
And thou, my earlieſt friend, my Brother dear,
Thy fall untimely wakes the tender tear.
In youthful ſports, in toils, in blood allied,
My kind companion and my hopeful guide,
When Heaven's ſad ſummons, from our infant eyes
Had call'd our laſt, loved parent to the ſkies.
Tho' young in arms, and ſtill obſcure thy name,
Thy boſom panted for the deeds of fame,
Beneath Montgomery's eye, when, by thy ſteel,
In northern wilds, the lurking ſavage fell.
Yet, hapleſs youth! when thy great leader bled,
Thro' the ſame wound thy parting ſpirit fled.
But now the untuneful trump ſhall grate no more,
Ye ſilver ſtreams, no longer ſwell with gore;
Bear from your beauteous banks the crimſon ſtain,
With yon retiring navies to the main.
While other views, unfolding on my eyes,
And happier themes bid bolder numbers riſe:
Bring, bounteous Peace, in thy celeſtial throng,
Life to my ſoul, and rapture to my ſong;
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
The arts and virtues that attend thy ſway;
To ſee thy bliſsful charms, that here deſcend,
Through diſtant realms and endleſs years extend.
To caſt new glories o'er the changing clime,
The Seraph now reverſed the flight of time;

Roll'd back the years, that led their courſe before,
And ſtretch'd immenſe the wild uncultured ſhore;
The paths of peaceful ſcience raiſed to view, [purſue.
And ſhow'd the aſcending crouds that uſeful arts

As o'er the canvaſs, when the maſter's mind,
Glows with a future landſcape, well deſign'd,
While gardens, vales and ſtreets and ſtructures riſe,
A new creation to his kindling eyes;
He ſmiles o'er all; and, in delightful ſtrife,
The pencil moves, and calls the whole to life.
So, while the great Columbus ſtood ſublime,
And ſaw wild nature clothe the trackleſs clime;
The green banks heave, the winding currents pour,
The bays and harbours cleave the yielding ſhore,
The champaigns ſpread, the ſolemn groves ariſe,
And the rough mountains lengthen round the ſkies,
Through all the ſcene, he traced with ſkillful ken
The unform'd ſeats and future walks of men; [play,
Mark'd where the fields ſhould bloom, and ſtreamers
And towns and empires claim their peaceful ſway;
When, ſudden waken'd by the Angel's hand,
They roſe in pomp around the cultured land.

In weſtern wilds, where ſtill the natives tread,
From ſea to ſea an inland commerce ſpread;
O'er the dim ſtreams and thro' the gloomy grove,
The trading bands their cumberous burdens move;
Where furrs and ſkins, and all the exhauſtleſs ſtore
Of midland realms deſcended to the ſhore.

Where ſummer's ſuns, along the northern coaſt,
With feeble force diſſolve the chains of froſt,
Prolific waves the ſcaly nations trace,
And tempt the toils of man's laborious race.
Though rich Peruvian ſtrands, beneath the tide,
Their rocks of pearl and ſparkling pebbles hide;
Lured by the gaudy prize, the adventurous train
Plunge the dark deep and brave the ſurging main;
Whole realms of ſlaves the dangerous labours dare,
To ſtud a ſceptre or emblaze a ſtar:
Yet wealthier ſtores theſe genial tides diſplay,
And buſy throngs with nobler ſpoils repay.
The hero ſaw the hardy hoſts advance,
Caſt the long line and aim the barbed lance;
Load the deep floating barks, and bear abroad
To each far clime the life-ſuſtaining food;
While growing ſwarms by nature's hand ſupplied,
People the ſhoals and fill the exhauſtleſs tide.
Where ſouthern ſtreams thro' broad ſavannahs bend,
The rice-clad vales their verdant rounds extend;
Tobago's plant its leaf expanding yields,
The maize luxuriant clothes a thouſand fields;
Steeds, herds and flocks o'er northern regions rove,
Embrown the hill and wanton thro' the grove;
The wood-lands wide their ſturdy honours bend,
The pines, the live-oaks to the ſhores deſcend;
Along the ſtrand unnumber'd keels ariſe,
The huge hulls heave, and maſts aſcend the ſkies;

Launch'd in the deep, o'er eaſtern waves they fly,
Feed every iſle and diſtant lands ſupply.
Silent he gazed; when thus the guardian Power—
Theſe works of peace awhile adorn the ſhore;
But other joys and deeds of laſting praiſe
Shall crown their labours and thy rapture raiſe.
Each orient realm, the former pride of earth,
Where men and ſcience drew their ancient birth,
Shall ſoon behold, on this enlighten'd coaſt,
Their fame tranſcended and their glory loſt.
That train of arts, that graced mankind before,
Warm'd the glad ſage or taught the Muſe to ſoar,
Here with ſuperior ſway their progreſs trace,
And aid the triumphs of thy filial race;
While riſing crouds, with genius unconfined,
Through deep inventions lead the aſtoniſh'd mind,
Wide o'er the world their name unrivall'd raiſe,
And bind their temples with immortal bays.
In youthful minds to wake the ardent flame,
To nurſe the arts, and point the paths of fame,
Behold their liberal fires, with guardian care,
Thro' all the realms their ſeats of ſcience rear.
Great without pomp the modeſt manſions riſe;
Harvard and Yale and Princeton greet the ſkies;
Penn's ample walls o'er Del'ware's margin bend,
On James's bank the royal ſpires aſcend,
Thy turrets, York, Columbia's walks command,
Boſom'd in groves, ſee growing Dartmouth ſtand;

While, o'er the realm reflecting ſolar fires,
On yon tall hill Rhode-Iſland's ſeat aſpires,
O'er all the ſhore, with ſails and cities gay,
And where rude hamlets ſtretch their inland ſway,
With humbler walls unnumber'd ſchools ariſe,
And youths unnumber'd ſieze the ſolid prize.
In no bleſt land has Science rear'd her fane,
And fix'd ſo firm her wide-extended reign;
Each ruſtic here, that turns the furrow'd ſoil,
The maid, the youth, that ply mechanic toil,
In freedom nurſt, in uſeful arts inured,
Know their juſt claims, and ſee their rights ſecured.
And lo, deſcending from the ſeats of art,
The growing throngs for active ſcenes depart;
In various garbs they tread the welcome land,
Swords at their ſide or ſceptres in their hand,
With healing powers bid dire diſeaſes ceaſe,
Or ſound the tidings of eternal peace.
In no bleſt land has fair Religion ſhone,
And fix'd ſo firm her everlaſting throne.
Where, o'er the realms thoſe ſpacious temples ſhine,
Frequent and full the throng'd aſſemblies join;
There, fired with virtue's animating flame,
The ſacred taſk unnumber'd ſages claim;
The taſk, for angels great; in early youth,
To lead whole nations in the walks of truth,
Shed the bright beams of knowledge on the mind,
For ſocial compact harmonize mankind,

To life, to happineſs, to joys above,
The ſoften'd ſoul with ardent zeal to move;
For this the voice of Heaven, in early years,
Tuned the glad ſongs of life-inſpiring ſeers,
For this conſenting ſeraphs leave the ſkies,
The God compaſſionates, the Saviour dies.

Tho' different faiths their various orders ſhow,
That ſeem diſcordant to the train below;
Yet one bleſt cauſe, one univerſal flame,
Wakes all their joys and centres every aim;
They tread the ſame bright ſteps, and ſmoothe the road,
Lights of the world and meſſengers of God.
So the galaxy broad o'er heaven diſplays
Of various ſtars the ſame unbounded blaze;
Where great and ſmall their mingling rays unite,
And earth and ſkies repay the friendly light.

While thus the hero view'd the ſacred band,
Moved by one voice and guided by one hand,
He ſaw the heavens unfold, a form deſcend,
Down the dim ſkies his arm of light extend,
From God's own altar lift a living coal,
Touch their glad lips and brighten every ſoul;
Then, with accordant voice and heavenly tongue,
O'er the wide clime theſe welcome accents rung.

Ye darkling race of poor diſtreſt mankind,
For bliſs ſtill groping and to virtue blind,
Hear from on high th' Almighty's voice deſcend;
Ye heavens, be ſilent, and thou earth, attend.

I reign the Lord of life; I fill the round,
Where ſtars and ſkies and angels know their bound;
Before all years, beyond all thought I live,
Light, form and motion, time and ſpace I give;
Touch'd by this hand, all worlds within me roll,
Mine eye their ſplendor and my breath their ſoul.
Earth, with her lands and ſeas, my power proclaims,
There moves my ſpirit, there deſcend my flames;
Graced with the ſemblance of the Maker's mind,
Roſe from the darkſome duſt the reaſoning kind,
With powers of thought to trace the eternal Cauſe,
That all his works to one great ſyſtem draws,
View the full chain of love, the all-ruling plan,
That binds the God, the angel and the man,
That gives all hearts to feel, all minds to know
The bliſs of harmony, of ſtrife the woe.
This heaven of concord, who of mortal ſtrain
Shall dare oppoſe—he lifts his arm in vain;
The avenging univerſe ſhall on him roll
The intended wrong, and whelm his guilty ſoul.
Then lend your audience; hear, ye ſons of earth,
Riſe into life, behold the promiſed birth;
From pain to joy, from guilt to glory riſe,
Be babes on earth, be ſeraphs in the ſkies.
Lo, to the cries of grief mild mercy bends,
Stern vengeance ſoftens and the God deſcends,
The atoning God, the pardoning grace to ſeal,
The dead to quicken and the ſick to heal.

ee from his ſacred ſide the life-blood flow,
lear in his groans unutterable woe;
/hile, fixt in one ſtrong pang, the all-ſuffering Mind
ears and bewails the tortures of mankind.
ut lo, the aſcending pomp! around him move
lis riſing ſaints, the firſt-born ſons of love;
iew the glad throng, the glorious triumph join,
lis paths purſue and in his ſplendor ſhine;
urged from your ſtains in his atoning blood,
ſſume his ſpotleſs robes and reign beſide your God.
Thus heard the hero—while his roving view
'raced other crouds that liberal arts purſue;
Vhen thus the Seraph—Lo, a favourite band,
'he torch of ſcience flaming in their hand!
'hro' nature's range their ardent ſouls aſpire,
'r wake to life the canvaſs and the lyre.
ixt in ſublimeſt thought, behold them riſe,
uperior worlds unfolding to their eyes;
leaven in their view unveils the eternal plan,
nd gives new guidance to the paths of man.
See on yon darkening height bold Franklin tread,
leaven's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;
onvolving clouds the billowy ſkies deform,
nd forky flames emblaze the blackening ſtorm.
ee the deſcending ſtreams around him burn,
lance on his rod and with his guidance turn;
le bids conflicting heavens their blaſts expire,
urbs the fierce blaze and holds the impriſon'd fire.

No more, when folding ſtorms the vault o'er-ſpread,
The livid glare ſhall ſtrike thy race with dread;
Nor towers nor temples, ſhuddering with the ſound,
Sink in the flames and ſpread deſtruction round.
His daring toils, the threatening blaſt that wait,
Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate;
The pointed ſteel o'er-top the aſcending ſpire,
And lead o'er trembling walls the harmleſs fire;
In his glad fame while diſtant worlds rejoice,
Far as the lightnings ſhine or thunders raiſe their voice.

See the ſage Rittenhouſe, with ardent eye,
Lift the long tube and pierce the ſtarry ſky;
Clear in his view the circling ſyſtems roll,
And broader ſplendors gild the central pole.
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids, beneath his hand, in ſemblance riſe,
With mimic orbs, the labours of the ſkies.
There wondering crouds with raptured eye behold
The ſpangled heavens their myſtic maze unfold;
While each glad ſage his ſplendid hall ſhall grace,
With all the ſpheres that cleave the etherial ſpace.

To guide the ſailor in his wandering way,
See Godfrey's toils reverſe the beams of day.
His lifted quadrant to the eye diſplays
From adverſe ſkies the counteracting rays;
And marks, as devious ſails bewilder'd roll,
Each nice gradation from the ſtedfaſt pole.

See, West with glowing life the canvas warms;
His sovereign hand creates impassion'd forms,
Spurns the cold critic rules, to seize the heart,
And boldly bursts the former bounds of Art.
No more her powers to ancient scenes confined,
He opes her liberal aid to all mankind;
She calls to life each patriot, chief or sage,
Garb'd in the dress and drapery of his age;
Again bold Regulus to death returns,
Again her falling Wolfe Britannia mourns;
Warriors in arms to frowning combat move,
And youths and virgins melt the soul to love;
Grief, rage and fear beneath his pencil start,
Roll the wild eye and pour the flowing heart;
While slumbering heroes wait his wakening call,
And distant ages fill the storied wall.

With rival force, see Copley's pencil trace
The air of action and the charms of face;
Fair in his tints unfold the scenes of state,
The Senate listens and the peers debate;
Pale consternation every heart appalls,
In act to speak, while death-struck Chatham falls.
His strong, deep shades a bold expression give,
Raised into light the starting figures live:
With polish'd pride the finish'd features boast,
The master's art in nature's softness lost.

Fired with the martial toils, that bathed in gore
His brave companions on his native shore

Trumbull with daring hand the ſcene recalls,
He ſhades with night Quebec's beleagur'd walls,
Mid flaſhing flames, that round the turrets riſe,
Blind carnage raves and great Montgomery dies.
On Charleſtown's height, thro' floods of rolling fire,
Brave Warren falls, and ſullen hoſts retire;
While other plains of death, that gloom the ſkies,
And chiefs immortal o'er his canvaſs riſe.

See rural ſeats of innocence and eaſe,
High tufted towers and walks of waving trees,
The white waves daſhing on the craggy ſhores,
Meandering ſtreams and meads of ſpangled flowers,
Where nature's ſons their wild excurſions lead,
In juſt deſign, from Taylor's pencil ſpread.

Steward and Brown the moving portrait raiſe,
Each rival ſtroke the force of life conveys;
See circling Beauties round their tablets ſtand,
And riſe immortal from their plaſtic hand;
Each breathing form preſerves its wonted grace,
And all the ſoul ſtands ſpeaking in the face.

Two kindred arts the ſwelling ſtatue heave,
Wake the dead wax and teach the ſtone to live.
While the bold chiſſel claims the rugged ſtriſe,
To rouſe the ſceptred marble into life;
While Latian ſhrines their figured patriots boaſt,
And gods and heroes croud each orient coaſt,
See Wright's fair hands the livlier fire controul,
In waxen forms ſhe breathes the impaſſion'd ſoul;

he pencil'd tint o'er moulded ſubſtance glows,
nd different powers the unrivall'd art compoſe.
To equal fame aſcends thy tuneful throng,
he boaſt of genius and the pride of ſong;
/arm'd with the ſcenes that grace their various clime,
heir lays ſhall triumph o'er the lapſe of time.
With keen-eyed glance thro' nature's walks to pierce,
/ith all the powers and every charm of verſe,
ach ſcience opening in his ample mind,
is fancy glowing and his taſte refined,
e Trumbull lead the train. His ſkilful hand
ſurls the keen darts of Satire thro' the land;
ride, knavery, dullneſs, feel his mortal ſtings,
nd liſtening virtue triumphs while he ſings;
roud Albion's ſons, victorious now no more,
guilt retiring from the waſted ſhore,
trive their curſt cruelties to hide in vain—
'he world ſhall learn them from his deathleſs ſtrain.
On glory's wing to raiſe the raviſh'd ſoul,
eyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,
or daring Dwight the Epic Muſe ſublime
lails her new empire on the weſtern clime.
ired with the themes by ſeers ſeraphic ſung,
leaven in his eye, and rapture on his tongue,
lis voice divine revives the promiſed land,
'he Heaven-taught Leader and the choſen band.
n Hanniel's fate, proud faction finds her doom,
i's midnight flames light nations to their tomb,

In viſions bright ſupernal joys are given,
And all the dread futurities of heaven.

While freedom's cauſe his patriot boſom warms,
In counſel ſage, nor inexpert in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad ſword and ſtring the ſounding lyre;
That lyre which, erſt, in hours of dark deſpair,
Rouſed the ſad realms to urge the unfiniſh'd war.
O'er fallen friends, with all the ſtrength of woe,
His heart-felt ſighs in moving numbers flow;
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praiſe,
Fire his full ſoul and animate his lays;
Immortal Waſhington with joy ſhall own
So fond a favourite and ſo great a ſon.

THE VISION of COLUMBUS.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The viſion ſuſpended. Cauſes of the ſlow progreſs of Science and its frequent interruptions. Its ancient compared with its modern eſtabliſhment. Conſequences of the latter. Cauſes of the apparent uncertainty in matters of theology. Superſtition built on the paſſions; ſcepticiſm on the reaſoning power. Neceſſity and happy effect of the united force of reaſon and the paſſions in the diſcovery of truth.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VIII.

AND now the Angel, from the trembling ſight,
Veil'd the wide world—when ſudden ſhades of night
Move o'er the etherial vault; the ſtarry train
Paint their dim forms beneath the placid main;
While earth and heaven, around the hero's eye,
Seem arch'd immenſe, like one ſurrounding ſky.
Still, from the Power ſuperior ſplendors ſhone,
The height emblazing like a radiant throne;
To converſe ſweet the ſoothing ſhades invite,
And on the guide the hero fix'd his ſight.

Kind meſſenger of Heaven, he thus began,
Why this progreſſive labouring ſearch of man?
If man by wiſdom form'd hath power to reach
Theſe opening truths that following ages teach,
Step after ſtep, thro' devious mazes, wind,
And fill at laſt the meaſure of the mind,
Why did not Heaven, with one unclouded ray,
All human arts and reaſon's powers diſplay?
That mad opinions, ſects and party ſtrife
Might find no place t'imbitter human life,

To whom the Angelic Power; to thee 'tis given,
To hold high converſe, and enquire of heaven,
To mark uncircled ages and to trace
The unfolding truths that wait thy kindred race.
Know then, the counſels of th' unchanging Mind,
Thro' nature's range, progreſſive paths deſign'd,
Unfiniſh'd works th' harmonious ſyſtem grace,
Thro' all duration and around all ſpace;
Thus beauty, wiſdom, power, their parts unroll,
Till full perfection joins the accordant whole.

So the firſt week, beheld the progreſs riſe,
Which form'd the earth and arch'd th'incumbant ſkies.
Dark and imperfect firſt, the unbeauteous frame,
From vacant night, to crude exiſtence came;
Light ſtarr'd the heavens and ſuns were taught their bound,
Winds woke their force, and floods their centre found;
Earth's kindred elements, in joyous ſtrife,
Warm'd the glad glebe to vegetable life,
Till ſenſe and power and action claim'd their place,
And godlike reaſon crown'd the imperial race.

Progreſſive thus, from that great ſource above,
Flows the fair fountain of redeeming love.
Dark harbingers of hope, at firſt beſtow'd,
Taught early faith to feel her path to God;
Down the prophetic, brightening train of years,
Conſenting voices roſe of different ſeers,
In ſhadowy types diſplay'd the accompliſh'd plan,
When filial Godhead ſhould aſſume the man,

When the pure Church ſhould ſtretch her arms abroad,
Fair as a bride and liberal as her God;
Till warm benevolence and truth refined,
Pervade the world and harmonize mankind.
And thus fair Science, of celeſtial birth,
With times long circuit, treads the gladſome earth;
By gradual ſteps to mark the extended road,
That leads mankind to reaſon and to God.
In elder times, when ſavage tribes began,
A few ſtrong paſſions ſway'd the wayward man;
Envy, revenge and ſateleſs luſt of power
Fired the dark ſoul and ſtain'd the fields with gore.
By jarring ſtrife, all milder joys ſuppreſt,
Loſt their ſoft influence on the furious breaſt;
No friendly ties the barbarous feuds aſſuage,
And ceaſeleſs carnage, feeds the brutal rage.
When different tribes, in ſocial bands combined,
Their local views the joyleſs ſoul confined,
Eternal bickerings brutal ſtrength ſupply'd,
Cities are wall'd and warring hoſts divide.
When infant arts, in growing nations, roſe,
They lured the envy of ſurrounding foes;
The ſavage bands united ſieze the prey,
Deſtroy the learning and obſtruct the ſway.
Thus, at the Muſe's call, when Thebes aroſe,
And ſcience ſway'd where nurt'ring Nilus flows,
Rich with the ſpoils of art, fair ſtructures blazed,
And barb'rous nations envy'd as they gazed;

The tempting pyramid, the growing ſtore,
The charm of conqueſt and the graſp of power
Lured the dark world, with enviotus pride elate,
To whelm fair Science in the wrecks of ſtate.
Till Thebes and Memphis nameleſs ruins lie,
And cruſh'd the power that raiſed them to the ſky.
O'er bright Chaldea's plains her vot'ries ſtray,
Deſcribed the ſtars and fix'd their wandering way,
The unclouded ſkies the ſhepherd learn'd to read,
His loves to cheriſh and his flocks to feed;
Till haughty Babel ſtretch'd an envy'd ſway,
And furious millions warr'd the arts away.
Iliſſus' banks diſplay'd a happier ſeat,
Where every Muſe and all the graces meet;
Parnaſſian heights ſhe ſoars; then, ſteering far,
Driven by the cloſe purſuit of vengeful war,
She wings her flight, a weſtern region gains,
And moves in majeſty o'er Latian plains.
But pride and conqueſt follow where ſhe leads,
Her eagle flies, the untutor'd ſavage bleeds,
Rome's haughty Genius, taught by her to ſoar,
With pride of learning ſwells the pride of power;
From Brits, from Scythians plucks the laurel crown
And deems, by right, the unletter'd world his own.
Till, fired by inſult, vengeful myriads roſe,
And all the north pours forth the ſwarming foes,
Like ſweeping tempeſts in embattled heaven,
When fire and blackneſs ſtreak the ſails of even,

The dark-red hoſts of painted warriors roll,
Rome's thoughtleſs capitol the tempting goal;
Nor arts they need nor order points thier way,
For arts and order ſwell the Roman ſway;
Spain, Latium, Afric feed the furious flame,
And hapleſs Science mourns her buried name.

As when the ſun moves o'er the flaming zone,
Careering clouds attend his fervid throne,
Superior ſplendors, in his courſe diſplay'd,
Proclaim the progreſs of a heavier ſhade;
Thus where the Power her ancient circuit held,
Her ſhining courſe, ſucceeding darkneſs veil'd.
Fear, intereſt, envy bound her laurel'd reign,
A coaſt her walk, the Helleſpont her main,
Ere Goya's trembling ſteel could point the pole,
Or heavens inverted taught thy bark to roll.

At length the ſcene a nobler pomp aſſumes,
A milder beam diſpels the Gothic glooms;
In ſober majeſty, and charms of peace,
The goddeſs moves, and cheers her filial race,
Lifts bolder wings, with happier flight to ſoar,
No more to reſt till heavens illume no more.

At once, conſenting nations riſe to fame;
Here Charles's genius wakes the Gallic name,
There Alfred aids the univerſal cauſe,
And opes the ſource of liberty and laws;
Here Greece invites her to her ancient home,
There in rough greatneſs heaves her Gothic dome,

Wide ſpreads her ſway o'er bleſt Arabian plains,
Where her own Caliph, liberal Rachid reigns,
O'er all the climes extends the riſing Power,
From fartheſt Ganges to the Atlantic ſhore.
Even horrid war, that erſt her courſe withſtood,
And whelm'd, ſo oft, her peaceful ſhrines in blood,
Now leads thro' paths unſeen her glorious way,
Extends her limits and confirms her ſway.
See, from all Europe's bounds, the warriors pour,
In crouding millions to the Aſian ſhore;
Mankind their prey, the unmeaning Croſs their pride,
And ſacred vengeance their deluſive guide.
Zeal points their way, thro' famine, toil and blood,
To aid with arms the imagin'd cauſe of God;
Till fields of ſlaughter whelm the broken hoſt,
Their pride appall'd, their countleſs myriads loſt,
The ſad remains to peaceful toils return,
Skill'd in the arts, that eaſtern climes adorn;
O'er Europe's changing ſhores, the charms diſplay,
And waſted realms with happier fruits repay.
The rival barons, whom ambition draws,
Their wealth to laviſh in the holy cauſe,
In peace retiring, yield the regal crown,
And blend their counſels to exalt the throne.
While ſlaves, no longer purchaſed with the ſoil,
Waked into freemen, ply the cheerful toil,
Aſſert their rights, extend the royal reign,
And mutual terrors break the feudal chain.

Now growing commerce in firm compact joins
Surrounding nations and their force combines;
From rich Auſonia, bold advent'rers riſe,
Trace midland currents tow'rd the northern ſkies,
Enlarge their navies, and with wealthier train,
Roll with the Rhine and widen with the main;
Then tempt a broader flight, extend the ſail,
Point the ſure compaſs, call a foreign gale,
For ſpicy fruits the orient ſurges brave,
And load with ſparkling gems the liberal wave.
See Rome once more the unfolding arts attend,
Her groves rewarble and her walls aſcend;
Bologna's learned towers ariſe to fame,
And thine, fair Paris, nobler honours claim;
In rival ſplendor, bright Oxonia, ſmiles,
And ſpreads her bleſſings o'er the Britiſh iſles;
There, like the ſtar that leads the orient day,
Chaucer directs his tuneful ſons their way.
See hapleſs Gallileo's daring ſoul
Explore the ſtars and point their orbs to roll;
And, happier Fauſtus, thy inventive mind
Awakes the unbounded genius of mankind:
O'er wondering climes thy letter'd types diſplay
The works of ſcience and extend her ſway.
Bold chivalry romantic aids her cauſe;
In honour's name the knight his falchion draws;
Lured by the charms that grace the guardleſs fair,
To ſuffering virtue bends his generous care,

Thro' toil and pain in queſt of glory roves,
Braves death and danger for the maid he loves;
While fired by gallantry, the generous art,
Improves the manners and amends the heart.
When pride and rapine held their vengeful ſway,
And praiſe purſued where conqueſt led the way,
Fair nature's mildeſt grace, the female mind,
By rough-brow'd power neglected and confined,
Unheeded ſigh'd, mid empire's rude alarms,
Unknown its virtues and enſlaved its charms.
So the lone wild-roſe opes the ſweeteſt bloom,
To ſcent the unconſcious thorn, and wither round the tomb.
Bleſt Science then, to rugged toils confined,
Roſe but to conquer and enſlave mankind,
O'er gentle paſſions ſpread a harſh controul,
And waked the glare of grandeur in the ſoul.
She taught the lance to thirſt for human gore,
She taught pale avarice to ſwell the ſtore,
Taught milder arts the peaceful prize to yield,
Her Muſe to thunder thro' the embattled field;
In ruin'd realms to build the ſhrine of fame,
And call celeſtial aid to raiſe a tyrant's name.
In chains and darkneſs mourn'd the hapleſs fair,
The price of gold, the inſulted prize of war,
While ſires, unfeeling, claim'd the ſordid dower,
And nymphs were ſold the ſlaves of luſt and power.
A happier morn now brightens in the ſkies,
Superior arts, in peaceful glory, riſe;

While ſofter virtues claim their guardian care,
And crowns of laurel grace the riſing fair.
With all the raptures of celeſtial fire,
Each rival ſex the rival arts inſpire;
This bids bold commerce load the labouring main,
Or ſwells the peaceful harveſt of the plain,
That leads the hours of calm, domeſtic toil,
And cheers the houſhold with an evening ſmile.
While ſtates and empires, policies and laws
Lure the firm patriot in the bolder cauſe,
To ſtem the tide of power or guide the war,
Like thee to ſuffer and like thee to dare—
With equal honour, as with ſofter grace,
The matron virtues guide the riſing race.

On this broad baſe while Science rears her fane,
New toils and triumphs fill her glorious train,
Thro' fairer fields ſhe leads the expanding mind,
Glads every clime and dignifies mankind.
Contending kings their views harmonious blend,
With temper'd force their arts and arms extend;
The oppoſing hoſts beneath their liberal reign,
Croud the vaſt wave and glitter o'er the plain,
With thundering engines rend the harmleſs air,
And loſe the horrors in the pomp of war.

See the glad ſage to uſeful labours ſoar,
Tempt other ſeas and unknown worlds explore,
Bid feeble tribes diſplay their powers abroad,
And regions ſmile without the waſte of blood.

Then, while the daring Muſe, from heavenly quires,
With life divine the raptured bard inſpires,
With bolder hand he ſtrikes the trembling ſtring,
Virtues and loves and deeds like thine to ſing.
No more with vengeful chiefs and furious gods,
Old Ocean crimſons and Olympus nods,
Nor heavens, convulſive, rend the dark profound,
Nor Titans groan beneath the heaving ground;
But milder themes ſhall wake the peaceful ſong,
Life in the ſoul and rapture on the tongue;
To moral beauties bid the world attend,
And diſtant lands their ſocial ties extend,
Thro' union'd realms the rage of conqueſt ceaſe,
War ſink in night, and nature ſmile in peace.
Then ſhall he ſoar ſublimer heights, and rove
O'er brighter walks, and happier climes of love;
Rapt into viſion of the bleſt abode,
From Angel-harps to catch the inſpiring God;
Thro' heavens o'ercanopy'd by heavens behold
New ſuns aſcend and other ſkies unfold,
Seraphs and ſyſtem'd worlds around him ſhine,
And lift his mortal ſtrains to harmony divine.
To theſe ſuperior flights, the chief rejoin'd,
If happier years ſhall raiſe the roving mind;
Progreſſive arts exalt the ſoul on high,
Peace rule the earth and faith unfold the ſky;
Say, how ſhall truths like theſe to man be given?
Or ſcience find the limits mark'd by Heaven?

In every age ſince reaſoning pride began,
And heaven's dread Sire reveal'd himſelf to man,
What different faiths the changing race inſpire!
What blind devotions and unhallow'd fire!
What gods of human form and ſavage power
Cold fear could faſhion or mad zeal adore!
Theſe croud their temples, thoſe their names deſpiſe,
In each dire cauſe the exulting martyr dies;
Till, ſenſe renounced, and virtue driven afar,
Rage fires the realms, religion ſounds to war;
And the firſt bleſſing, Heaven for earth deſign'd,
Seems the ſevereſt curſe that waits mankind.

Say then, my guide, if heavenly wiſdom gave
To erring man a life beyond the grave—
If one creative Power, one living ſoul
Produced all beings and preſerves the whole;
Who, throned in light, with full perfection bleſt,
Mid changing worlds, enjoys eternal reſt;
While man, ſtill grovling, paſſionate and blind,
Wars with his neighbour and deſtroys his kind—
Say, what connecting chain, in endleſs line,
Links earth to heaven, and mortal with divine?
Applies alike to every age and clime,
And lifts the ſoul beyond the bounds of time;
And when ſhall ſcience trace the immortal way,
And hail religion in her native day?

The Power return'd. Thy race ſhall ſoon behold
Reaſon refined, and moral lights unroll'd,

While ſcience riſes, freed from pedant pride,
Of truth the ſtandard and of faith the guide.
The paſſions wild, that ſway the changing mind,
The reaſoning powers, her watchful guides deſign'd,
Each, unreſtrain'd, alike ſubvert the plan,
Miſlead the judgment and betray the man.
Hence raging zeal, or ſceptic ſcorn prevails,
And arms decide the faith, where wiſdom fails.
Of human paſſions, one above the reſt,
Fear, love, or envy, rules in every breaſt;
And, while it varies with the changing clime,
Now ſtoops to earth, now lifts the ſoul ſublime,
Forms local creeds of ſuperſtitious lore,
Creates the God, and bids the world adore.
Lo! at the Lama's feet, as lord of all,
Age, following age, in dumb devotion fall!
The youthful God, mid ſuppliant kings inſhrined,
Diſpenſing fate and ruling half mankind,
Sits, with contorted limbs, a ſilent ſlave,
An early victim of a ſecret grave.
And, where the moſk's dim arches bend on high,
See the dead prophet mount the mimic ſky;
While pilgrim hoſts, o'er trackleſs deſerts come,
Croud the deep ſhrine, and worſhip round his tomb.
See Memphian altars reek with human gore,
Gods hiſs from caverns, or in cages roar;
Nile pours from heaven a tutulary flood,
And vales produce the vegetable God.

Two rival Powers the Magian faith inſpire,
The ſire of darkneſs and the ſource of fire:
Evil and good, in theſe contending riſe,
And each, by turns, the ſovereign of the ſkies.
Sun, ſtars and planets round the earth behold
Their fanes of marble and their ſhrines of gold;
The ſea, the grove, the harveſt and the vine
Spring from their Gods, and claim a ſource divine;
While heroes, kings and ſages of their times,
Thoſe Gods on earth, are Gods in happier climes;
Minos in judgment ſits, and Jove in power,
And Odin's friends are feaſted ſtill with gore.

Yet wiſdom's eye with juſt contempt deſcries
Theſe rites abſurd, and bids the world deſpiſe:
Then reaſoning powers o'er paſſion gain the ſway,
And ſhroud in deeper glooms the mental ray.
See the proud ſage, with philoſophic eye,
Rove thro' all climes, and trace the ſtarry ſky,
The ſyſtems mark, their various laws purſue,
The God ſtill riſing to his raptured view;
But what this God? and what the great deſign,
Why creatures live or worlds around him ſhine?
If all perfection dwelt in him alone,
If power, he cries, and wiſdom were his own,
No pain, no guilt, no variance could annoy
The realm of peace, the univerſe of joy.

Yet reaſon here with homeward ken, deſcries
From jarring parts what dark diſorders riſe;

From froſt and fire what ſtorms untempter'd rave!
What plagues, what earthquakes croud the gaping grave!
Pain, toil and torture give the infant breath,
His life is miſery and his portion death.
From moral ills a like deſtruction reigns,
War ſounds the trump, and ſlaughter dyes the plains;
While wrath divine proclaims a heavier doom,
And guilt, aſtoniſh'd, looks beyond the tomb.
Whence theſe unnumber'd cauſeleſs ills, he cries,
Could wiſdom form them? or could love deviſe?
No love, no wiſdom, no conſiſtent plan,
No God in heaven, nor future life to man!

While thus, thro' nature's walks he ſoars on high,
Acquits all guilt, diſpeoples all the ſky,
Denies unſeen exiſtence, and believes
No form beyond what human ſenſe perceives,
An anxious ſearch impels the curious mind,
Its own bright eſſence and its powers to find.
From conſcious thought his reaſoning force he plies,
And deep in ſearch the active ſoul deſcries;
Yet ſenſe and ſubſtance no relation claim,
That dupes the reaſon, this exiſts a name:
All matter, mind, ſenſe, knowledge, pleaſure, pain,
Seem the wild phantoms of the vulgar brain;
Reaſon, collected fits above the ſcheme,
Proves God and nature but an idle dream,
In one great learned doubt inveloped all,
And whelms it's own exiſtence in the fall.

These wide extremes of passion and of pride
A while on earth thy changing race divides;
That man may find his limits and his laws,
Where zeal's fruitless, or cowards cautious pause;
And learn, by these, the happier course to steer,
Nor sink too low, nor mount beyond his sphere.
And soon, that happier course thy race shall gain,
And zealots rave, and sceptics doubt in vain;
While reason, sense and passion aid the soul,
Science her guide and truth the eternal goal.

First, his own powers the man, with care, desires,
What nature gives, and various art supplies;
Rejects the ties of controversial rules,
The pride of names, the prejudice of schools;
The sure foundation lays, on which to rise,
To look thro' earth and meditate the skies:
And finds some general laws in every breast,
Where ethics, faith and politics may rest.

Of human powers, the Senses always chief,
Produce instruction or inforce belief;
Reason, as next in sway, the balance bears,
Receives their tidings, and with skill compares,
Restrains wild fancy, calms the impassion'd soul,
Illumes the judgment and refines the whole.
Sense, the great source of knowledge, ever just,
High in command, but faithful to its trust,
Aid of this life, and suited to its place,
Given to secure, but not exalt the race.

Deſcries no God, nor claims ſuperior birth,
And knows no life beyond the bounds of earth.
Reaſon, tho' taught by ſenſe to range on high,
To trace the ſtars and meaſure all the ſky;
Tho' fancy, memory, foreſight fill her train,
And o'er the beaſt ſhe lifts the pride of man,
Yet, ſtill to matter, form and ſpace confined,
Or moral truths, or laws that rule mankind,
Could ne'er unaided pierce the mental gloom,
Explore new ſcenes beyond the cloſing tomb,
Reach with immortal hope the bleſt abode,
Or raiſe one thought of ſpirit, or of God.
Yet names of God, and powers of heavenly ſtrain
All nations reverence and all tongues contain;
Thro' every age the conſcious mind perceives,
Reaſon pronounces and the ſenſe believes.
What cauſe myſterious could the thought impart,
Not taught by nature nor acquired by art?
It ſpeaks of nature's God—no matter when
The name was caught, 'tis never loſt by men;
From clime to clime, from age to age it flies,
Sounds thro' the world and echos to the ſkies.
It proves him, ſelf-reveal'd; and all the plan
On this connexion reſts of God and man.

Obſerve, in man, deſires immortal given,
To range o'er earth and climb a happier heaven;
Yet fear and conſcious guilt his flight reſtrain,
His God offended, and his wiſhes vain:

The wrath divine impending on his breaſt
Precludes the hope of refuge and of reſt;
He ſeeks the fane, obteſts the avenging ſkies,
Pours the full tear, and yields the ſacrifice;
Some foreign aid, ſome mediating grace,
He ſeeks to ſhield him from his Maker's face.

All forms of worſhip, that engage mankind,
In different climes to various Powers confined,
Require of ſuppliants ſome external aid,
Some victim offer'd, or ſome penance paid,
Some middle name, or reconciling plan,
To ſoothe the Godhead and redeem the man.
This thought, ſo wide diffuſed thro' all mankind,
Roſe not from earth, or force of human mind;
From heaven reveal'd, it ſhows ſome ſov'reign ſcheme,
To link this nature with the Power ſupreme.
From guilt and pain to lift the ſoul on high,
And ope a happier ſcene, a world beyond the ſky.
From clime to clime while rove the ſage's eyes,
Books croud on books, and creeds on creeds ariſe.
Reaſon refined with liberal eye ſurveys
The oppoſing faiths and various modes of praiſe;
Yet finds in all, what nature might approve,
A God of juſtice reconciled by love;
With joy beholds the accordant ſcheme of heaven,
Dire vengeance ſooth'd, a mediation given,
Man freed from pain, the ſtains of guilt removed,
To angels liken'd and by Heaven approved;

Death bound in chains from his old empire hurl'd,
And peace and pardon promiſed to the world.

Here ends the toilſome ſearch; in this may reſt
The doubts and fears that move the labouring breaſt;
Theſe few fair truths, to common ſenſe plain,
The work unfold, and every part ſuſtain.
As, on an arch of ſtone, ſome temple ſtands,
Raiſed to the clouds, and ſhines to diſtant lands;
The firm foundations, open to the ſight,
Croud, as it grows, and ſtrengthen with the weight;
Thus, on the characters of God and man,
By Heaven reveal'd in this conformant plan,
The beauteous ſyſtem reſts; and tho' awhile,
Mad zeal o'erload it, and cold ſcorn revile,
Stands, ſelf-exalted, fill'd with native light,
Firm to the ſkies, and growing on the ſight.
It ſpeaks one ſimple, univerſal cauſe,
Which time and ſpace from one great centre draws;
Whence this unfolded, that began its flight,
Worlds fill'd the ſkies, and nature roll'd in light;
Whither all beings tend; and where, at laſt,
Their progreſs, changes, imperfections, paſt,
Matter ſhall turn to light, to pleaſure pain,
Strife end in union, angel form in man;
From ſtage to ſtage, from life to life, refined,
All centre, whence they ſprang, in one eternal Mind.

In this harmonious round, united riſe,
Power to create, and wiſdom to deviſe;

While Love ſupreme, before all action, ſtood,
The firſt, the laſt, the chain of general good;
Through nature's range t' extend the ſway divine,
And heaven and earth in mild accordance join;
To one great moral Senſe, all ſenſe to draw,
Strong as neceſſity, and fixt as law.

This branch of Godhead, thro' the ſyſtem known,
Image and brightneſs of the Eternal throne;
By whom all wiſdom ſhines, all power extends,
God ſtands reveal'd and Heaven with nature blends,
Thro' earth and ſkies proclaim'd the indulgent plan,
And ſpoke the law to Angel and to man;
In man's clear view diſplay'd the etherial road,
To love the neighbour and adore the God.
Yet, firm in juſtice as in mercy great,
His ſovereign power directs the ſcenes of fate,
Wide o'er the world with guardian care extends,
Curbs the proud nations and the weak defends;
That feeble faith and boaſting ſcorn may prove
The frown of vengeance, or the ſmile of love,
Holds, in his own right hand, the dreadful doom
Of woes unnumber'd here, and death beyond the tomb.

Fill'd with his fire, and guided by his hand,
See the long train of white-robed prophets ſtand!
Thro' opening heaven, their eyes ſublimely roll,
Peace on their tongue, and rapture in their ſoul;
The paſt records, the deeds of unborn time
Flame in their page, and ſhine to every clime:

There, nations read their fate, and kings, to come,
Find, in the leaves, their glory or their doom.
There unborn Cyrus, preordain'd to fame,
On Babel's ruins, builds the Perſian name;
The chief of Macedon, the realm of Greece,
The Latian grandeur, and the Prince of peace,
In order ranged their ſong prophetic grace,
And time ſtands pointing to the deſtined place.
When now, with rolling years theſe deeds of fame
Riſe into light and faith of nations claim.
Behold, on earth the promiſed Prince beſtow'd!
The Virgin's offspring and the filial God;
The appointed ſtar its rapid courſe ſuſpends,
The ſkies unfold, the myſtic dove deſcends,
Glad ſongs attend him, heaven and earth combine,
To hail the new-born babe, and ſpeak his birth divine.
See nature's laws ſuſpended by his power!
Uncloſing graves their ſlumbering dead reſtore,
Winds riſe to waft him, ſtorms, to lull him, ſleep,
He walks the wave, and triumphs o'er the deep;
He dies, he conquers death, aſcends on high,
And riſing ſaints attend him thro' the ſky.
Thus, all the myſtic ſcheme, deſign'd by heaven,
With cleareſt light to ſtedfaſt faith is given;
Here the great moral Senſe, the God conceal'd,
To human ſenſe in earthly form reveal'd,
Suffers in open day, to teach mankind
His ſecret ſufferings in the oppoſer's mind;

To teach how pain and death and endleſs woes,
From wayward ſtrife, and breach of order, roſe;
How each diſcordant wiſh, the ſoul that ſwells,
'Gainſt human bliſs and heavenly power rebels,
Weakens the chain of love, ſubverts the plan,
While nature drives the vengeance back on man.
Here all religion reſts, and ſoon thy race
Her pureſt lights, by wiſdom's eye ſhall trace.
Here the laſt flights of ſcience ſhall aſcend,
To look thro' heaven, and ſenſe with reaſon blend;
View the great ſource of love, that flows abroad,
Spreads to all creatures, centres ſtill in God,
Lives thro' the whole, from nature's compact ſprings,
Orders, reverſes, fills the ſum of things;
In law conſtrains, in goſpel reconciles,
In judgment frowns, in gentle mercy ſmiles,
Commands all ſenſe to feel, all life to prove
The attracting force of univerſal love.

THE

VISION of COLUMBUS.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

The Vision resumed and extended over the whole earth. Present character of different nations. Future progress of society with respect to commerce, discoveries, the opening of canals, philosophical, medical and political knowledge, the assimilation and final harmony of all languages. Cause of the first confusion of tongues explained, and the effect of their union described. View of a general council of all nations assembled to establish the political harmony of mankind. Conclusion.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK IX.

NOW, round the yielding canopy of ſhade,
gain the Guide his heavenly power diſplay'd.
udden, the ſtars their trembling fires withdrew,
eturning ſplendors burſt upon the view;
loods of unfolding light the ſkies adorn,
nd more than midday glories grace the morn.
o ſhone the earth, as all the ſtarry train,
road as full ſuns, had fail'd the etherial plain;
When no diſtinguiſh'd orb could ſtrike the ſight,
ut one clear blaze of all-ſurrounding light
'erflow'd the vault of heaven. For now, in view
emoter climes and future ages drew;
While deeds of happier fame, in long array,
all'd into viſion, fill the new-born day.
Far as the Angelic Power could lift the eye,
r earth, or ocean bend the yielding ſky;
r circling ſuns awake the breathing gale,
rake lead the way, or Cook extend the ſail;
ll lands, all ſeas, that boaſt a preſent name,
And all that unborn time ſhall give to fame,

Around the chief in fair expanſion riſe,
And earth's whole circuit bounds the level'd ſkies.
He ſaw the nations tread their different ſhores,
Ply their own toils and claim their local powers.
He mark'd what tribes ſtill rove the ſavage waſte,
What happier realms the ſweets of plenty taſte;
Where arts and virtues fix their golden reign,
Or peace adorns, or ſlaughter dyes the plain.
He ſaw the reſtleſs Tartar, proud to roam,
Move with his herds, and ſpread his tranſient home;
Thro' the vaſt tracts of China's fixt domain,
The ſons of dull contentment plough the plain;
The gloomy Turk aſcends the blood-ſtain'd car,
And Ruſſian banners ſhade the plains of war;
Brazilia's wilds and Afric's burning ſands
With bickering ſtrife inflame the furious bands;
On bleſt Atlantic iſles, and Europe's ſhores,
Proud wealth and commerce heap their growing ſtores,
While his own weſtern world, in proſpect fair,
Calms her brave ſons, now breathing from the war,
Unfolds her harbours, ſpreads the genial ſoil,
And welcomes freemen to the cheerful toil.
When thus the Power. In this extended view,
Behold the paths thy changing race purſue.
See, thro' the whole, the ſame progreſſive plan,
That draws, for mutual ſuccour, man to man,
From friends to tribes, from tribes to realms aſcend,
Their powers, their intereſts and their paſſions blend;

Adorn their manners, ſocial virtues ſpread,
Enlarge their compacts and extend their trade;
While chiefs like thee, with perſevering ſoul,
Bid venturous barks to new diſcoveries roll;
High in the north, and tow'rd the ſouthern ſkies,
New iſles and nations greet the roving eyes;
Till each remoteſt realm, by friendſhip join'd,
Links in the chain that binds all human kind,
The union'd banners riſe at laſt unfurl'd,
And wave triumphant round the accordant world.
As ſmall ſwift ſtreams their furious courſe impel,
Till meeting waves their winding currents ſwell;
Then widening ſweep thro' each deſcending plain,
And move majeſtic to the boundleſs main:
'Tis thus ſociety's ſmall ſources riſe;
Through paſſions wild their devious progreſs lies;
Intereſt and faith and pride and power withſtand,
And mutual ills the growing views expand;
Till tribes and ſtates and empires find their place,
*And one wide intereſt ſways the peaceful race.

* Since finiſhing the Poem (the whole of which, except a ſmall part of the ſeventh Book, was written previous to the concluſion of the late war) the Author is happy to find that his general ideas, reſpecting the future progreſs and final perfection of human ſociety, are ſupported by thoſe of ſo reſpectable a Character as Dr. Price. In his Obſervations on the Importance of the American Revolution, he remarks, "That Reaſon, as well as Tradition and Revelation, "lead us to expect that a more improved and happy ſtate of hu-"man affairs will take place before the final conſummation of all "things. The world has been hitherto gradually improving; "light and knowledge have been gaining ground, and human life

And ſee, in haſte, the aſcending ſcenes advance,
The ports unfold, the glimmering navies dance;

" at preſent, compared with what it *once* was, is much the ſame " that a youth approaching to manhood is, compared with an in- " fant."

It has long been the opinion of the Author, that ſuch a ſtate of peace and happineſs as is foretold in ſcripture and commonly called the millennial period, may be rationally expected to be introduced without a miracle. *Nec deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus*, is a maxim, as uſeful to a Chriſtian Philoſopher as to a Heathen Poet. Although, from the hiſtory of mankind, it appears, that the progreſs of improvement has been ſlow and often interrupted, yet it gives pleaſure to obſerve the cauſes of theſe interruptions, and to diſcern the end they were deſigned in the courſe of Providence to anſwer, in accelerating the ſame events, which they ſeemed for awhile to retard. The ſtate of the arts among the ancients, viewed with reference to the event under conſideration, was faulty or rather unfortunate in two particulars; *firſt*, in their comparative eſtimation; and *ſecondly*, in their not flouriſhing in more than one nation at a time. Theſe circumſtances were highly favourable to the exertions of individual genius, and may be aſſigned both as cauſes of the univerſal deſtruction of the arts by the Gothic conqueſt, and as reaſons why we ſhould not greatly lament that deſtruction. From the ſituation of mankind in the days of ancient literature, it was natural that thoſe arts which depend on the imagination, ſuch as Architecture, Statuary, Painting, Eloquence and Poetry, ſhould claim the higheſt rank in the eſtimation of a people. In ſeveral, and perhaps all of theſe, the ancients remain unrivaled. But theſe are not the arts which tend greatly to the general improvement of mankind. The man, who in thoſe days could have aſcertained the true figure of the earth, would have rendered more ſervice to the world, than he that could originate a heaven and fill it with all the Gods of Homer; and had the expences of the Egyptian pyramids been employed in furniſhing fleets of diſcovery, to be ſent out of the Mediterranian, the civilized world would probably never have been overrun by Barbarians. But the ſciences of Geography, Navigation and Commerce, with all their conſequential improvements in natural philoſophy and humanity, could not, from the nature of things, be objects of great encouragement or enterprize among the ancients. They therefore turned their attention to the cultivation of arts more ſtriking to the ſenſes; ſuch as require the ſtrongeſt exertion of the human genius, and would be entitled to the higheſt rank in any age of univerſal refinement. As theſe arts were adapted to gratify the vanity of a prince, to fire the ambition of a hero, or to gain a point in a popular aſſembly, they

For commerce arm'd the different Powers combine,
And Heaven approving aids the bleſt deſign.

were carried to a degree of perfection, which prevented their being reliſhed or underſtood by barbarians. The literature of the world therefore deſcended with the line of conqueſt from one nation to another, till the whole was ſwallowed up in the Roman Empire. There its tendency was to inſpire a contempt for nations leſs civilized, and to induce the Romans to conſider all mankind as the objects of their inſult, and all countries as the ſcenes of their military parade. Theſe circumſtances, through a courſe of ages, prepared and finally opened a ſcene of wretchedneſs, at which the human mind has been taught to ſhudder, but it was wiſely calculated to reduce mankind to a ſituation, capable of commencing regular and extenſive improvements. And, however novel the ſentiment may appear, yet the Author will venture to aſſert, that, as to the proſpect of univerſal civilization, mankind were in a much more eligible ſituation in the time of Charlemagne than they were in the days of Auguſtus. The final deſtruction of the Roman empire left the nations of Europe in circumſtances ſimilar to each other; and their conſequent rivalſhip prevented any diſproportionate refinement from appearing in any particular region. The ſeeds of government, firmly rooted in the principles of the feudal ſyſtem, laid the foundation of that balance of Power, which diſcourages the Cæſars and Alexanders of mankind from attempting the conqueſt of the world.

It ſeems neceſſary, that the arrangement of events in civilizing the world ſhould be in the following order. *Firſt*, all parts of it muſt be conſiderably peopled; *ſecondly*, the different nations muſt be known to each other; and *thirdly*, their imaginary wants muſt be increaſed, in order to inſpire a paſſion for commerce. The firſt of theſe objects, was probably not accompliſhed till a late period. The ſecond, for three centuries paſt, has been greatly accelerated, but is now very far from being completely obtained. The third is always a neceſſary conſequence of the two former. The ſpirit of commerce is happily calculated by the Author of wiſdom to open an amicable intercourſe between all countries, to ſoften the horrors of war, to enlarge the field of ſcience and ſpeculation, and to aſſimilate the manners, feelings and languages of all nations. This leading principle, in its remoter conſequences, will produce a thouſand advantages in favour of government and legiſlation, give Patriotiſm the air of Philanthropy, induce all men to regard each other as brethren and friends, eradicate all kinds of literary, religious and political ſuperſtition, prepare the minds of all mankind for the rational reception of moral and religious truth, and finally evince that ſuch a ſyſtem of Providence, as appears in the unfolding of

Tho' jarring realms, awhile the combat wage,
And hold in lingering ſtrife, the unſettled age;
Yet no rude war, that ſweeps the crimſon plain,
Shall dare diſturb the labours of the main.
For Heaven impartial ſpread the watery way,
Liberal as air and unconfined as day;
That every diſtant land the wealth might ſhare,
Exchange their fruits and fill their treaſures there;
Their ſpeech aſſimilate, their empires blend,
And mutual intereſt fix the mutual friend.

The hero look'd: beneath his wondering eyes,
Bright ſtreamers lengthen round the ſeas and ſkies;
The countleſs nations open all their ſtores,
Load every wave and croud the maſted ſhores;
The ſails, in mingling mazes, ſweep the air,
And commerce triumphs o'er the rage of war.

theſe events, is the beſt poſſible ſyſtem to produce the happineſs of creatures. I conceive it is no objection to this plan, that the progreſs has hitherto been ſlow; when we conſider the vaſt magnitude of the object, the obſtructions to be removed, and the great length of time that will probably be taken to accompliſh it. To reſume the compariſon of Doctor Price, perhaps the world can hardly be ſaid as yet to be "approaching to manhood"; probably we are rather riſing out of infancy; we have not yet been able to wander over the whole houſe and obſerve upon the furniture. It is poſſible that ſome conſiderable revolutions are yet to happen, before the progreſs will be entirely free from embarraſments. But the general ſyſtem appears ſo rational and complete, that it furniſhes a new ſource of ſatisfaction, in contemplating the apparent diſpenſations of Heaven.

The author firſt ventured upon theſe ideas, in the courſe of the Poem, with all the timidity of youth; determining not to riſk a ſerious illuſtration of the ſentiment in proſe. But finding that a theory ſo pleaſing to himſelf has not been unnoticed by others, he feels a greater confidence in the ſubject, and hopes the importance of it will apologize to the reader for ſo lengthy a note.

From Baltic ſtreams, that ſwell in lonely pride,
From Rhine's long courſe, and Texel's labouring tide,
From Gallia's coaſt, from Albion's hoary height,
And fair Hibernia, clothed in purer light,
Hiſpania's ſtrand, that two broad oceans lave,
From Senegal's and Tagus' winding wave,
The gathering maſts, in peaceful ſquadrons, riſe,
And wave their cloudly curtains to the ſkies.
Thro' the deep ſtrait that leads the midland tide,
The ſails look forth and ſwell their beauteous pride;
Where Aſia's iſles and utmoſt ſhores extend,
Like riſing ſuns, the fleeted maſts aſcend,
And join with peaceful toil the friendly train,
No more to combat on the liquid plain.
In diſtant glory, where the watery way
Spreads the blue borders of deſcending day,
The flowing flags unfold, in lengthening ſweep,
Pride of the world and daughters of the deep.
From Arctic heavens, and deep in ſouthern ſkies,
Where froſt recedes as blooms of culture riſe—
Where eaſtern Amur's lengthening current glides,
Where California breaks the billowy tides,
Peruvian ſtreams their golden margins boaſt,
And ſpreading Chili leads the channel'd coaſt,
The pinions ſwell; till all the cloud-like train,
From pole to pole, o'erſhades the whitening main.
So ſome imperial Seraph, placed on high,
From heaven's ſublimeſt tower o'erlook'd the ſky;

When ſpace unfolding heard the voice of God,
And ſuns and ſtars and ſyſtems roll'd abroad,
Caught their firſt ſplendors from the all-beaming Eye
Began their years, and vaulted round the ſky;
Their mingling ſpheres in bright confuſion play,
Exchange their beams and fill the new-born day.

He ſaw, as widely ſpreads the unchannel'd plain,
Where inland realms for ages bloom'd in vain,
Canals, long-winding, ope a watery flight,
And diſtant ſtreams and ſeas and lakes unite.
Where Darien hills o'erlook the gulphy tide,
By human art, the ridgy banks divide;
Aſcending ſails the opening paſs purſue,
And waft the ſparkling treaſures of Peru.
Jeneiro's ſtream from Plata winds his way,
And bold Madera opes from Paraguay.
From fair Albania, tow'rd the falling ſun,
Back thro' the midland, lengthening channels run,
Meet the far lakes, their beauteous towns that lave,
And Hudſon join to broad Ohio's wave.
From dim Superior, whoſe unfathom'd ſea
Drinks the mild ſplendors of the ſetting day,
New paths, unfolding, lead their watery pride;
And towns and empires riſe along their ſide;
To Miſſiſippi's ſource the paſſes bend,
And to the broad Pacific main extend.
From the red banks of bleſt Arabia's tide,
Thro' the dread Iſthmus, waves unwonted glide;

From Europe's crouded coaſts while bounding ſails
Look through the paſs and call the Aſian gales.
Volga and Oby diſtant oceans join,
And the long Danube meets the rolling Rhine;
While other ſtreams that cleave the midland plain,
Spread their new courſes to the diſtant main.
He ſaw the aſpiring genius of the age
Soar in the bard and ſtrengthen in the ſage;
With daring thought thro' time's long flight extend,
Rove the wide earth and with the heaven aſcend;
Bid each fond wiſh, that leads the ſoul abroad,
Breathe to all men, to nature and to God.
He ſaw, where pale diſeaſes, wont to brave
The pride of art, and croud the untimely grave,
With long-wrought life the nations learn to glow,
And blooming health adorn the locks of ſnow,
A countleſs train the healing ſcience aid,
Its power eſtabliſh and its bleſſings ſpread;
In every ſhape, that varying matter gives,
That reſts or ripens, vegetates or lives,
By chymic power the ſprings of health they trace,
And add new beauties to the joyous race.
While thus the realms their mutual glories lend,
Unnumber'd ſires the cares of ſtate attend;
Bleſt with each human art, and ſkill'd to find,
Each wild device that prompts the wayward mind;
What ſoft reſtraints the untemper'd breaſt requires,
To taſte new joys and cheriſh new deſires,

Expand the ſelfiſh to the ſocial flame,
And fire the ſoul to deeds of nobler fame.
They ſee, in all the boaſted paths of praiſe,
What partial views heroic ardor raiſe;
What mighty ſtates on others' ruins ſtood,
And built, ſecure, their haughty ſeats in blood;
How public virtue's ever-borrow'd name
With proud applauſe hath graced the deeds of ſhame;
Bade Rome's imperial ſtandard wave ſublime,
And patriot ſlaughter ſpread to every clime;
From chief to chief, the kindling ſpirit ran,
The heirs of fame and enemies of man.
Where Grecian ſtates in even balance hung,
And warm'd with jealous fires the ſage's tongue,
The excluſive ardor cheriſh'd in the breaſt
Love to one land, and hatred to the reſt.
And where the flames of civil diſcord rage,
And kindred arms deſtructive combat wage,
The unchanging virtue riſes, ſtill the ſame,
To build a Cromwell's as a Charles's name.
No more the noble patriotic mind,
To narrow views and local laws confined,
'Gainſt neighbouring lands directs the public rage,
Plods for a realm or counſels for an age;
But lifts a larger thought, and reaches far,
Beyond the power, beyond the wiſh of war;
For realms and ages forms the general aim,
Makes patriot views and moral views the ſame,

Sees with prophetic eye in peace combined,
The ſtrength and happineſs of human-kind.
Now had the hero, with delighted eye,
Roved o'er the climes, that lengthen'd round the ſky;
When the bleſt Guide his heavenly power diſplay'd,
The earth all trembles and the viſions fade:
Thro' other ſcenes deſcending ages roll,
And ſtill new wonders open on his ſoul.
Again his view the range of nature bounds,
Confines the concave and the world ſurrounds;
When the wide nations all ariſe more near,
And a mixt tumult murmurs in his ear.
At firſt, like heavy thunders, borne, afar,
Or the dire conflict of a moving war,
Or waves reſounding on the craggy ſhore,
Hoarſe roll'd the loud-toned undulating roar.
At length the ſounds, like human voices, riſe,
And different nations' undiſtinguiſh'd cries
Flow from all climes around in wild career,
And grate harſh diſcord in the aching ear.
Now more diſtinct the wide concuſſion, grown,
Rolls forth, at times, an accent like his own;
While thouſand tongues from different regions pour,
And drown all words in one convulſing roar.
By turns the ſounds aſſimilating riſe,
And ſmoother voices gain upon the ſkies;
Mingling and ſoftening ſtill, in every gale,
O'er the harſh tones harmonious ſtrains prevail.

At laſt a ſimple, univerſal ſound
Fills every clime and ſoothes the world around;
From echoing ſhores the ſwelling ſtrain replies,
And moves melodious o'er the warbling ſkies.
Such wild commotions as he heard and view'd,
In fixt aſtoniſhment the hero ſtood,
And thus beſought the Guide: Celeſtial friend,
What good to man can theſe dread ſcenes intend?
What dire diſtreſs attends that boding ſound,
That breathes hoarſe thunder o'er the trembling ground?
War ſure has ceaſed; or have my erring eyes
Miſread the glorious viſions of the ſkies?
Tell then, my Seer, if future earthquakes ſleep,
Cloſed in the conſcious caverns of the deep,
Waiting the day of vengeance, when to roll,
And rock the rending pillars of the pole?
Or tell if ought, more dreadful to my race,
In theſe dark ſigns, thy heavenly wiſdom trace?
And why the wild confuſion melts again,
In the ſmooth glidings of a tuneful ſtrain?
The voice of Heaven replied; Thy fears give o'er;
The rage of war ſhall ſweep the plains no more;
No dire diſtreſs theſe ſtrange events foredoom,
But give the marks of nobler joys to come;
The tongues of nations, here, harmonious blend,
Till one pure language thro' the earth extend.
Thou knoweſt, when impious Babel dared ariſe,
With ſacred rites to grace the ſtarry ſkies,

Tumultuous diſcord ſeized the trembling bands,
Oppoſed their labours and unnerved their hands,
Diſperſed the bickering tribes, and drove them far,
To roam the waſte and fire their ſouls for war;
Bade kings ariſe, and from their ſeats be hurl'd,
And pride and conqueſt range the extended world.
In this the marks of heavenly wiſdom ſhine,
And ſpeak the counſel, as the hand, divine.
In that far age, when o'er the world's broad waſte,
Surrounding ſhades their gloomy horrors caſt,
If men, while pride and power the breaſt inflamed,
By ſpeech allied, one natal region claim'd,
No timorous tribe a different clime would gain,
Or lift the ſail, or dare the billowy main.
Fixt in a central ſpot their luſt of power
Would rage inſatiate, and the race devour;
A howling waſte the unpeopled world remain,
And oceans roll, and climes extend in vain.
Far other counſels, in the Eternal Mind,
Lead on the unconſcious ſteps of human kind;
O'errule the ills their daring crimes produce,
By ways unſeen, to ſerve the happieſt uſe.
For this, the early tribes were taught to range,
For this, their language and their laws to change;
Tempt the wide wave and warm the genial ſoil,
To crown with fruits the hardy hand of toil,
Divide their forces, wheel the conquering car,
Deal mutual death, and civilize by war.

And now the effects, thro' every land, extend;
Theſe dread events have found their fated end;
Unnumber'd tribes have dared the ſavage wood,
And ſtreams unnumber'd ſwell'd with human blood,
Increaſing nations with the years of time,
Spread their wide walks to each delighted clime,
To mutual wants their barter'd tributes paid,
Their counſels ſoften'd and their wars allay'd;
While powerful commerce bids the flag unroll,
And wave the union of the accordant whole.

At this bleſt period, when thy peaceful race
Shall ſpeak one language and one cauſe embrace,
Science and arts a ſpeedier courſe ſhall find,
And open earlier on the infant mind.
No foreign terms ſhall croud with barbarous rules,
The dull, unmeaning pageantry of ſchools;
Nor dark authorities, nor names unknown
Fill the learn'd head with ign'rance not its own;
But truth's fair eye, with beams unclouded, ſhine,
And ſimpleſt rules her moral lights confine;
One living language, one unborrow'd dreſs
Her boldeſt flights with happieſt force expreſs;
Triumphant virtue, in the garb of truth,
Win a pure paſſage to the heart of youth,
Pervade all climes, where ſuns or oceans roll,
And bid the goſpel cheer the illumined whole.
As the glad day-ſtar, on his golden throne,
Fair type of truth and promiſe of the ſun,

Smiles up the orient, in his roſy ray,
Illumes the front of heaven, and leads the day;
Thus ſoaring Science daughter of the ſkies,
Firſt o'er the nations bids her beauties riſe,
Prepares the glorious way, to pour abroad
The beams of Heaven's own morn, the ſplendors of a God.
Then bleſt Religion leads the raptured mind,
Thro' brighter fields and pleaſures more refined;
Teaches the roving eye, at one broad view,
To glance o'er time and look Exiſtence thro',
See worlds, and worlds, to Being's formleſs end,
With all their hoſts, on one dread Power depend,
Seraphs and ſuns and ſyſtems round him riſe,
Live in his life and kindle from his eyes,
His boundleſs love, his all-pervading ſoul
Illume, ſublime and harmonize the whole;
Teaches the pride of man to fix its bound,
In one ſmall point of this amazing round;
To ſhrink and reſt, where Heaven has fix'd its fate,
A line its ſpace, a moment for its date;
Inſtructs the heart a nobler joy to taſte,
And ſhare its feelings with another's breaſt,
Extend its warmeſt wiſh for all mankind,
And catch the image of the Maker's mind;
While mutual love commands all ſtrife to ceaſe,
And earth join joyous in the ſongs of peace.
Thus heard the chief, impatient to behold
The expected years, in all their charms, unfold;

The ſoul ſtood ſpeaking thro' his gazing eyes,
And thus his voice; Oh, bid the viſions riſe!
Command, celeſtial guide, from each far pole,
The bliſsful morn to open on my ſoul;
And liſt thoſe ſcenes, that ages fold in night,
Living, and glorious, to my longing ſight;
Let heaven, unfolding, ope the eternal throne,
And all the concave flame in one clear ſun;
On clouds of fire, with Angels at his ſide,
The Prince of peace, the King of Salem ride,
With ſmiles of love to greet the raptured earth,
Call ſlumbering ages to a ſecond birth;
With all his white-robed millions fill the train,
And here commence the interminable reign.
Such views, the Power replies, would drown thy ſight,
And ſeal thy viſions in eternal night;
Nor Heaven permits, nor Angels can diſplay
The unborn glories of that bliſsful day.
Enough for thee, that thy delighted mind,
Should trace the deeds and bleſſings of thy kind;
That time's deſcending vale ſhould ope ſo far,
Beyond the reach of wretchedneſs and war;
Till all the paths in Heaven's extended plan,
Fair in thy view ſhould lead the ſteps of man;
To form, at laſt, in earth's benighted ball,
Union of parts and happineſs of all.
To thy glad view theſe rolling ſcenes have ſhown,
What boundleſs bleſſings thy vaſt labours crown;

That, with the joys of unborn ages bleſt,
Thy ſoul, exulting, may retire to reſt,
And find, in regions of unclouded day,
What heaven's bright walks and endleſs years diſplay.

Behold, once more, around the earth and ſky,
The laſt glad viſions wait thy raptured eye.
The great Obſerver look'd; the land and ſea,
In ſolemn grandeur, ſtretch'd beneath him, lay;
Here ſwell the mountains, there the oceans roll,
And beams of beauty kindle round the pole.
O'er all the range, where coaſts and climes extend,
In glorious pomp the works of peace aſcend.
Robed in the bloom of ſpring's eternal year,
And ripe with fruits, the ſame glad fields appear,
On each long ſtrand unnumber'd cities run,
Bend their bright walls and ſparkle to the ſun;
The ſtreams, all freighted from the bounteous plain,
Swell with the load and labour to the main;
Where widening waves command a bolder gale,
And prop the pinions of a broader ſail:
Sway'd with the floating weight, the ocean toils,
And joyous nature's laſt perfection ſmiles.

Now, fair beneath his view, the important age
Leads the bold actors on a broader ſtage;
When, clothed majeſtic in the robes of ſtate,
Moved by one voice, in general council meet
The fathers of all empires: 'twas the place,
Near the firſt footſteps of the human race;

Where wretched men, firſt wandering from their God,
Began their feuds and led their tribes abroad.
In this mid region, this delightful clime,
Rear'd by whole realms, to brave the wrecks of time,
A ſpacious ſtructure roſe, ſublimely great,
The laſt reſort, the unchanging ſcene of ſtate.
On rocks of adamant the walls aſcend,
Tall columns heave, and Parian arches bend;
High o'er the golden roofs, the riſing ſpires,
Far in the concave meet the ſolar fires;
Four blazing fronts, with gates unfolding high,
Look, with immortal ſplendor, round the ſky:
Hither the delegated fires aſcend,
And all the cares of every clime attend.
As the fair firſt-born meſſengers of heaven,
To whom the care of ſtars and ſuns is given,
When the laſt circuit of their winding ſpheres
Hath finiſh'd time and mark'd their ſum of years,
From all the bounds of ſpace (their labours done)
Shall wing their triumphs to the eternal throne;
Each, from his far dim ſky, illumes the road,
And ſails and centres tow'rd the mount of God;
There, in mid heaven, their honour'd ſeats to ſpread,
And ope the untarniſh'd volumes of the dead:
So, from all climes of earth, where nations riſe,
Or lands or oceans bound the incumbent ſkies,
Wing'd with unwonted ſpeed, the gathering throng
In ſhips and chariots, ſhape their courſe along;

Till, wide o'er earth and ſea, they win their way,
Where the bold ſtructure flames againſt the day;
There, hail the ſplendid ſeat by Heaven aſſign'd,
To hear and give the counſels of mankind.
Now the dread concourſe, in the ample dome,
Pour thro' the arches and their ſeats aſſume;
Far as the extended eye can range around,
Or the deep trumpet's ſolemn voice reſound,
Long rows of reverend ſires, ſublime, extend,
And cares of worlds on every brow ſuſpend.
High in the front, for manlier virtues known,
A ſire elect, in peerleſs grandeur, ſhone;
And riſing oped the univerſal cauſe,
To give each realm its limit and its laws;
Bid the laſt breath of dire contention ceaſe,
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace,
Bid one great empire, with extenſive ſway,
Spread with the ſun and bound the walks of day,
One centred ſyſtem, one all-ruling ſoul,
Live thro' the parts, and regulate the whole.
Here, ſaid the Angel with a bliſsful ſmile,
Behold the fruits of thy unwearied toil.
To yon far regions of deſcending day,
Thy ſwelling pinions led the untrodden way,
And taught mankind adventurous deeds to dare,
To trace new ſeas and peaceful empires rear;
Hence, round the globe, their rival ſails, unfurl'd,
Have waved, at laſt, in union o'er the world.

Let thy delighted ſoul no more complain,
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain,
Of courts inſidious, envy's poiſon'd ſtings,
The loſs of empire and the frown of kings;
While theſe bright ſcenes thy glowing thoughts com-
To ſpurn the vengeance of inſulting foes; [poſe,
And all the joys, deſcending ages gain,
Repay thy labours and remove thy pain.

THE END.

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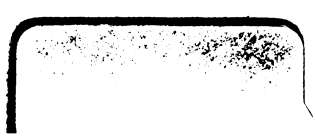
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